Collier's

October 27, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

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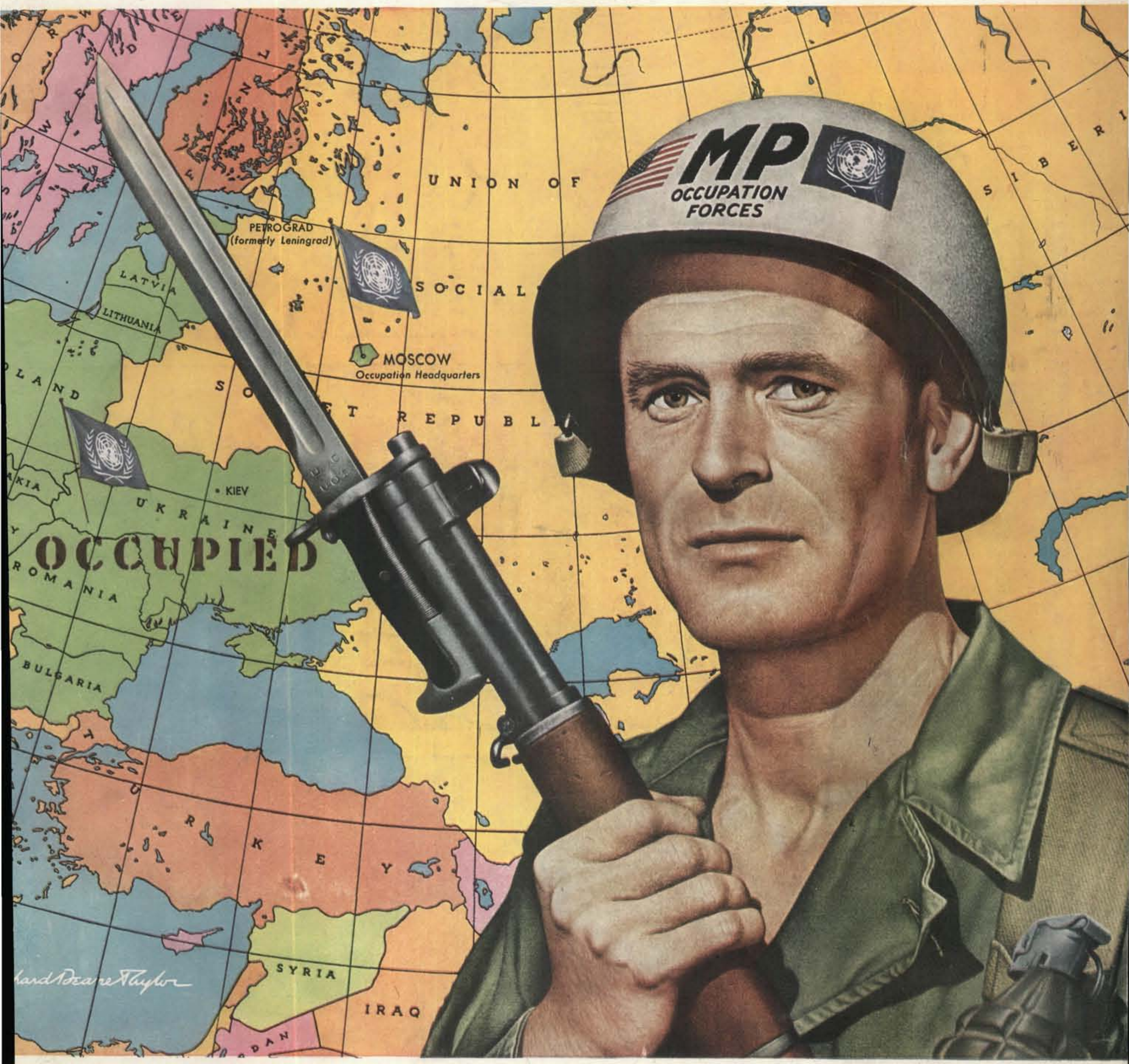
And OCCUPATION
1952-1960**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Preview of the War We Do Not Want

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Allan Nevins   Edward R. Murrow   Hal Boyle   Stuart Chase   Bill M
J. B. Priestley   Senator Margaret Chase Smith   Erwin Canham   M
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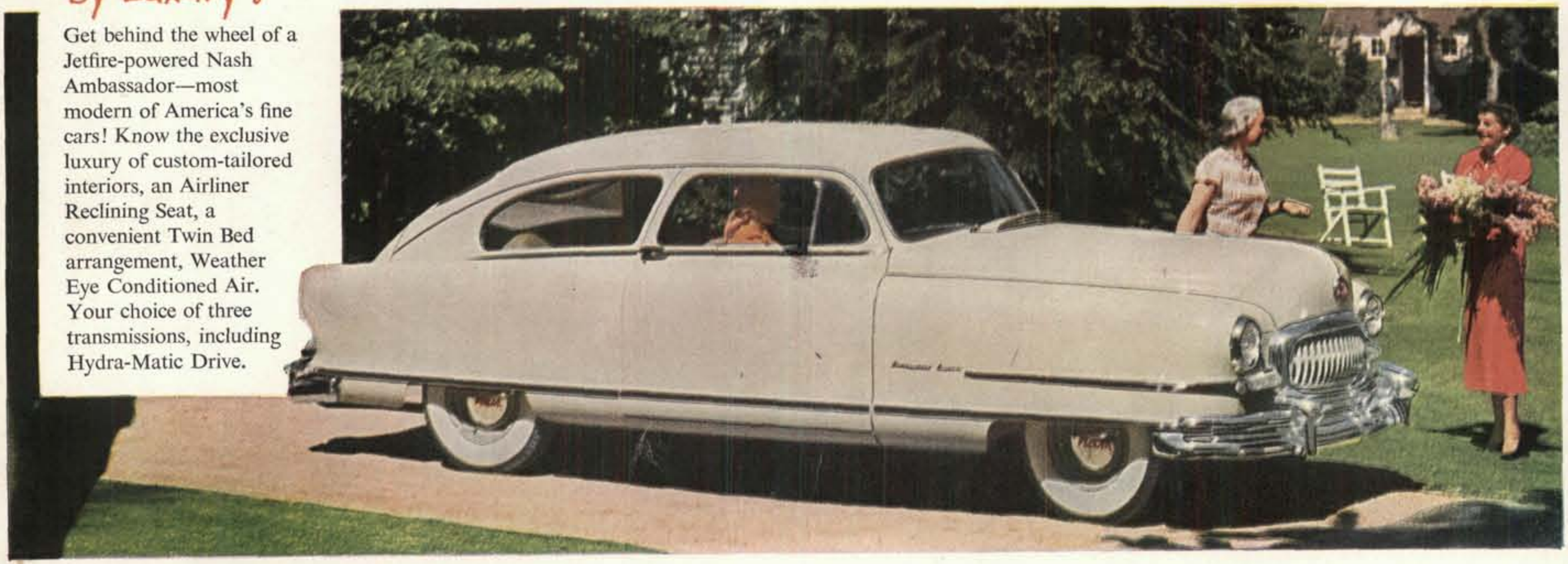

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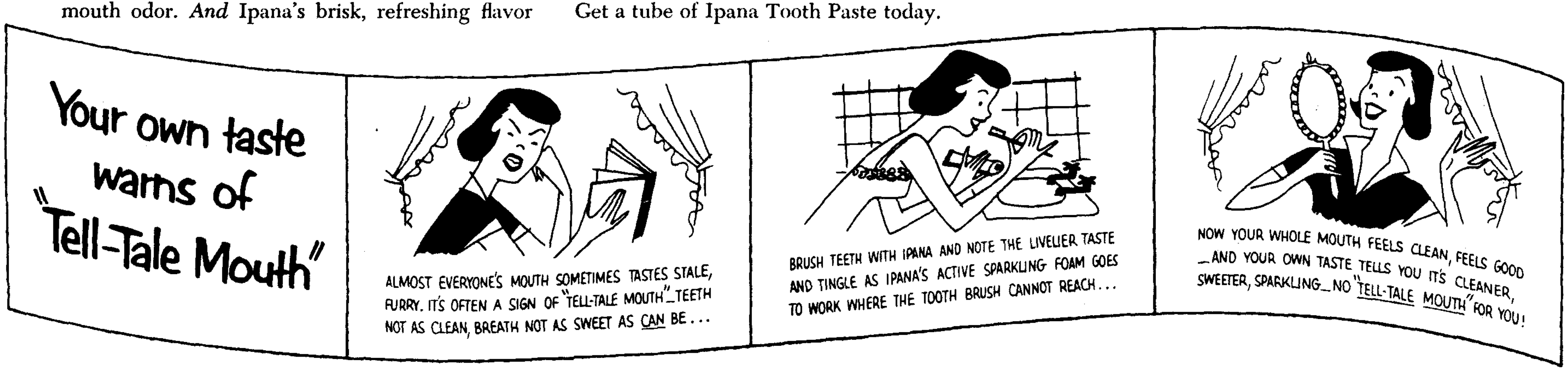
Ipana
Tooth Paste


Your own taste warns of "Tell-Tale Mouth"
ALMOST EVERYONE'S MOUTH SOMETIMES TASTES STALE, FURRY. IT'S OFTEN A SIGN OF "TELL-TALE MOUTH"—TEETH NOT AS CLEAN, BREATH NOT AS SWEET AS CAN BE . . .
BRUSH TEETH WITH IPANA AND NOTE THE LIVELIER TASTE AND TINGLE AS IPANA'S ACTIVE SPARKLING FOAM GOES TO WORK WHERE THE TOOTH BRUSH CANNOT REACH . . .
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Every 1000 Miles Use in Gas and Oil

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DRY STARTING
cause of
"METAL ULCERS"

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October 27, 1951

PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT

Operation Eggnog 6
Principal Events of World War III 14
The Unwanted War 17
The Third World War .... ROBERT E. SHERWOOD 18
A-Bomb Mission to Moscow .... EDWARD R. MURROW 19
Washington Under the Bomb .... HAL BOYLE 20
How the War Was Fought .... HANSON W. BALDWIN 22
I Saw Them Chute into the Urals .... LOWELL THOMAS 29
Freedom—At Long Last .... ARTHUR KOESTLER 32
We Worship God Again .... OKSANA KASENKINA 34
Women of Russia .... MARGUERITE HIGGINS 35
Out of the Rubble—A New Russia .... STUART CHASE 36
Free Men at Work .... WALTER REUTHER 37
The Curtain Rises .... J. B. PRIESTLEY 38
Start the Presses! .... ERWIN CANHAM 39
Walter Winchell in Moscow .... WALTER WINCHELL 39
Free Thoughts, Free Words .... ALLAN NEVINS 40
Moscow Olympics .... RED SMITH 41
Philadelphia Phase .... PHILIP WYLIE 42
Trouble at Tuaviti .... JOHN SAVAGE 44
The Present .... KATHRYN MORGAN-RYAN 46
Russia's Rebirth .... SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH 83
Miracle of American Production .... DR. HARRY SCHWARTZ 100
Moscow Sketchbook .... HOWARD BRODIE 118
Cartoons .... BILL MAULDIN
Cover .... RICHARD DEANE TAYLOR

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 128, No. 17.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, A. A. Schechter, John W. McPherrin, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

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ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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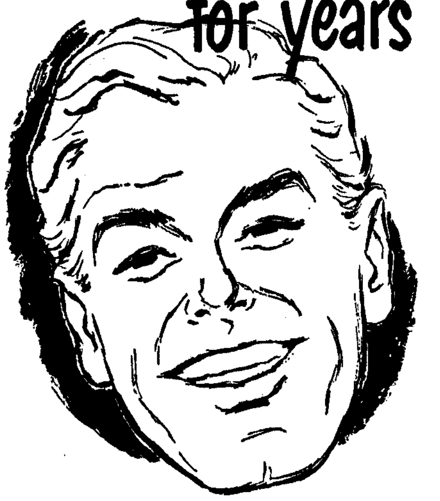
"I've been looking for a hairdressing like this for years"



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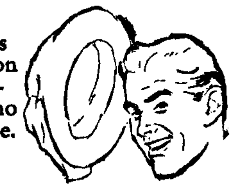
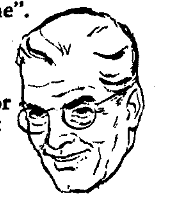


Suave puts my hair in superb condition! Look at the healthy, glowing "tone".



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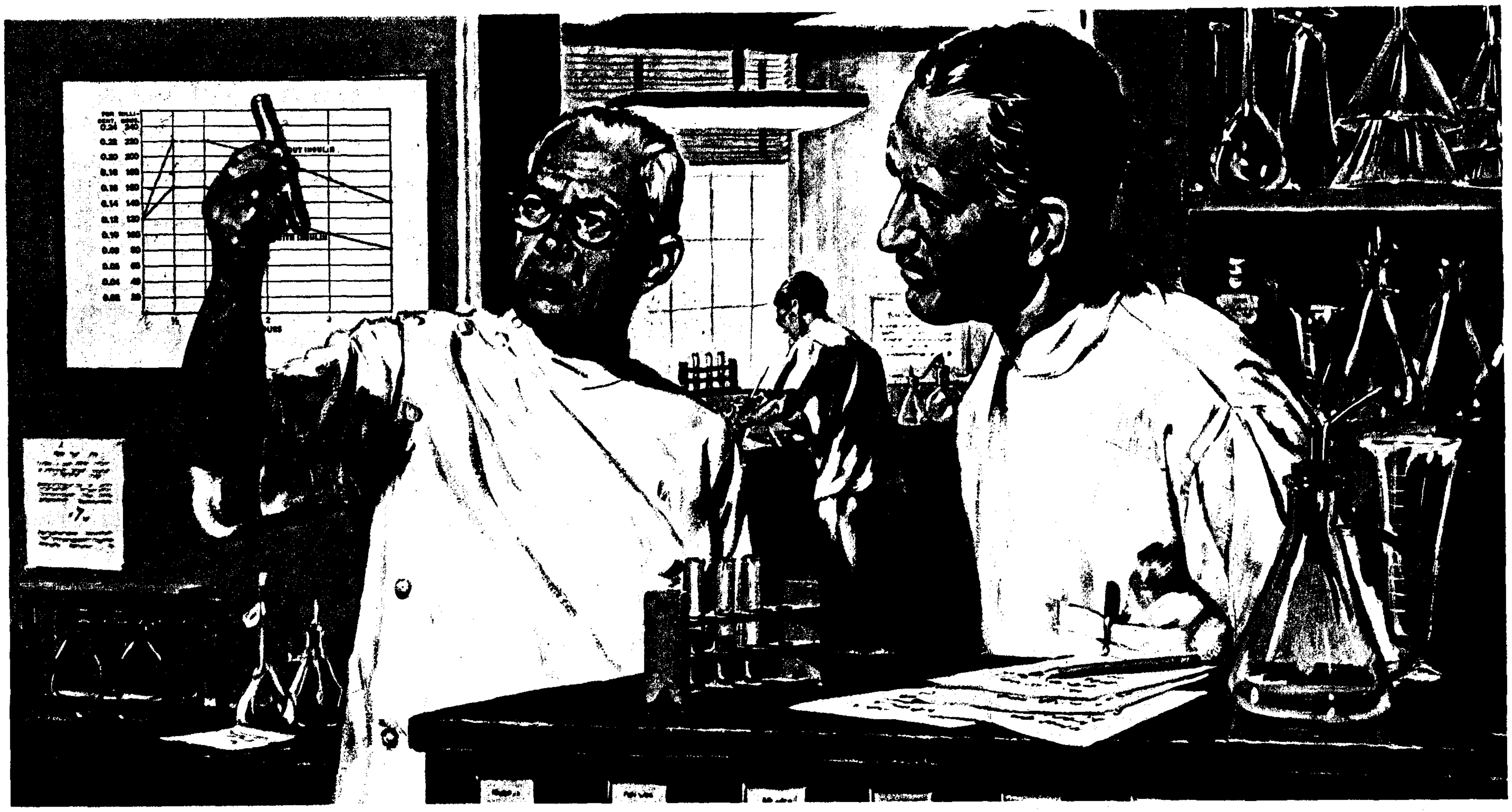
The 3 drop luxury hairdressing



The Doctor looks at Diabetes

It is estimated that there are one million people in our country who have diabetes...

Their chances of living happy, useful lives are better today than ever before. In fact, life expectancy for the average diabetic is now double what it was before the discovery of insulin.

Moreover, the outlook for still further gains against this disease is good, as medical science is constantly improving the treatment for diabetes. New types of insulin, for example, have made possible better control of this condition. Hope for future progress lies in current research on insulin and on utilization of food by the body.

Doctors say, however, that successful control of diabetes more than ever depends largely upon the diabetic himself, who must understand his disease in order to learn to live with it. Above all, he must cooperate closely and faithfully with his physician in keeping *insulin*, *diet*, and *exercise* in correct balance.

Today, the patient who carefully follows the doctor's instructions about these three essentials of treatment—as well as other measures to maintain good health—can usually look forward to many years of happy living.

However, there are a great many people in our country who have diabetes, but do not know it...

This is because the disease usually causes no obvious early symptoms. Yet detection is easier today than ever before. For instance, it is now possible for anyone to make a simple test at home to detect sugar in the urine—one of the signs of diabetes.

This test is also a routine part of most medical examinations. If the test is positive, the doctor can then make additional tests to determine whether the presence of sugar is due to diabetes or some other condition.

Authorities urge everyone—particularly those who are *middle-aged*, *overweight*, or *who have diabetes in the family*—to have a check-up for diabetes included in regular physical examinations. In this way, the disease can be discovered early when the chances of successful control are best—often by diet alone. It is especially important for those who are overweight to be on guard against this disease, as studies show that 85 percent of diabetics over age 40 were moderately or markedly overweight before the onset of the disease.

Doctors stress the importance of learning the symptoms of this disease. They are: *excessive hunger*, *excessive thirst*, *excessive urination*, *continual fatigue*, and *loss of weight*. Although these symptoms may indicate *well-established diabetes*, prompt and proper treatment can usually bring it under control. Indeed, many patients live as long with diabetes as they would be expected to live *without* it.

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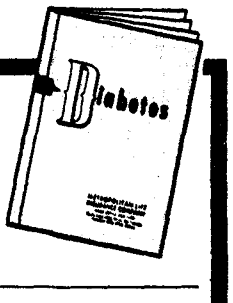

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 1151-C, "Diabetes."

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Operation Eggnog

HERE IS THE STORY behind this spectacular issue of Collier's. It was born last January. Alarmed at that time over the creeping pessimism of the free world as it faced the threat of an unending series of Koreas, Collier's planned this unprecedented project. Its purpose was no less than this: (1) to warn the evil masters of the Russian people that *their* vast conspiracy to enslave humanity is the dark, downhill road to World War III; (2) to sound a powerful call for reason and understanding between the peoples of the West and East—before it's too late; (3) to demonstrate that if The War We Do Not Want is forced upon us, we will win.

Our over-all conception of this issue was confirmed in study and consultation with top political, military and economic thinkers—including high-level Washington officials and foreign-affairs experts, both here and abroad. We also made contact with European underground leaders for their advice. This authoritative research resulted in a 60,000-word outline, which became the blueprint of the project—to be written as of the year 1960 and given the purposely meaningless code name "Operation Eggnog" for easy office identification. The next step was assembling the best creative talent to produce the vital material for the magazine you now hold.

For the theme article, The Third World War, the obvious man was Robert E. Sherwood, one of our era's great men of letters, whose four Pulitzer prizes attest to his genius. Excited by the challenge of the assignment, Mr. Sherwood spent five months reading and researching before completing his magnificent manuscript. He sent it to Collier's with this comment: "I was convinced at the outset that the piece should be simple, direct, coldly factual as possible, so that the reader would not feel it was another sensational imagining, but would think: God, this is it! This is precisely what can happen."

The timetable and global sweep of World War III, as projected by Mr. Sherwood, were carefully checked with Hanson W. Baldwin, Pulitzer prize-winning military editor of the New York Times. Mr. Baldwin himself contributed the authentic analysis of How the War Was Fought.

Once the dramatic and awesome reports on the well-imagined war were in, Collier's faced the most challenging and significant phase of Operation Eggnog: How do we give Russia back to the Russians and establish a real and lasting peace?

To spearhead this all-important section, Collier's asked Arthur Koestler, perhaps the world's foremost political novelist today, to write an article on People and Politics in liberated Russia. Long an active Communist in Europe, Mr. Koestler broke with the party years before World War II, and since that time has concentrated all his energies to fighting totalitarianism and inhumanity in all its forms. His novel, Darkness at Noon, is considered the classic interpretation of the Communist mind. From Mr. Koestler's contribution, Freedom—At Long Last, came the sparks which ignited the imaginations of all those connected with Operation Eggnog. It was he who conceived

Sherwood

Baldwin

Nevins

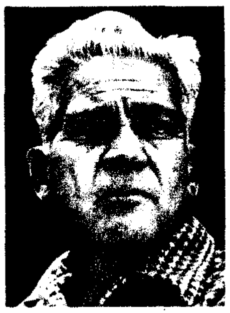
Koestler

Winchell

Thomas

Boyle

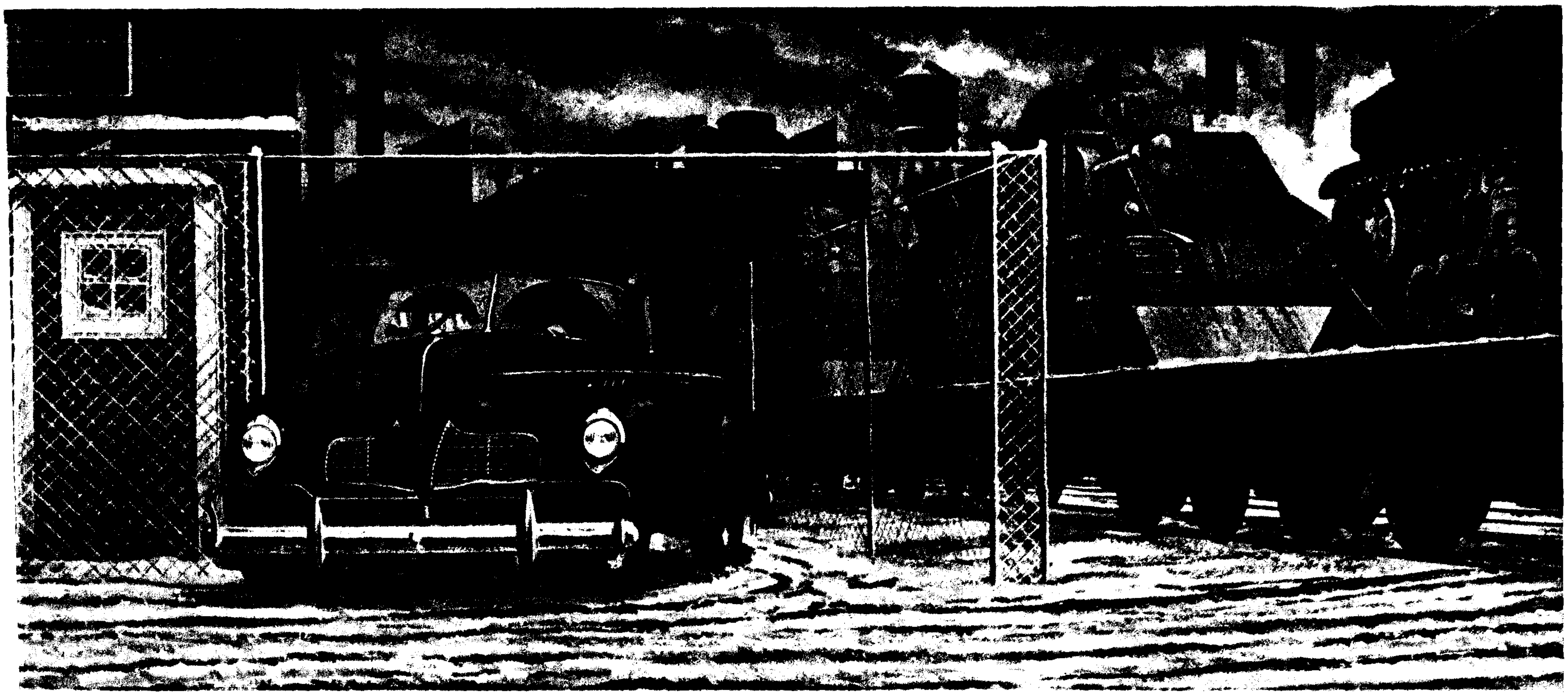
Murrow


Chase

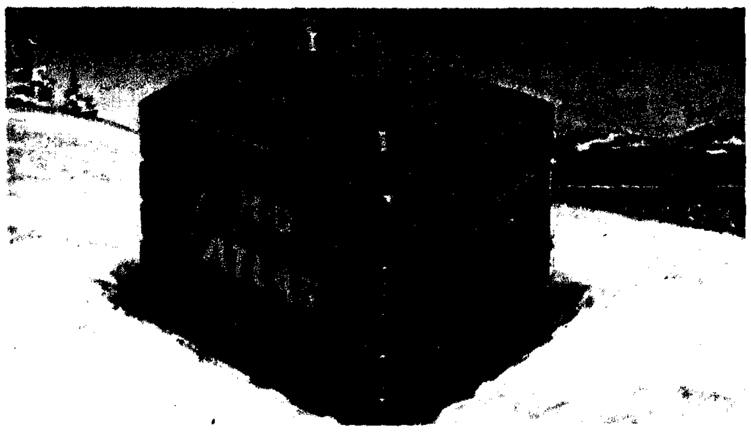
Mauldin

"I'll never forget old U66166A!"

says Edward C. Mann
of Chicago, Illinois

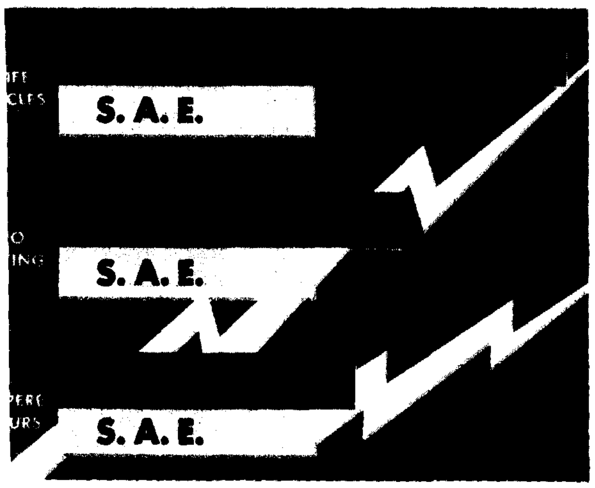


"We were in World War II together. I was a District Engineer in Military Intelligence and had a 7-state area to cover. U66166A was an Atlas Heavy-Duty Battery. No matter how rough the weather, it never let me down.

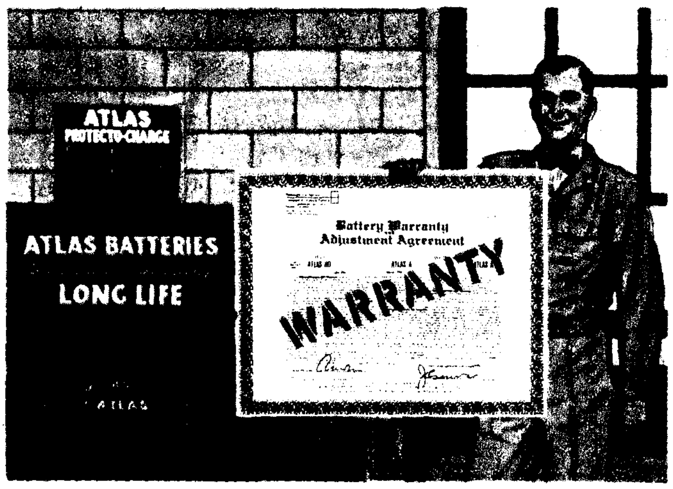


Often on emergency calls my car stood out all night in the dead of winter. But henever I stepped on the button, it always started instantly—even after d U66166A had long outlived the term of its Warranty.

"Believe me, I can recommend an Atlas Heavy-Duty to anyone who wants to be protected against battery troubles."



Atlas Heavy-Duty Battery line exceeds E. standards in electrical capacity, life and zero starting ability.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"It's a boy...and a girl!"

"Y-you mean me, Doc? Wow!"

"That's right, *Dad*. Mother and twins doing nicely, too. You must be mighty proud."

"You bet I am! Guess you might say I'm doubly proud. Now we're a family of four instead of two. Quite a responsibility, though, Doc. But I guess we can manage it . . . somehow."

* * *

Have you figured out that "somehow" for your family? Are your youngsters assured of a good home . . . a good education . . . if anything happens to you? Or, if all goes well, can you and your wife look forward to a comfortable retirement?

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LEARN WHAT THE *New Expanded Social Security* MEANS TO YOU!

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET— with the facts about Social Security . . . its value . . . and how it teams with your life insurance. If you are 45 or under, you'll be particularly interested in this booklet. You'll also learn about the official records you need in order to collect benefits later without delay. Mail the coupon today.

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Yes, I would like your FREE Social Security Booklet—C-81.

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Smith

Higgins

Brodie

Bonestell

Schwartz

the UN's full participation in rehabilitating free Russia through such agencies as UNIHOPE, UNITOC and UNIPROD.

To solve the paramount problem of Education in the New Russia, Professor Allan Nevins, twice a Pulitzer prize winner and Columbia University's DeWitt Clinton Professor of History, was given the task of showing how we could unshackle the long-enslaved minds of the Russian people. This he accomplished in the brilliant article Free Thoughts, Free Words. (And, as a forerunner to this issue, Professor Nevins also wrote Tyrannies Must Fall, which appeared in Collier's last week. It cited the historical premise that Stalin—like all other dictators—cannot possibly succeed in his ultimate designs.)

Next, specialists in the key fields vital to Russia's reconstruction were called upon. Stuart Chase, unsurpassed as a writer-economist and one who has traveled widely in the U.S.S.R., advanced many constructive ideas in his Out of the Rubble—A New Russia. As part of his preparation, Mr. Chase consulted with Dr. Harry Schwartz, Soviet expert for the New York Times, on the problems his assignment posed. In addition, Dr. Schwartz enhanced our index with his Miracle of American Production.

For Labor's part in the reconstruction, Collier's invited Walter Reuther, vigorous president of the United Auto Workers of America (CIO), and a man who had investigated Soviet labor at firsthand in the 1930s, to write Free Men at Work.

A discussion of Freedom of the Press could hardly have been put in better hands than those of Erwin Canham, highly respected editor of the Christian Science Monitor. As a member of the U.S. Delegation to the UN Conference on Freedom of Information at Geneva in 1948 and again with the U.S. Delegation to the UN Assembly in 1949, Mr. Canham debated vigorously with Red delegates. And today he serves as chairman of the State Department-sponsored Advisory Commission on Information. His article for Collier's is titled Start the Presses!

Inevitably, with the lifting of the Iron Curtain after World War III, Collier's knew American newspapermen would flock to the news center that Moscow would become. In the vanguard of this group undoubtedly would be Walter Winchell, the famed columnist and radio commentator over ABC. His first column, Walter Winchell in Moscow, appears on page 39.

J. B. Priestley, British dramatist, novelist and essayist, and still another contributor who has visited Russia, was eminently qualified to speculate as to how the seven arts became lively again in a Russia reborn.

To add vivid word pictures dramatizing important events in World War III and to contribute further important thinking on the occupation that followed, Collier's enlisted the help of a galaxy of outstanding personalities. Two Smiths, both unparalleled in their fields, joined Operation Eggnog. Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine did Russia's Rebirth. Red

Priestley

Canham

Wylie

Reuther

Kasenkina

Savage

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Cushioned arch-lift for support
Steel shank for strength
Air-celled cushion for comfort

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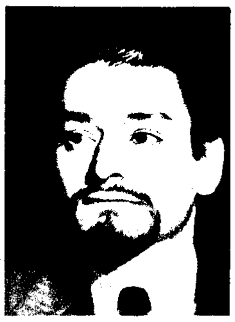
See your Portage dealer or write us for his name.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Morgan-Ryan

Pike

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Brackett

Devlin

Smith, America's outstanding sports writer (New York Herald Tribune and Collier's associate editor), weighed in with Moscow Olympics of 1960. Two more Pulitzer prize winners, reporters Marguerite Higgins of the New York Herald Tribune and Hal Boyle of the Associated Press, turned out Women of Russia and Washington Under the Bomb.

Top radio newscasters Lowell Thomas and Edward R. Murrow, both heard over CBS, added still more impact and importance to this project with their striking and imaginative accounts of two separate UN military operations into the U.S.S.R. during World War III. Mr. Thomas described a thrilling mass parachute drop into the Soviets' underground A-bomb depot, under the title, I Saw Them Chute into the Urals. Another strike—the reluctant retaliatory bombing of the Kremlin—was superbly reported by Mr. Murrow, under the heading, A-Bomb Mission to Moscow.

Mrs. Oksana Kasenkina, the courageous schoolteacher who leaped to freedom from the third floor of the Soviet Consulate in New York in 1948, was asked to envision a return to her liberated homeland. Her moving account, We Worship God Again, is based on a conviction that Russia will once more enjoy peace when religious freedom is re-established.

Collier's fiction department also played a major role in the execution of Operation Eggnog. Best-selling novelist Philip Wylie, who served with the OSS and OWI in addition to performing other official duties during World War II, and who currently is retained as adviser to the Federal Civil Defense Administration, wrote Philadelphia Phase. Other fine stories are by John Savage and Kathryn Morgan-Ryan.

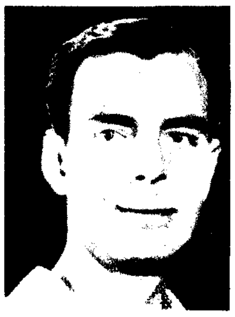
The work of all these writers was illustrated by the inspired efforts of a notable group of artists. Heading this list was famed cartoonist Bill Mauldin, another Pulitzer prize winner, who was so convinced of the overwhelming importance of Operation Eggnog that he willingly consented to resurrect his fabled World War II characters, Willie and Joe. Until now, Mauldin has rejected all offers to put this beloved pair back in uniform again. Mr. Mauldin's drawings are spaced liberally throughout this issue. Howard Brodie, Collier's own combat artist recently returned from Korea, contributed his impressions of what a 1960 Moscow Sketchbook would contain.

The symbolic cover of this number was created by Richard Deane Taylor. Chesley Bonestell completed the breath-taking paintings of the A-bombings of Washington and Moscow. An example of Mr. Bonestell's painstaking research: at his request, Collier's had special aerial photographs made of Washington to guide him. The remainder of Operation Eggnog's exciting art was prepared by Birney Lettick, William Reusswig, John Pike, Tran Mawicke, Fred Freeman, Walter Richards, Ward Brackett, Fred Banbery, Harry Devlin, Lowell Hess, Al Tarter, Bern Hill, Anthony Saris, John McDermott and Louis Glanzman.

For Collier's, associate editor Cornelius Ryan supervised and assembled the material for Operation Eggnog. THE EDITORS

Lettick

Reusswig


Mawicke

Richards

Banbery

Ryan

"Tell me, Bill...

why does Dodge ride so much smoother than other cars?"

why does the Blindfold Test open eyes of motorists?

ANSWER—Because it proves the Dodge Oriflow Ride makes all roads boulevard-smooth! Try it yourself... blindfolded! You won't believe the bumps are there.

why do you never feel crowded or cramped in a Dodge?

ANSWER—Because Dodge builds cars around people! There's plenty of stretch-out leg room... lots of hip and shoulder room... head room for all passengers.

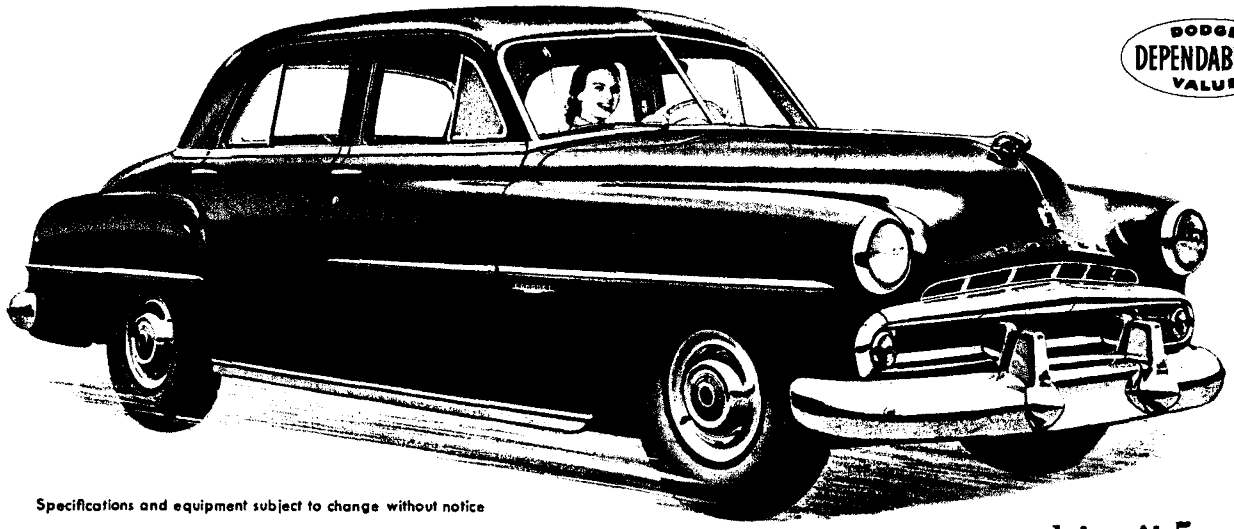
why can you see out so easily in a Dodge?

ANSWER—Because Dodge has an extra-large Landscape windshield, huge rear Picture Window, full-size side windows. Narrow corner posts reduce blind spots.

why can your Dodge dealer save you up to $1,000?

ANSWER—Because you could actually pay up to $1,000 more for a car and still not get everything Dodge gives you—the smoothness of the new Oriflow Ride, the extra roominess, the wide, wide-opening doors, the smart styling and interior beauty, the famous dependability of Dodge! Prove Dodge extra-value for yourself by spending just 5 minutes with your Dodge dealer. It may be the most profitable 5 minutes you've ever spent. Be sure to see him today!

DODGE DEPENDABILITY VALUE



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DODGE

drive it 5 minutes and you'll drive it for years

Only STEEL can do so many

THIS PICTURE was taken through a foot of steel with the help of a periscope mounted in the 11-ton steel doors of one of the new "hot cells" for atomic research at Brookhaven's hot lab. The vessel in the picture is filled with a solution containing uranium. The infra-red lamps grouped around the vessel are used to heat the solution. Brookhaven's hot cells, built for experiments too hot to handle by ordinary laboratory methods, are lined with U·S·S Stainless Steel, and backed by concrete walls three feet thick.

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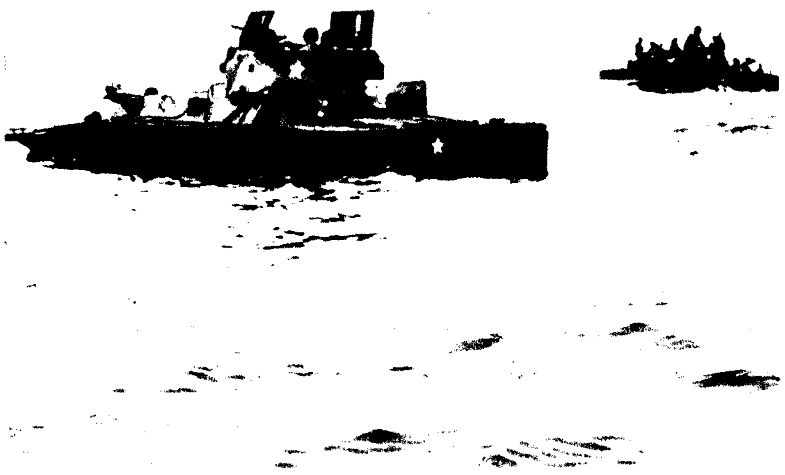
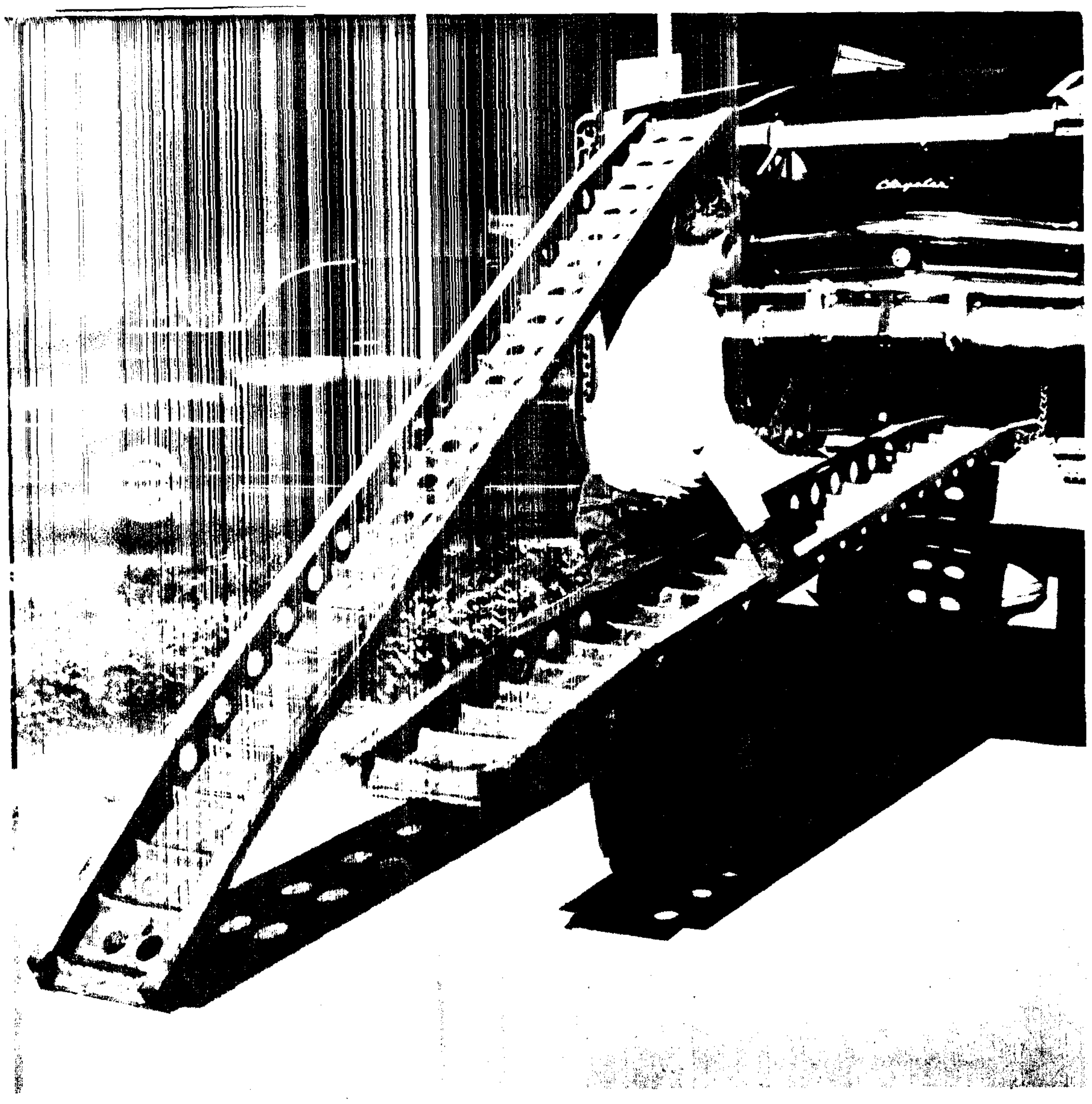
UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPA

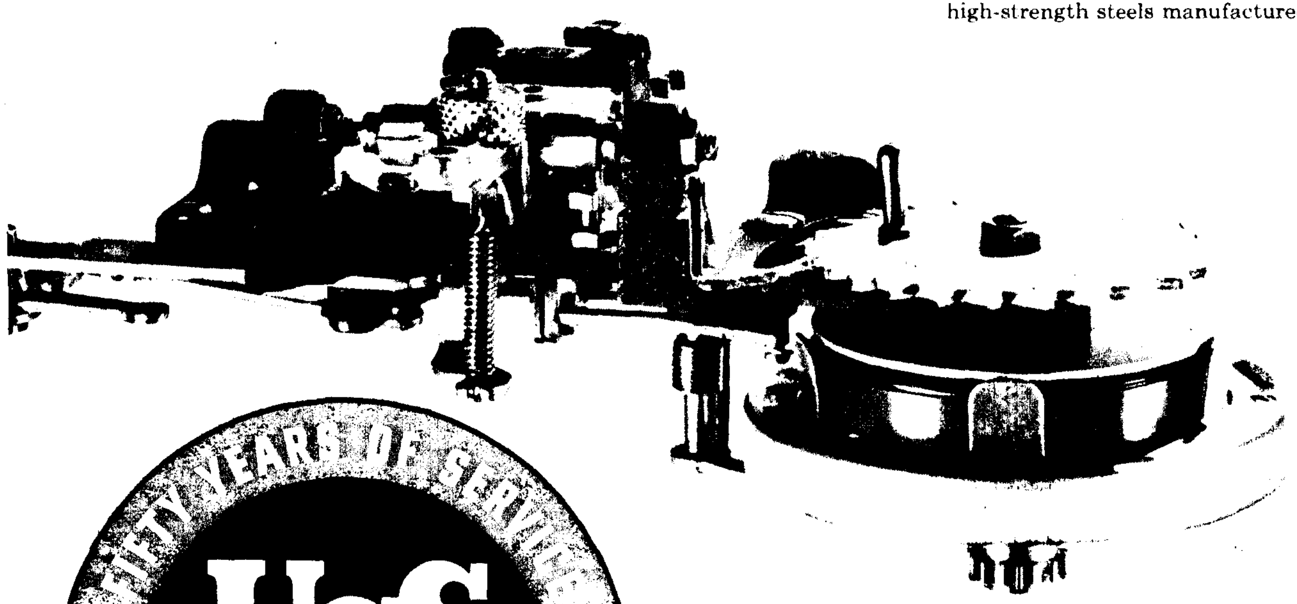
jobs so well



ALL ASHORE! It takes plenty of steel to produce military equipment like these Marine Corps Amtracks. Today, practically all units of the industry, including United States Steel, are steadily expanding their steel-producing capacity to help meet both defense and everyday needs.



EVER WONDER how they get those new cars 'way up there on those big auto trailers you pass on the highways? Here's how . . . by the use of steel loading skids. These steel skids must be strong enough to support the heaviest cars. And although 12 feet long, they must be light enough for one man to handle. That's why many of them are made of strong, weight-saving U·S·S COR-TEN Steel, one of the famous high-strength steels manufactured by U.S. Steel.



THE SPRING'S THE THING that keeps many machines for home and office operating smoothly and efficiently. This typewriter spring, for example, furnishes driving power for the entire machine, operates the draw-bar, controls the spacing, works the ribbon mechanism. U.S. Steel manufactures millions of American Quality Springs every year for jobs of every description.

YOU'D BE SURPRISED how many products of United States Steel are used in a modern dairy barn. To name just a few: Universal Atlas Cement for durable floors; National Pipe for water lines and cowstalls; Stainless Steel for milking and milk-storage equipment; and frequently, steel roofing and siding for the barn itself.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

Every minute in the first quarter of this year, an average of 200 tons of steel was made in the U.S.A. . . . enough to build a diesel locomotive, two box cars, and 80 yards of track.

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Weatherproof* Anti-Freeze that Lasts All Winter!
*CAN'T BOIL AWAY-GET IT TODAY!

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1. Can't boil away! The temperature goes up as well as down during Winter! But even the freakiest warm spell can't boil off your U.S.I.! One filling lasts all Winter!
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FILL IT—AND FORGET IT!
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PERMANENT
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Principal Events of World War III

1952

Assassination attempt on Marshal Tito's life, May 10th, precipitates Cominform-planned uprising in Yugoslavia. Troops from satellite nations of Bulgaria, Romania and Hungary, backed by Red Army, cross borders. Truman terms aggression "Kremlin inspired"; Reds call it "an internal matter."

Third World War begins when Moscow, still insisting that uprising is "the will of the Yugoslav people," refuses to withdraw Red Army units. Stalin miscalculates risk: had believed U.S. would neither back Tito nor fight alone. U.S. is joined by principal UN nations in declaration of war.

Neutrals include Sweden, Ireland, Switzerland, Egypt, India and Pakistan.

Saturation A-bombing of U.S.S.R. begins. Avoiding completely population centers, West concentrates on legitimate military targets only. Principal objectives: industrial installations; oil, steel and A-bomb plants.

Communists throughout West begin sabotage campaign. Trained *saboteurs* open attacks in U.S.

General Vassily Stalin, aviator son of Red dictator, becomes a UN prisoner of war.

Red Army, under vast air umbrella which outnumbers UN planes five to three, attacks across north German plain, in Baltic countries and through Middle East.

UN troops, fighting for time, retreat on all fronts, suffering heavy losses.

North American continent invaded when Red Army, in combined air-sea operation, lands in Alaska, occupying Nome and Little Diomede Island.

Reds A-bomb London and UN bases overseas.

Far East "Dunkerque" takes place when, under unremitting air and submarine attacks, U.S. occupation forces evacuate Korea for Japan.

U.S. A-bombed for first time when Red air force hits Detroit, New York and A-bomb plant at Hanford (Washington). Civil defense proves inadequate.

Turning point in war's first phase reached when atomic artillery smashes enemy offensive on Christmas Day in Europe.

1953

U.S. A-bombed for second time. Bombers hit Chicago, New York, Washington and Philadelphia. Red submarines fire atomic-headed missiles into Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Norfolk (Virginia) and Bremerton (Washington). Casualties greatly lessened by improved civil defense procedures.

UN air forces finally achieve air superiority over battle fronts.

Psychological warfare begins to play important role; propaganda emphasizes that UN is fighting war of liberation for Russian people; leaflet raids and broadcasts warn Russian people to evacuate areas scheduled for attack.

Moscow A-bombed midnight, July 22d, by B-36s in retaliation for Red A-bomb terror raid on Washington. Planes flying from U.S. bases destroy center of Moscow. Area of damage: 20 square miles.

Suicide task force lands behind U.S.S.R. borders, destroys Soviets' last remaining A-bomb stockpile in underground chambers of Ural Mountains. Of 10,000 paratroopers and airborne units, 10 per cent survive.

UN General Assembly issues momentous war-aims statement known as "Denver Declaration."

Underground forces in satellite countries receive arms and materials in UN plane-drops; highly trained guerrilla fighters parachute into U.S.S.R. to aid resistance movements and destroy specific targets.

Severest rationing since beginning of war introduced in U.S.

Yugoslav guerrilla fighters begin to tie down large numbers of Red troops.

1954

A captured Soviet general reports disappearance of Stalin, reveals that MVD (secret police) Chief Beria is new Red dictator.

Uprisings take place in U.S.S.R. and satellite nations. UN parachutes Russian *émigrés* into Soviet Union to aid dissident groups.

UN offensive begins on all fronts as West at last gains initiative.

Red Army gradually retreats, then disintegrates under onslaught of UN air and ground forces.

Three Red generals desert to UN forces.

UN armored spearhead captures Warsaw, reaches Pripet Marshes in Poland. Another armored column crosses U.S.S.R. border into Ukraine.

UN forces clear Asiatic Turkey and cross border into Crimea.

Marines, in combined air-sea operation, capture and occupy Vladivostok.

1955

Hostilities cease as U.S.S.R. degenerates into a state of chaos and internal revolt.

UN forces begin occupation duties in satellite nations and Ukraine.

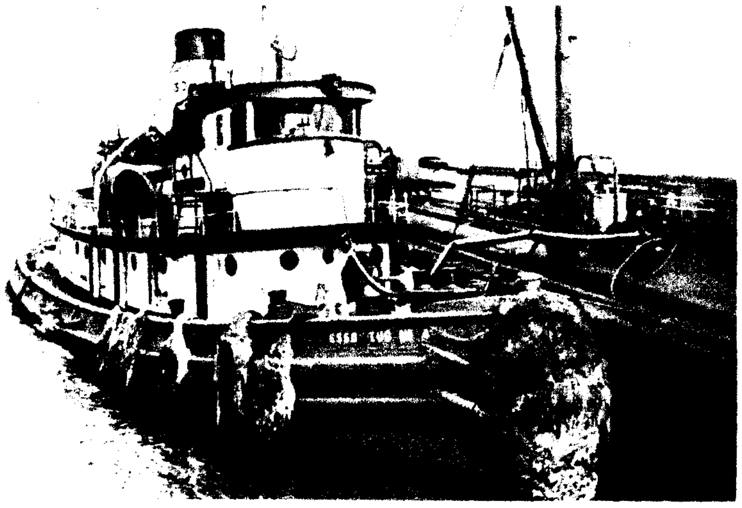
UNITOC—United Nations Temporary Occupation Command—set up in Moscow.

Dusting 'em off—In the past few years, chemists have developed powerful, new insecticides for crop-dusting and industrial uses. And lest these new bug killers bite the hand that makes 'em, Nickel and Nickel alloys, such as Monel, are used in processing and storage equipment.

Whether you're killing bugs… or making drugs… or fueling tugs…

…*you have an* **"Unseen Friend"** *in Nickel*

len against death—In making penicillin, aureomycin, and other new iracle drugs, chemists protect purity and increase yield by using quipment made of corrosion-resisting Nickel-containing alloys.



Bunker oil for tugs or fuel for jets . . . the chemist is behind both. And "Your Unseen Friend" lends a helping hand. Abrasion- and corrosion-resisting Nickel-containing alloys are used all through the petroleum industry.

ours is a world of wonders.

And as the chemist works to produce these onders, "Your Unseen Friend," Nickel, is sually at his side.

Take the powerful, new bug devel-ped since World War II…

Take the new miracle drugs, life-saving enicillin and aureomycin…

Take the many fuels distilled from petro-um . . . fuels that power the harbor work orses, your own automobile, or the sleek, ghtning-fast jet planes…

More often than not, all these products are handled in Nickel alloy equipment in order to obtain the corrosion resistance, high strength, or some other property imparted to alloys by Nickel.

You and the chemist seldom see this Nickel because it's intermixed with the other metals. That is why it is so often called, "Your Unseen Friend."

Biography of a Friend — *Want to know more about the beginnings, the present uses, the future promise of this friendly metal that touches your life in so many different ways? Write for your free copy of "The Romance of Nickel"… The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 434a, New York 5, N. Y.*

The Romance of Nickel

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Nickel… Your Unseen Friend

COLD WEATHER
Calls for
DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

The Unwanted War

FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS the world has been living in the shadow of another global war. The shadow is cast by the ominous substance of Soviet aggression. And so long as the aggression persists, the threat of a needless, unwanted, suicidal war will remain.

We do not think that war is inevitable. We are emphatically opposed to any suggestion of a "preventive" war. We believe that each day of peace and preparation makes the free nations stronger and lessens the chance of world conflict. Yet, such a conflict could start tomorrow, through design or miscalculation or desperation. This issue of Collier's, written as of 1960, shows how that war would be fought and won, and reports on the program of reconstruction that would follow victory.

We have no illusions about the fearful cost of victory. But we are confident that freedom would be saved and Communist imperialism destroyed. For the Soviet dictatorship does not have the physical or moral strength to survive a fight for its existence. Its greatest weakness is the inherent weakness of all tyrannies, which Allan Nevins wrote of in the previous issue of this magazine.

Professor Nevins cited the lesson of history in his article, Tyrannies Must Fall, to show that every tyranny, from the vast empire of Genghis Khan to the world-ambitious Nazidom of Adolf Hitler, has collapsed as much from inner flaws as from outer pressure. Tyranny is built on a foundation of hatred, fear and intimidation, of unrest and potential revolt. The tyrant creates a juggernaut. And when the burden of oppression becomes too great, the juggernaut goes out of control and crushes him.

The destruction of tyranny leaves a vacuum which it is the task of the liberated and their liberators to fill. The task is quite as important as the task of creating the vacuum. Twice in this century victorious powers have reconstructed world affairs in such a way as to make it possible for tyranny to persist. In the pages that follow, those contributing to this issue have suggested a procedure which they and the editors of Collier's believe would avoid some mistakes of the past, both in the conduct of war and in the difficulties which would follow it.

These writers have consulted eminent authorities on military and economic matters, besides drawing on their own broad knowledge of their particular fields. They have proceeded from the factual basis of the world situation today to a logical analysis of what may come. The war that they describe is a hypothetical war, to be sure. But their description contains no careless fantasy or easy invention. They were not assigned to perform a journalistic stunt. The editors of Collier's did not put in ten months of work on this issue with the intention of creating a sensation. Our intention is to look squarely at a future which may contain the most terrible calamity that has ever befallen the human race.

If war does come, we believe that it must be fought as a war of liberation. The free world has no quarrel with the oppressed Russian people, but only with their Soviet masters. Those masters would probably attack the civilians of this and other free countries in a campaign of atomic extermination. But we hope and trust that the atomic bombs of those free, humane countries would be used not for retaliation, but for the destruction of strategic targets, and only after advance warnings to civilians to evacuate the areas.

If the unwanted war does come, we feel that the peace which follows should not repeat the pattern of unconditional surrender, reparations and trials of war criminals. The Russian people should be permitted to deal with their surviving oppressors as they see fit.

We should not expect from Russia a carbon copy of American democracy or American economy. We should not force either upon her. Self-rule and private enterprise would probably evolve in a form that would be modified by background, environment and the character of the people themselves. The victors, through help and guidance, should first make sure that a dictatorship would not rise from the ruins of war.

With that precaution taken, they should simply provide the opportunity for freedom to emerge. The liberated people could be left to choose the political forms of freedom which would flourish best in Russian soil.

Implicit in all that you will read in the pages that follow is the means by which the catastrophe of another war can be avoided. That means rests with the Soviet government. The men in the Kremlin must make the choice.

They can roll up the Iron Curtain. Or they can start a war and have it shot down.

They can believe the truth—that the West has no aggressive intentions and is willing to live at peace with Russia. Or they can continue to delude their people and themselves with their own propaganda, start a war, and see enlightenment brought to their people by armed might.

They can cease to subjugate their captive neighbors and still maintain close economic and cultural relations with them. Or they can start a war and see those countries' independence restored by force.

They can rejoin the family of nations, open their doors to the outside world, free the channels of trade, turn their vast country's resources to constructive use, and thus improve the lot of all the world's peoples. Or they can continue their present course of suspicious, intransigent belligerence, and risk their own destruction.

The Soviet government must change its outlook and its policies. If it does not, the day will surely come when that government will disappear from the face of the earth. The Kremlin must decide. And if the Soviet rulers refuse to change, then they must realize that the free world will fight if necessary. It will fight and win. For the course of history cannot be diverted; tyranny is still doomed by its very nature to destruction.

An appeal to the reason of Joseph Stalin and the men around him is the ultimate purpose of this issue of Collier's. We believe that it is the most important single issue that any magazine has ever published. Robert E. Sherwood has told us that "it is quite conceivable to me that (it) may have an effect on the course of history." We sincerely hope that he is correct. And we earnestly pray that its effect will be to help establish and maintain an enduring peace. THE EDITORS

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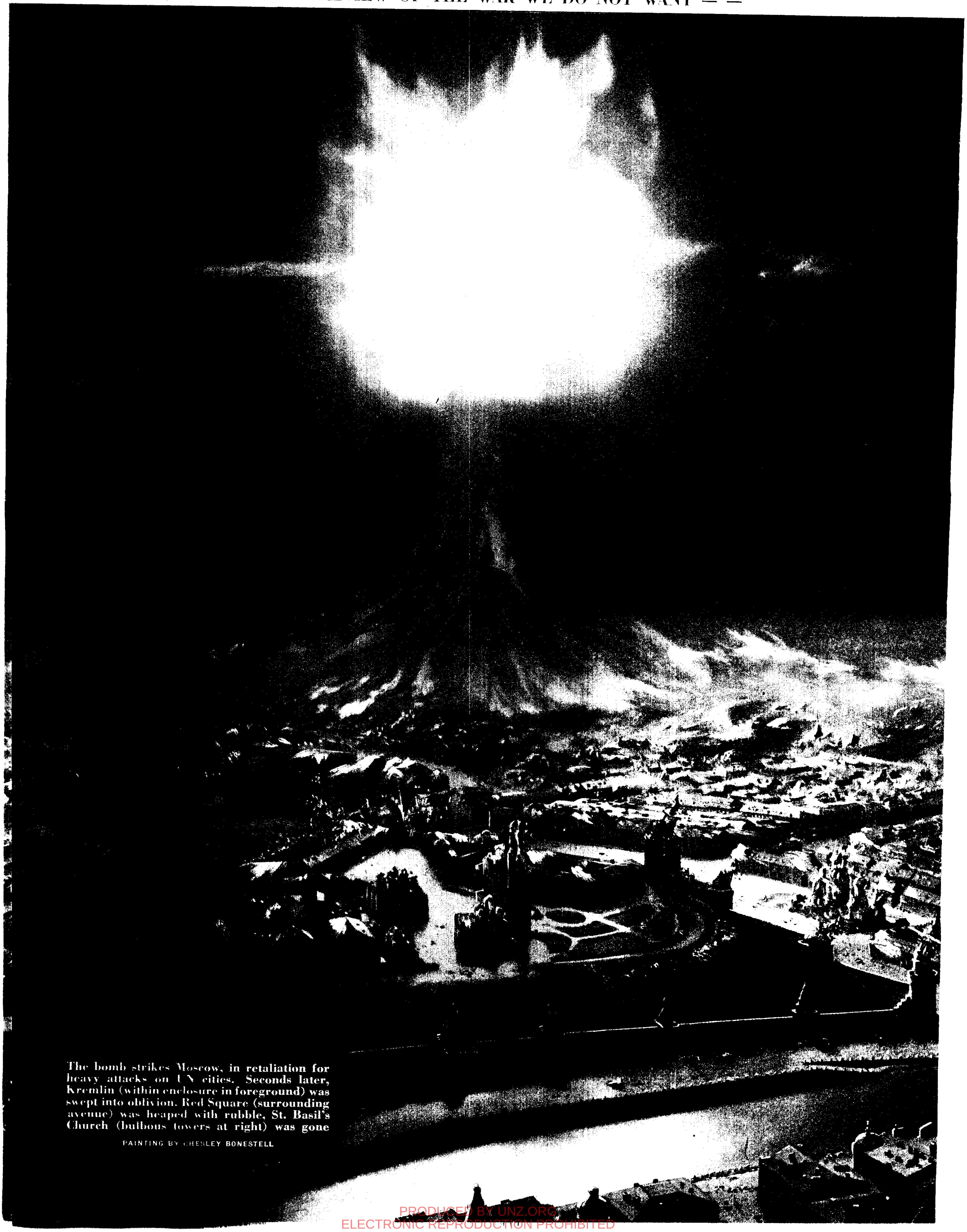


The bomb strikes Moscow, in retaliation for heavy attacks on UN cities. Seconds later, Kremlin (within enclosure in foreground) was swept into oblivion. Red Square (surrounding avenue) was heaped with rubble, St. Basil's Church (bulbous towers at right) was gone

PAINTING BY CHESLEY BONESTELL

— — PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT — —

The Third World War

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Resulting from a terrible Kremlin miscalculation, it plunged a whole world into incredible horror. But the outcome was inevitable: a smashing victory for the West, and the promise of a better era

Since the end of hostilities in 1955 the UN Historical Commission has been preparing the history of the War with the U.S.S.R. The completion of this massive work is many years distant, but Collier's at this time has asked Robert E. Sherwood, one of the American delegates, to write a broad outline of the findings to date. **THE EDITORS**

Moscow, 1960

THE most unnecessary, most senseless and deadliest war in history—the third World War—reached the shooting stage at exactly 1:58 P.M. G.M.T., Saturday, May 10, 1952.

At that moment, Marshal Tito smiled benevolently at a delegation of 120 Serbian peasants whose leather-thonged moccasins scuffed on the forecourt of the White Palace in Belgrade as they rushed toward him cheering and singing: "Tito our little white violet."

They were peasants of the state farm at Bavaniste, one of the first collectives established in Yugoslavia. They were on hand to receive the marshal's personal thanks for their seven years of above-quota production.

Tito had been coming ever closer physically to the people. In recent public appearances he had often been engulfed by crowds of admirers—once at the opening of an art exhibit and again at the ceremony celebrating the linking of two branches of the Youth Railway in Bosnia.

This had been a source of extreme worry to General Alexander Rankovic, the devoted officer who was responsible for Tito's security. But Tito scoffed at the general's fears and constantly sought to wave away the secret police when they intervened between him and the enthusiastic crowds.

Rankovic infiltrated several of his own policemen, dressed in peasant costumes, among the delegation from Bavaniste. He did not know that the MVD in Moscow had also infiltrated two of its secret agents into this crowd. They were Dushan Petrovic and Luka Borlic, Moscow-trained fanatics who knew only one god, and that one god was Stalin.

In the past four years they had been extremely clever in giving the Yugoslav secret police no cause whatsoever to suspect them. Their mission in life was the assassination of Tito. They were careful never to depart from the peasant routine. They came to Belgrade only when groups of other coworkers visited the capital. Then they made contact with their MVD liaison in Topcider, the park to which the people of Belgrade flock when the weather is good.

The Bavaniste delegation arrived in Belgrade on the evening of May 9th and were installed in the Balkan Hotel in the center of the city. They were welcomed by Ministry of Agriculture officials and told to enjoy themselves in their week-end visit to the capital, the high point of which would, of course, be their reception by Marshal Tito himself.

Petrovic and Borlic persuaded several of their comrades to join them in a trip to Topcider's crowded restaurant. As the *slivovitz* flowed freely, Petrovic and Borlic left the table for the washroom, where they were hailed by a friend who greeted them warmly and gave them a handful of cigars, a rare luxury in Yugoslavia at that time. When the assassins returned to their table, they did not share the cigars with their comrades.

The following afternoon, as Petrovic and Borlic advanced toward Tito, two of these cigars, unlighted, were clenched in their teeth. There was nothing unusual about this. Other peasants who were lucky enough to have cigarettes or cigars were smoking as they carried baskets of fruit and vegetables for presentation to their leader. It was not considered social awkwardness nor a mark of disrespect.

The assassins maneuvered themselves into positions behind little Maria Serdic, eight years old, who had been selected from Bavaniste to present a bouquet of spring flowers to the marshal.

Rankovic's policemen were joining in the exuber-

◀ *A-Bomb Mission to Moscow* By EDWARD R. MURROW

Edward R. Murrow, noted CBS commentator, flew in the B-36 which A-bombed Moscow at midnight July 22, 1953. This was his 36th combat mission; he participated in the others as a war correspondent during World War II and in Korea. Here is an extract of the memorable broadcast he made on his return from the mission over the Soviet capital.

WE WALKED into the briefing room. No one looked at the map. The word was already around. At long last we were ready to retaliate for Washington, Detroit, New York, London—all those places which had been indiscriminately A-bombed by the Reds. This was to be a little less than 10,000 miles round trip . . . the tapes on the map led to Moscow.

The briefing officer droned on. Eighteen B-36s—nine from Limestone, Maine, and nine from Alaska . . . Navy jets, AJ-1s coming in off carriers to hit Murmansk and Leningrad about the time we crossed the coast . . . Four B-36s to have a bang at Leningrad and Gorki with conventional bombs, as a diversion . . . the job to be done by 14 B-36s . . . no formation . . . they were to come in on Moscow like spokes on a wheel . . . only two carrying A-bombs, the remainder to act as decoys and as a protective force . . . if the first one over dropped and hit, the second was to hit another target elsewhere . . . B-29 aerial tankers to meet us about 1,000 miles out . . . 30 Navy Banshee jet fighters off carriers, refueled over Finland, to provide cover . . .

When we took off, it was hot. The juke box in the officers' mess was wailing *I'll see you in my dreams.* Ground crews gave us "thumbs-up" as we rolled. I was thinking: This is the first mission I ever flew in a bomber without having seen what we are carrying. The security officer had said: "You got one . . . but you can't see it. Relax. If you're forced down, you don't know a thing."

The tankers met us on schedule. There were black clouds with fire in them off to the north. The fueling lines were cast off. The whole crew relaxed. The dull glow of the sun pursued us. There was nothing to do . . . radio silent . . . no talk on the intercom . . . not like a movie . . . chicken sandwiches and coffee . . . cloud formations creating castles and lakes and rivers.

* * *

The navigator said: "Enemy coast in 10 minutes."

The aircraft seemed to shrink. The whole crew tensed. Then the guns were tested. We were alone and looking for those Navy fighters . . . our life insurance.

Time ceased to have a meaning. The sun was deserting us. And then the flak—blue and green, not red as it used to be at night over Berlin. We saw red tracers lancing the dull sky. Something started to burn and slide toward the ground. Their fighters were up, but we didn't know who was going down. It was so slow and obscenely graceful.

A blue-green searchlight grazed our side and then caught and held a Navy Banshee fighter. He put his nose down and there was red fire flowing from his guns. Jock Mackenzie, our pilot, said casually: "The Navy has arrived." The flak had let up a bit. I kept wondering what that thing we were carrying really looked like . . .

We were at 35,000, flying level and straight. The bombardier had taken over. A burst of flak under our right wing hardly shook the huge B-36. The engineer quickly made a damage check. Our guns roared and waved for 15 seconds, as though a great riveting machine had been let loose inside the plane. Must have been a night fighter astern. The fire-control officer said calmly: "Sorry. I missed him."

We were in the bomb run . . . almost 5,000 miles from home. Our ship carried the spare to be dropped only if the first one was shot down or missed the target. The intercom said: "Bomb-bay doors are open." Jock replied: "Roger."

Another ship, about four miles away, started to burn and slide down the blue vault of the heavens. Ours, or theirs, no one knew. No one said anything. Jock looked at his watch, then down at the dirty gray clouds below. And then the words slammed into his ears. The first he had heard since crossing the enemy coast. The words were: ANGEL IS DOWN.

That meant the first plane. The first bomb had been shot down or the plane had aborted. We didn't know. It should have bombed two minutes ahead of us. Jock said: "It's up to us now."

The flak started again, as though the gunners knew we were carrying the second punch. The bombardier was looking down through the clouds. It was a radar job and very impersonal. Now it was quiet. No fighters. No flak. We were alone with only the steady voices of the engines and the not quite intelligible voice of the bombardier. Then he said, suddenly and clearly: "It's gone."

Jock took over, turned 45 degrees to port and rammed the throttles home. As we looked down through the overcast, I saw it—something that I can only describe as the flame of a gigantic blowtorch filtering through dirty yellow gauze.

We felt nothing. It was the most professional, nerveless military operation I have ever seen.

Jock asked for a new course from his navigator. Then he checked his 15-man crew, told them to keep alert until we crossed the enemy coast. We were heading home.

I sat beside him part of the way back. At times he took over from the automatic pilot. Once he said: "It's nice to be going home. My wife and two children lived in Detroit. I haven't heard from them for over a month."

I could see his knuckles turn white as he gripped the wheel when he said it. He seemed very tired and old—anything but exultant . . .

The nation's capital after the atomic blast. Bomb struck near left center of picture, battering down bridges, snapping off top of Washingto

ant shouts of *"Zivio Tito!"* ("Long live Tito!") and the chanting of "Tito our little white violet." But they were keeping their eyes on the peasants around them.

When they were approximately 20 feet from Tito, first Petrovic, then Borlic tossed the cigars at the marshal and, as they did so, flung themselves to the ground.

Two explosions ripped the court and screams reverberated throughout the suburban Dedinje district which the White Palace dominates. The cigars which Petrovic and Borlic had obtained in the washroom of Topcider's restaurant were lethal Soviet adaptations of the so-called "Bouncing Betty" pocket grenades developed by the Nazis.

* * *

In Belgrade's magnificent new broadcasting station, the Yugoslavian Symphony Orchestra had just completed the third movement of Beethoven's Fifth. As the sweeping second hand of the studio clock touched 2:00 P.M. G.M.T., six members of the orchestra left their seats. They were armed. One of them advanced to the microphone. The others took up strategic positions around the studio. At that same instant an armed man appeared in the engineering control room. Yugoslavia and monitors throughout the world heard this: "Tito is dead! Tito is dead! The Yugoslav people have arisen and

Washington Under the Bomb

(Note to editors: Following is the first eyewitness account of the A-bombing of Washington, D.C., early today by a Soviet plane. Associated Press columnist Hal Boyle sent his story out in a helicopter which evacuated congressmen from the stricken capital.)

By HAL BOYLE

Washington, May 10, 1953

The American capital is missing in action.

A single enemy atom bomb has destroyed the heart of the city. The rest is rapidly becoming a fire-washed memory. The flames are raging over 18 square miles.

Washington is burning to death. Communications are temporarily disrupted. Help of all kinds is urgently needed from the rest of the country—blood, drugs, bandages, doctors, nurses, food, transportation.

Uncounted thousands are dead. More thousands of injured lie, spread in untended rows, on hospital lawns and parks, or walk unheeded until they fall.

Civil defense has broken down. The few valiant disaster squads are helpless in this homeless flood of agony and misery. Troops are moving in to restore ord among maddened masses trying to flee the city.

Fright crowds the rubbled streets and wears t blank face of awe. It couldn't happen here yesterda It did happen here before dawn today.

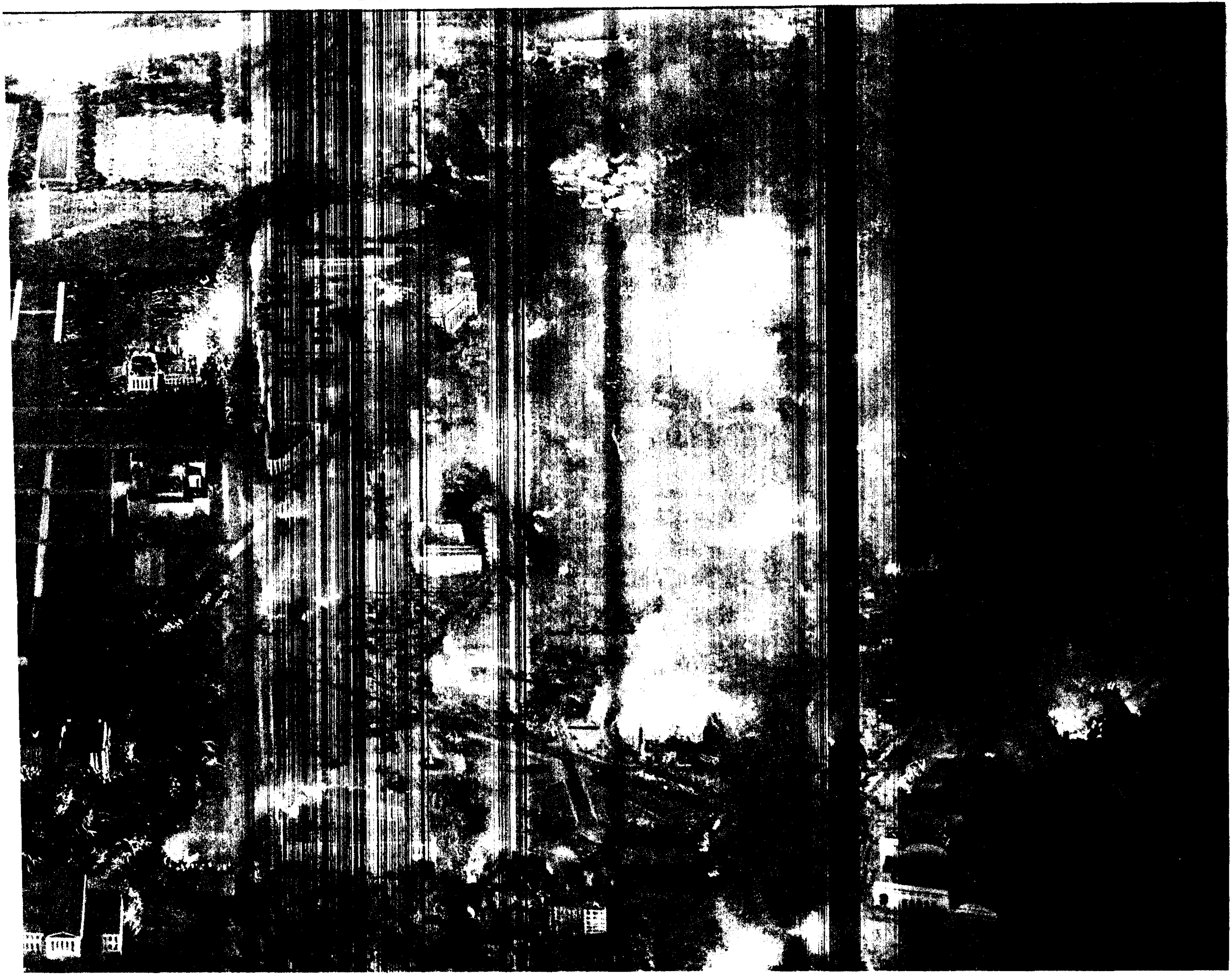
The bomb exploded in southwest Washington, mi way between the Capitol building and the Jefferson M morial. It lighted the city as if it were a Roman cand

For a radius of a mile from the center of the bl the devastation is utter—a huge scorched zero, as if giant, white-hot hammer had pounded the area into t earth. Blast and fire then reached out in widening wav

Most of the shrines that unite the American peo are casualties. The Lincoln and Jefferson Memori are in ruins. The top of the Washington Monument sheared off, but the main part of the shaft still stands.

The White House is gutted. The President and family are safe. The Secret Service has escorted h from the capital to a secret destination.

The dome of the Capitol itself is a great white sh tered teacup. The office building of the House of Re resentatives is flaming. The Smithsonian Institution,



CHESLEY BONESTELL

Monument (upper center), ripping Capitol (lower center) and other landmarks, and setting numerous fires. Note Pentagon blazing (at upper left)

ational Gallery, the archives building, the Department f Justice and the Bureau of Internal Revenue lie in tre- endous wreckage. A prank of the bomb: windows elted in the Bureau of Engraving, but a few green leaves till cling to the trees in East Park.

I entered the city, after a five-mile walk along the ailroad tracks, just as the roof of the Union Station aved in and shot up a tower of sparks.

A taxi horn sounded frantically, and a voice called: Get in, you damned fool!"

It was Don Whitehead, a fellow AP war correspond- t. He too was back in the States from the European ont for a special briefing. The taxi windshield was shat- red, and as we drove away I felt blood on the seat.

"The driver," said Whitehead. "Piece of debris got im. I found him dying. Loaded him on an ambulance uck. Took his cab."

I remember the meter was still ticking. It read $2.60.

"The Reds sure hung a dead cat on our rainbow," id Whitehead. "One edge of the Pentagon, I under- and, is on fire. Most of the bridges are down. The eople can't get away."

Fallen wires writhed across the street like live grape- nes. Abandoned trolleys stood at halt like big dead eetles. Wreckage and bits of flesh littered the streets.

We rode through a river of dazed refugees, burdened ith any belongings they had been able to snatch up. One woman held a picture clenched in her hands. Behind her trailed a little girl pushing a doll buggy.

An old man, struggling to bear a crippled son in his tired arms, suddenly collapsed and went down. A young woman, carrying her elderly mother on her back, crawled painfully on hands and knees. A man in charred rags screamed on the pavement. No one stopped.

The heat seared. The entire business district raged in bonfire. It crackled like a million cattle stampeding in a field of potato chips. Shriveled corpses lay where they had fallen. They looked small and lonely.

A fat man wearing nothing but the bottoms of his pajamas stepped out in front of us and called hopefully:

"Taxi, taxi!"

"Poor fool," said Don, as we went by. "There's a man who believes in normal living."

We already had picked up five lost children in the cab, and there wasn't room for anybody else.

Hoping to get the five children in the cab out of danger, we drove toward the Arlington Memorial Bridge. It was broken. The span had dropped into the Potomac. The entrance to the bridge was choked by thousands of refugees, held back by a police line.

"A plane came over about an hour ago," said a sweating policeman. "Somebody hollered, 'It's the Reds again!' That started a panic. They broke through us and rushed out on the bridge. My God! They were pushed right on off into the river and drowned—hundreds of them. Hundreds of them!"

We drove back to the long green mall below the Capitol. Helicopters were landing there and taking away surviving members of Congress to a new meeting place. Ten are known to be dead, at least 30 are missing.

Whitehead has found a congressman who has agreed to fly the story out with him.

Whitehead then showed the congressman, who is a bachelor, the five frightened children in our cab. And he asked him:

"Aren't you taking your family with you, too, sir?"

"Sure," he said, wryly. "They'll vote someday. Start loading."

Before boarding a helicopter, a white-haired senator turned toward the silent Capitol. His eyes streaming, he lifted both fists and shook them fiercely at the bright morning sky, palled by rolling smoke clouds.

A young soldier has just climbed out on the lower roof of the Capitol and tied up an American flag. As it catches the breeze above the ruins, a sigh as of a tremendous wind sweeps through the vast crowd. And now everybody is crying and cheering together.

But to the north the flames are rising higher and spreading fast, as the enemy fire eats away the glory of this show window of America.

In its ashes Washington cries to the nation for help.

put to death the Fascist, Trotskyite bandit Tito!"

This was the signal for the start of 32 months of unlimited catastrophe for the human race, in the course of which millions of innocent people met violent deaths—millions of people who had asked only for the right to live among their neighbors in peace. Among their scorched, shattered graveyards were the atomized ruins of Washington, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, New York, London and eventually Moscow.

At 2:00 P.M. G.M.T. (it was 9:00 A.M. E.S.T., in Washington) the President of the United States arrived at the Anacostia naval base to board the Presidential yacht Williamsburg for a week-end cruise on Chesapeake Bay. As he boarded the ship he chided the Secretary of the Treasury, who accompanied him, on the "excessive" number of Secret Service men assigned for his protection.

The British Prime Minister at that same moment was driving from London on the Portsmouth Road to the races at Sandown Park. The night before, in the House of Commons, he had listened to speeches by extreme left-wing Socialists demanding drastic reductions in rearmament expenditures.

The President of France was finishing lunch with General Eisenhower in the latter's home at Marnes-la-Coquette, a sleepy suburb of Paris, preparatory to inspecting the latest French armored division to join NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) forces.

In Moscow, at 2:30 P.M. G.M.T., Lavrenty Beria, head of the MVD, raised his glass and wished long life to Joseph Stalin, who remarked humorously that his life would now be easier with Tito a corpse.

But Tito was no corpse. Petrovic made one mistake: when he took the cigar from his mouth, he drew back his hand too deliberately, as though it were not a cigar but a heavy grenade he was hurling. One of Rankovic's men who was behind the assassins noticed this odd gesture and shouted *"Haida!"* ("Watch out!"). There was an instantaneous, long-practiced rush of policemen about Tito's person.

Few eyewitnesses have ever been able to agree in their descriptions of what happened. Five policemen and four innocent peasants lay dead in the forecourt of the White Palace; three other policemen and nine peasants were dying or maimed. The mangled body of little Maria Serdic was covered with the spring flowers from her bouquet.

Petrovic and Borlic were also dead, their bodies riddled with bullets from the guns of the police.

Tito was stunned by the explosions, but not so badly that he was unable to give immediate orders for medical aid for the victims of the outrage.

* * *

Within the hour, uprisings organized by the Cominform took place at key points in Yugoslavia; communications were sabotaged throughout the country, including the dynamiting of the radio transmitters, directly after the announcement had been broadcast to the world.

For months, tension had been building in the country over the Macedonian, Albanian and Hungarian minority questions and the Croat-Serb differences. All of this had been carefully fostered by the Cominform, whose agents had been given precise instructions for action when the flash came.

Intense confusion and despair prevailed throughout the nation. The silence of Radio Belgrade was terrifying. To the Yugoslav people—and to the rest of the world—the words "Tito is dead" meant that "Yugoslavia is dead," that the country would now become a slave camp, deprived of independence, dignity and hope. This, of course, was precisely what Moscow had counted on; Stalin, the dictator, had reason to know the overwhelming importance of the person of Tito, the dictator.

Moscow broadcast to the Yugoslavs that not only was their former leader dead, but their country was in a state of revolt "to wipe out the last vestige of Tito's treachery and to liquidate the people's enemies, the lackeys of Wall Street imperialism."

At the height of the terror, the following hurried report was cabled from Belgrade by Collier's correspondent Seymour Freidin:

"A huge mass of humanity, jabbering excitedly,

How the War Was

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

New York City, 1960

THE definitive history of the Great War with the Soviet Union cannot, even now, in 1960, be written; an army of historians will require many decades to collate, sort and interpret the voluminous records of the twentieth century's third, and largest, World War. Some important details will, indeed, be forever lost. The exact fate, for instance, of many of the men in "Task Force Victory" which air-landed in the heart of the Urals in 1953 in a heroic suicide attack against the Communist A-bomb storage depots is still veiled in mystery; the complete picture of the operation died with the leaders of the mission.

But the general outline of the war and the strategic concepts that governed it are long since clear. The United States and its Allies, including the overwhelming majority of the United Nations, due in large part to the strength and political and military wisdom of their leaders, chose deliberately to fight a limited war for limited objectives. Public opinion forced some deviations from this policy; sometimes—as in the bombing of Moscow—restraint was abandoned, but the fate of Napoleon and of Hitler and the lost peace of World War II were persuasive arguments for caution.

The atomic bomb was used extensively by both sides but our war was primarily against Communism and the Soviet rulers rather than the Russian people, and the unlimited atomic holocaust did not occur.

The Balkans once again were the tinderbox of war. The satellite-Soviet attacks upon Yugoslavia in the spring of 1952 were the preface to far greater battles.

Red Army hordes drove westward in their principal offensive across the north German plain, assisted by secondary drives from Czechoslovakia and the Balkans toward south Germany and the French frontier, Trieste, Italy, Greece and Turkey. Communist airborne and ground troops moved toward the Persian Gulf, and in northern Europe, Red Army troops, despite strong guerrilla opposition, took over Finland, and other enemy forces in combined land-sea operations moved into extreme northern and southern Norway.

In the Far East, our occupation forces in Korea were forced out of Pusan under a hail of bombs, and the puppet "Japanese People's Army"—composed of thoroughly indoctrinated Japanese prisoners who had been held since World War II—backed by Red forces, ferried La Pérouse Strait and invaded Hokkaido, northernmost of the Japanese Islands. Soviet submarines quickly appeared off our coasts and magnetic, pressure and acoustic mines sank many tons of shipping and closed some of our Eastern ports—until emergency countermeasures, woefully inadequate at the war's beginning, could be hastily devised.

The first year of war was a tragic period of defeat and retreat. Yet the fledgling "NATO" (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) forces did better than anticipated in stemming the tide of aggression; in the Far East, the "Junipers" (Japanese National Police Reserve, established by General MacArthur in 1950), quickly provided the framework for a strong Japanese army.

The U.S.S.R. suffered heavily under attack by A-bombs and conventional bombs, and some of her A-bomb works, many of the bases for her long-range air forces, and transportation and oil targets were destroyed or badly damaged. Yet the enemy was able to A-bomb London and other Allied targets, and atomic bombs dropped on our atomic energy plant at Hanford, Washington, and on Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, New York and Washington, D.C.

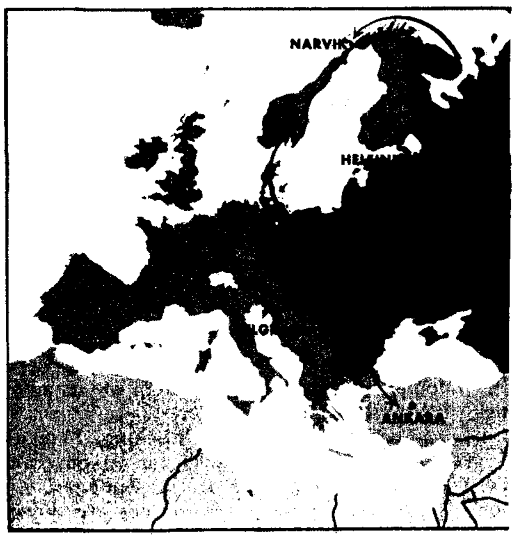
Despite our defeats and heavy losses in this first phase of the war, our strategic objective was accomplished. The Allies managed: to contain the enemy attack; to hold absolutely vital air bases in Eurasia, North Africa and the Middle East; to halt the enemy in western Europe and northern Japan; to stopper up many of the Soviet submarines by extensive aerial mine laying of the narrow seas and by carrier-based A-bomb attacks on submarine pens and base facilities; and to hurt severely the Reds' offensive capabilities and warmaking potential by exacting high casualties on the surface and by heavy attacks upon the "heartland" from the air.

The second phase of the Great War with the Soviet Union lasted for about 15 months, and could be termed the "defensive-offensive" phase. During this phase we had achieved clear-cut air superiority; new weapons, including the atomic artillery shell, were used at the front, and we launched our first "holding offensives" and limited operations to cut down enemy strength and to improve our positions for the decisive offensive still to come. Soviet strength—and the strength of her satellites—was being reduced steadily by our strategic air campaign and by the reckless tactics of the Communist commanders, who hurled assault after assault against our forces in Europe only to have them repulsed with frightful slaughter.

Despite our defensive victories on the ground and the reduction of the Soviet submarine and mine menace at sea, vital enemy targets within The U.S.S.R. proved to be so well dispersed hidden or protected as to escape destruction. After a second series of enemy atomic attacks against the United States (included among the targets was Washington, D.C.), "Task Force Victory" carried out its desperate but successful assault against the enemy's underground Ura A-bomb pens.

The third and final phase of the war—th period of great Allied offensives and decisive victories—was tailored to the concept of peripheral attacks against the "heartland" by land air and sea (utilizing to the full the transpor capacity and mobility of air and sea power) and heavy bombing attacks against the enemy's interior.

No deep land penetration of Russia wa



Red Army attacked UN on three main front across north German plain, through Balt countries, and down into the Middle Ea

Fought

ever attempted—or indeed, ever seriously contemplated—though there was early in 1954 a sizable group (chiefly among the older Army generals) that favored it.

In Europe, the Baltic, the Mediterranean and Black Seas were used not only as flank protection for overland drives through the satellite states to the old Russian frontiers, but as highways across which amphibious "hops" aided the land operations. In the north, Allied armies moved through east Germany and Poland, halting their main drive at the Pripet Marshes with the disorganized remnants of what was once the powerful 8th Guards Army fleeing before them.

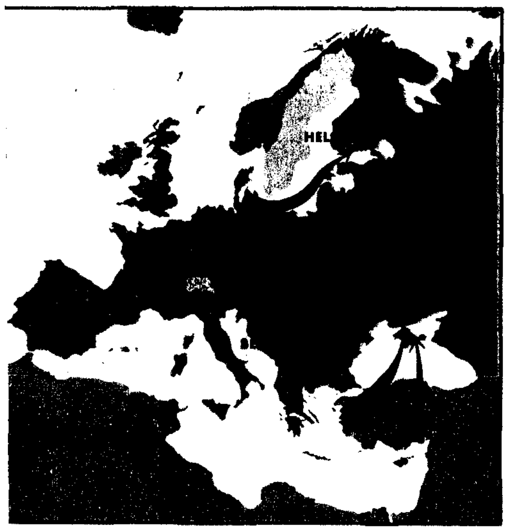
Spearheads moved by sea and air into the Baltic States and Finland, and advanced air bases were established which dominated all of western Russia.

A similar southern drive through the Mediterranean, Turkey and the Black Sea (with secondary land drives to clean up the Balkans) ended in a lodgment in the Crimea, where the last formal battles of the Great War were fought.

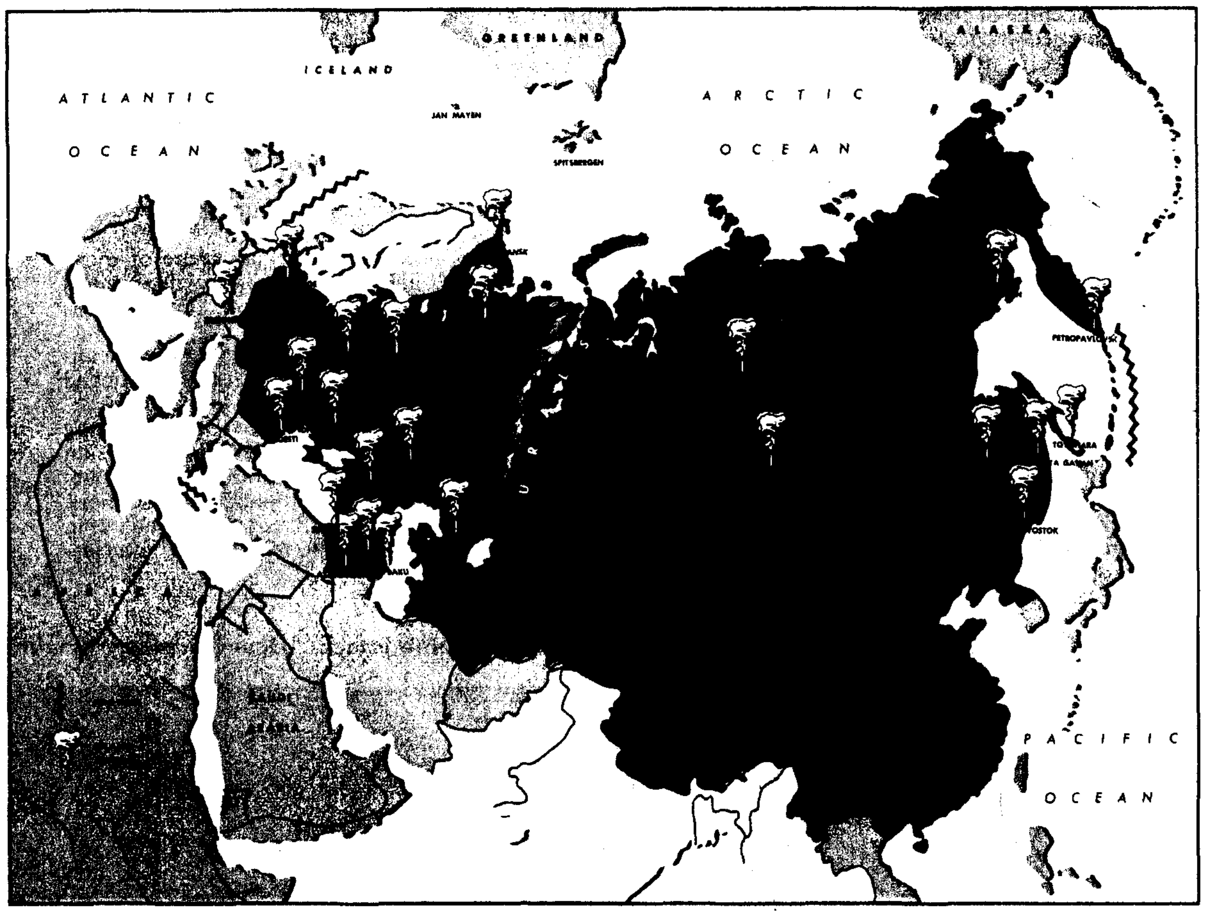
In the meantime, as the Red Armies fell apart in the West, Siberia and Red China—their communications with European Russia cut in a thousand places—descended into chaos. Limted amphibious operations, many of them made against little opposition, put U.S. and Alied troops ashore in Korea, Manchuria and China, and from these points we controlled land and sea communications of the Orient.

To World War III—the Great Soviet War—there was no formal end; indeed, there could not have been, under our concepts of strategy. For our basic aim of separating the rulers from he ruled, of encouraging the dissident and downtrodden minorities of Russia to revolt, of "fissioning" the Red Army (psychologically as well as in battle), of freeing the satellite peoples and aligning them on our side against their oppressor had, with the aid of overwhelming military force, succeeded.

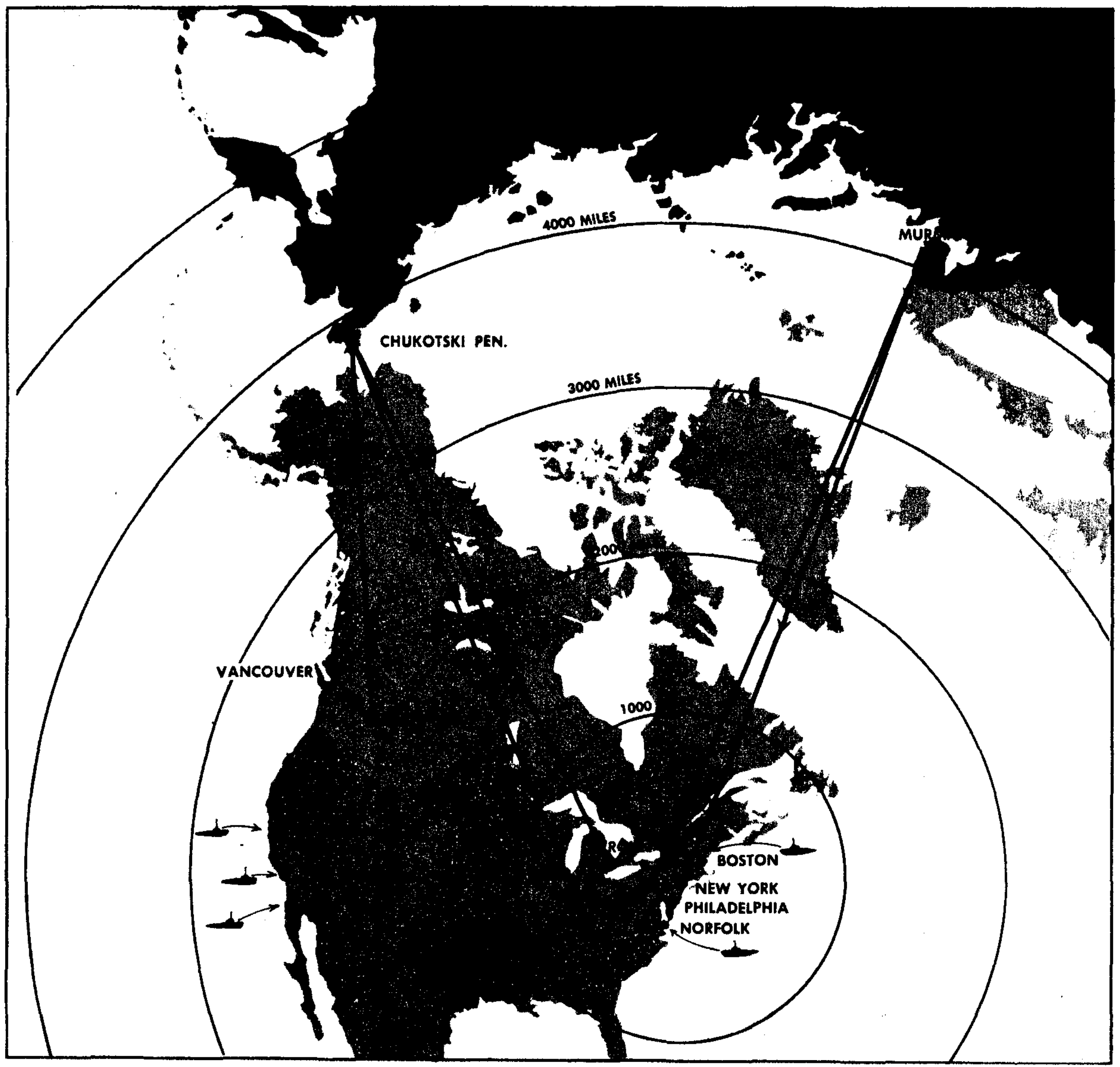
The Red Army ended its 38 years of hisory and died as it was born, in revolt and apine, with brother fighting brother, in civil war and bloody feud, with the oppressed beoming the oppressors and, at long last, terrible ustice done to those tyrants who had subverted ustice. THE END



s tide turned, Western forces smashed back shown, penetrating only to Kiev, Pripet arshes, Helsinki, but crushing Red armies



From a ring of bases surrounding the U.S.S.R., UN aircraft, mostly American and British, staged three-month, round-the-clock bombing offensive. Some of the major industrial, strategic targets are shown above. In addition, planes sowed mines at Kuriles (right) and in Baltic (upper left)



AL TARTER

Soviet air force, using TU-4 bombers copied from the U.S. B-29, struck at prime American targets. Except for Hanford raid, these were suicide missions, with planes unable to return to home bases. Meanwhile, enemy subs slipped through coastal defenses and launched guided-missile atomic attacks

packed the center of the city. Coffeehouses on the Terazje emptied magically and the wicker chairs on the sidewalk cafés were trod to bits by thousands of tramping feet as the crowds milled in search of news at the hub of the capital.

"Office workers—their day completed at 2:00 P.M.—hailed freshly arrived peasants from the outlying districts of the capital, while oxcarts careened into the jammed streets. The screech of automobile brakes could scarcely be distinguished above the rising crescendo of shouts and screams from the hysterical, bewildered Yugoslavs.

"The lone policeman who usually directs traffic in the capital's main square had given up. His light-khaki uniform and white-visored cap could be seen occasionally among the dark brown of the army, the blue of special police off duty and the patchwork of frayed civilian clothes and brightly hued peasant dress.

"Among these apprehensive people, agents of Moscow, the agit-props (agitator-propagandists), spread their messages of defeat. To the news-starved population they passed along rumors, which became distorted from mouth to mouth. A cargo plane from Zemun airport, circling the city on a routine flight, was singled out:

" '*Russian planes!*'

"The tragic memories of mass German bombing of Belgrade 11 years before hadn't been effaced from most minds. Hoarse shouts echoed from the crowds. Mothers screamed for their children. On the corner leading toward the domed Parliament building, a group disentangled from the crowd and began to run.

"The streets became a shrieking scene of thousands seeking to fight their way in a wild, aimless dash for safety. 'Russian bombers!' The cry was taken up by 50,000 throats.

"Men, women and children trampled on one another. Horses and oxen snorted in fear and plunged through the hysterical crowds.

"Suddenly, sirens keened above the shouting crowds. The noise only heightened the impression of an air raid. But these were armored cars sealing off the square. Helmeted police and soldiers, tommy guns and bayonet-fixed rifles cradled in their arms, took up positions at every intersection.

"From microphones on the armored cars boomed the message: 'Remain tranquil. Calm yourselves. We are prepared to meet the enemy. Do not help them with hysteria.'

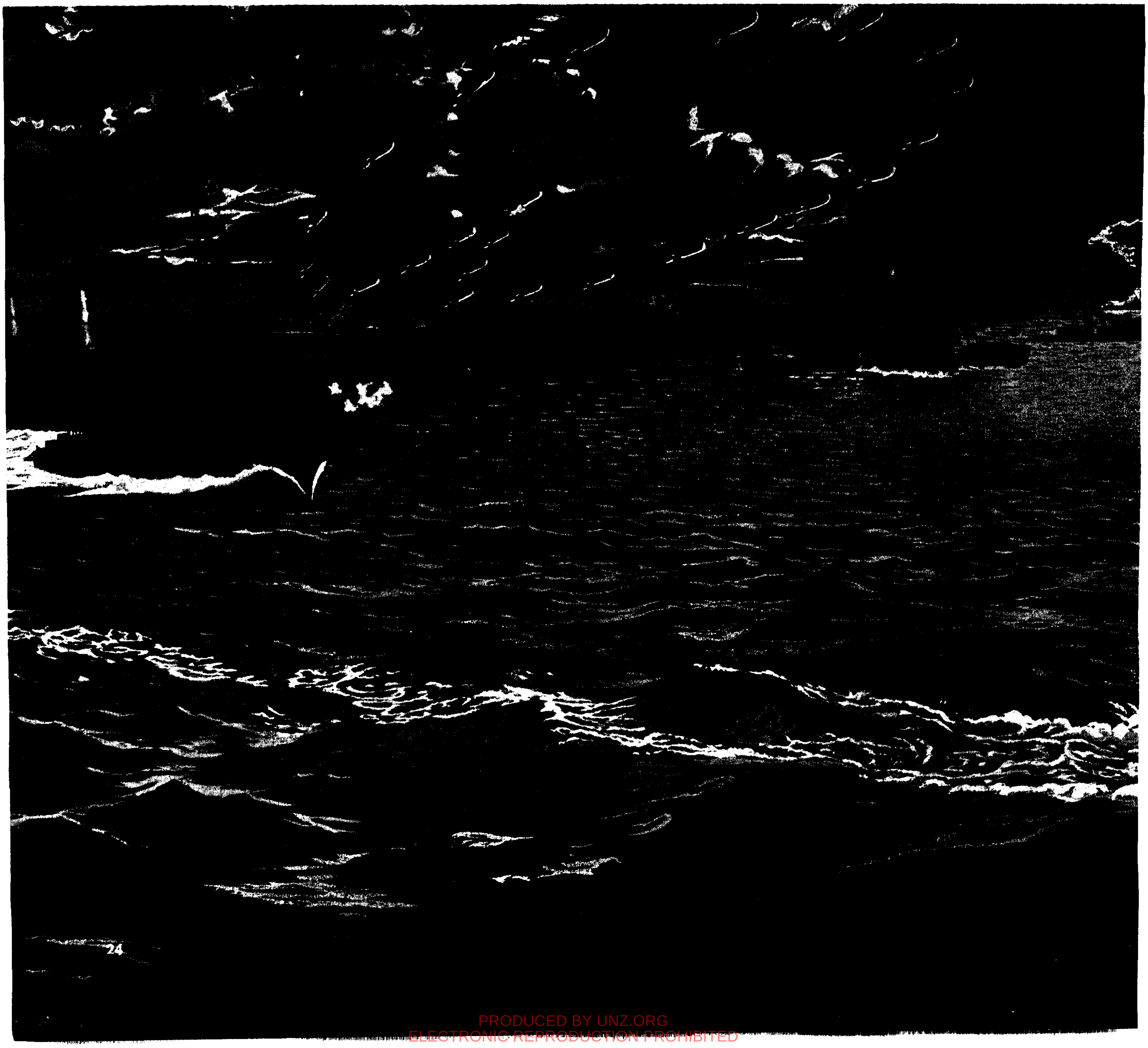
"The soldiers blocked exits from the square. Crowds hurled themselves at the human roadblocks. 'Behave like true Yugoslavs,' the microphones thundered. 'Become quiet! Proceed peacefully to your homes! Otherwise—face the consequences.'

"A wrecked wicker chair was heaved at an armored car. Bottles flew at the police and soldiers. Pandemonium increased. Rifle shots went into the air, but the crowds were beyond control. They flung themselves at the armored cars and armed men.

"Bursts of machine-gun fire raked the square. But the security force was soon swallowed up by the crowd. They fired at one another and at the terror-stricken people. Some were torn to pieces in the nightmarish dash for safety. Within a few minutes the streets were deserted and silent except for the dead that littered the square and the agonizing screams from the wounded and injured."

Within two hours radio broadcasting had been

UN convoy, England bound, is hit in predawn Red air-submarine attack. Heavy bombers (right rear) have made moonlight run over Allied ships



restored in Belgrade and Tito himself went on the air to assure his people and the world that he was very much alive.

But it was too late.

At 2:19 P.M. G.M.T. the first Bulgarian tanks thrust across the frontier. In the next 70 minutes Yugoslavia was invaded by satellite troops from Romania, Hungary and Albania. Backing them were 15 divisions of the Red Army (a total of approximately 160,000 men) to be used only in the unlikely event that the satellites would meet with formidable organized resistance from the leaderless Yugoslav forces.

The Moscow propaganda machine was now in full blast, informing the world that this Yugoslav revolt was purely an "internal" matter and that the "People's Democracies of Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria and Albania have intervened at the invitation of the patriot leaders of the new People's Republic of Yugoslavia."

At first this misinformation from Moscow was the only news that reached the Western World. Correspondents of the great press associations were unable to transmit the true story, even when they got it, until communications were restored. However, those three words, "Tito is dead," were sufficient to convince the heads of every government that the world had reached another crisis of historic proportions.

The Presidential yacht Williamsburg had not even cast off from the dock when the news came. The President immediately returned to the White House for a meeting with the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense and the Chiefs of Staff. A crowd began to gather outside the White House in Lafayette Square. They were silent; they knew that the biggest news of all would come from the building across Pennsylvania Avenue.

* * *

The British Prime Minister did not see the second race at Sandown Park. There was a crowd, also silent, in Whitehall as his car and those of other Cabinet ministers turned into Downing Street.

Nor did General Eisenhower see the French armored division—not at any rate on this ceremonial occasion. He rushed to the teletype room at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers, Europe). The President of France dutifully stood to attention while the troops rolled past; he wondered sadly where this grim procession would end.

When Marshal Tito went on the air, he said:

"We have been attacked. Our country has been invaded, without warning, without provocation, from four different points. Many of the invading troops are under direct Soviet command. All of them are under the control of one man, Stalin, the betrayer of the people's trust, the murderer of the great principles of Marx and Lenin.

"I call upon the conscience of mankind to bear witness to this imperialistic act of rape.

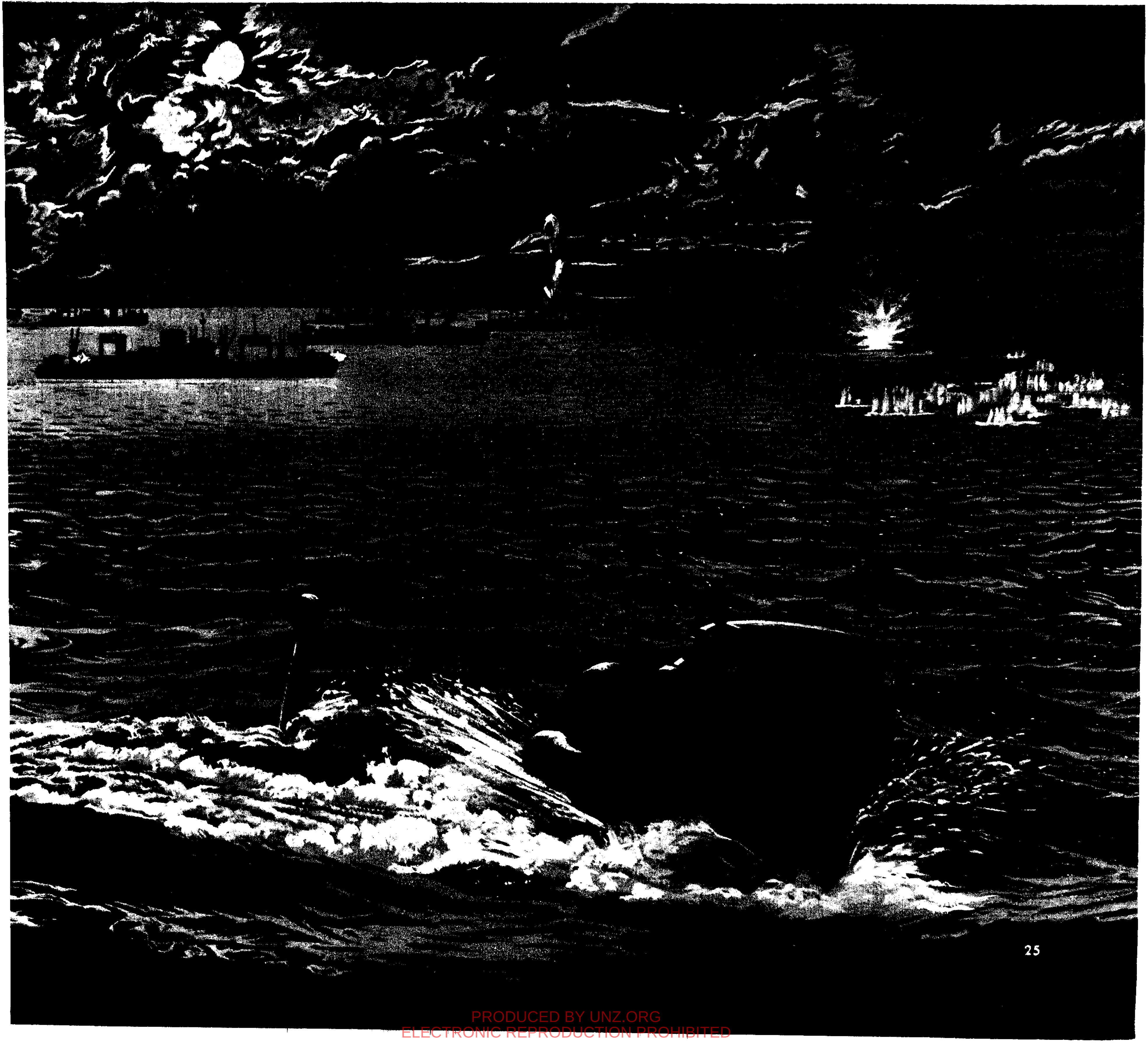
"The following Yugoslav towns have been invested: Debar, Yablanitza, Djakovica, Bezdan and Subotica. Our magnificent army is moving into action and will inflict frightful punishment on these dupes of the Kremlin.

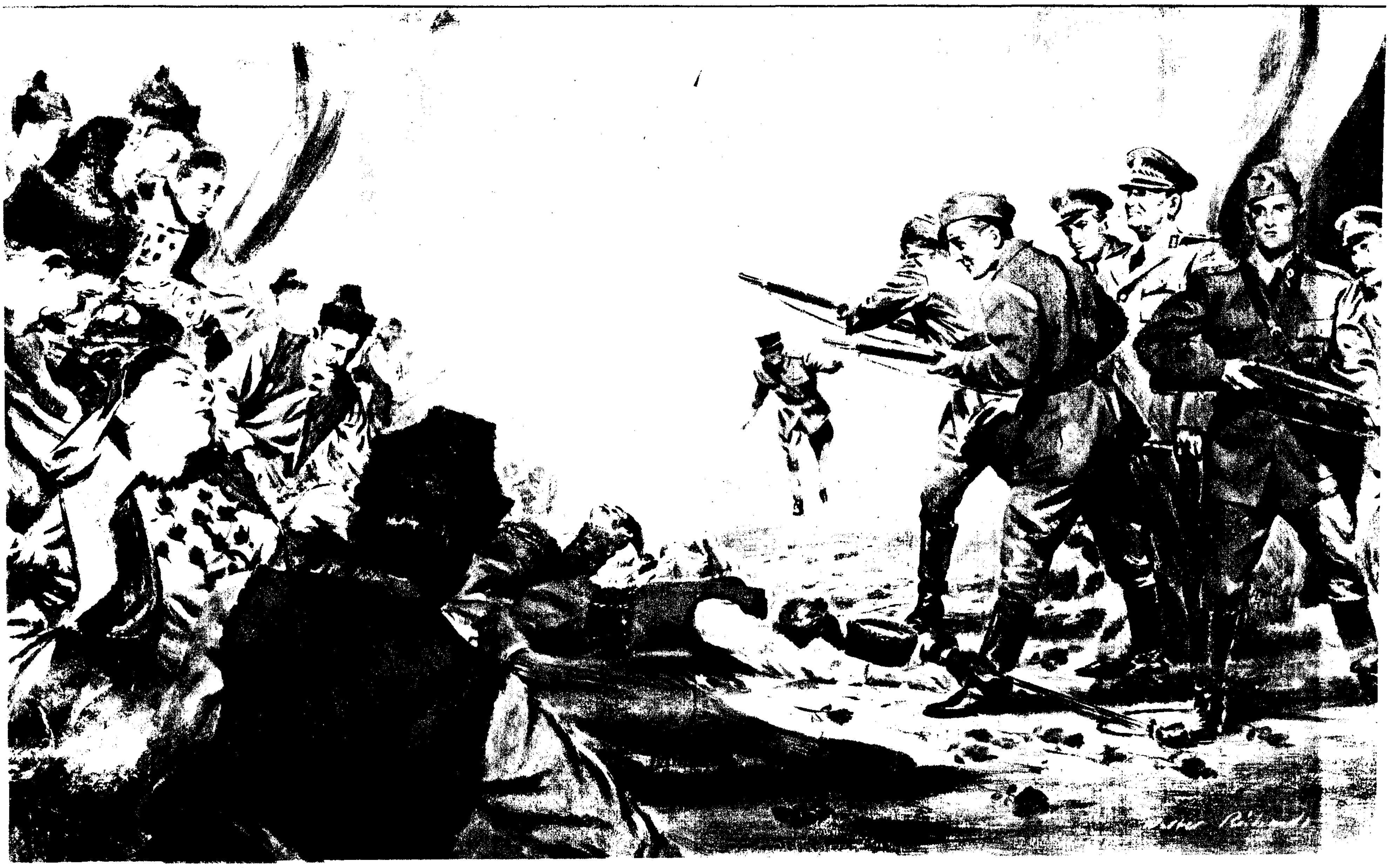
"However, behind the forces of Bulgaria, Romania, Hungary and Albania are 15 Red Army divisions, ready to come to the rescue of these unfortunates who have been pushed by their Soviet masters into this criminal aggression.

"We have no war with our neighbors to the north

Destroyer (left center) is firing at torpedo bomber, while also attacking with charge of hedgehogs against rapidly diving schnörkel submarine

FRED FREEMAN





WALTER RICHARDS

Yugoslav guards leap to protect Tito as Soviet murder attempt fails. Despite careful Kremlin plotting, incident misfired, set off war

and the south. We have no cause for war with Russia herself.

"But war has been made on us and we shall fight it to the death, as we so gloriously fought the Nazis of Adolf Hitler."

Later, Belgrade broadcast the confessions obtained from several ringleaders of the "revolt" who had been quickly rounded up by the police.

Allowing for the obvious colorations of the speeches and bulletins from Belgrade, there was no doubt in the White House, Downing Street or the Quai d'Orsay of the basic legitimacy of Tito's accusations. The deployment of the 15 Soviet divisions close to Yugoslavia's borders was well known to intelligence agencies of the West. It was obvious that the timing of the assassination attempt and the movement of satellite troops could have been ordered only from Moscow.

The very glibness of Radio Moscow was in itself suspicious, to say the least. Within 20 minutes after the first flash from Belgrade, the Soviet propagandist, Ilya Ehrenburg, was broadcasting a speech which appeared to have been long prepared and well rehearsed. (Subsequently we learned from Ehrenburg himself that this speech and many others on Radio Moscow that day had been recorded a week or more previously.)

When the news came that Tito was not dead—indeed that he was talking on the radio—Moscow ignored it for a long time. This was one development that had not been foreseen and rehearsed. Eventually the Kremlin issued orders as to how this was to be handled: the original broadcast of the assassination was to be described as a deliberate fraud by Tito, egged on by the "Western imperialist warmongers, for the purpose of promoting strife in the Balkans and destroying world peace."

During the next few days Tito made good his promise to inflict "frightful punishment" on the satellite invaders. The organization of his command had long been prepared, whereas his immediate attackers were woefully lacking in co-ordination. The highly efficient Yugoslav army of nearly half a million men, a large proportion of whom had been seasoned in actual combat, proved to be more than a match for their bewildered adversaries, who had been propagandized into the belief that they would be welcomed in Yugoslavia as "liberators" and were unprepared psychologically for fierce combat.

The Western World was thrilled by the news of heroic and successful Yugoslav resistance to aggression. The Russian and satellite propaganda agencies tried to claim victories, but there were many reliable press correspondents with the Yugoslav forces (among them Homer Bigart of the New York Herald Tribune, Cyrus Sulzberger of the New York Times, Sefton Delmer of the London Daily Express, Robert Sherrod of Time-Life and Andus Burras of the Oslo Arbeiderbladet) who dramatically verified Tito's claim.

* * *

Yugoslav morale rose to the seething point. This people, who had never capitulated to Hitler, now felt eternally unbeatable, and fought with an exultant ferocity. And as Yugoslav morale ascended, so did Tito's prestige throughout the anti-Communist world. He was the hero of the hour, comparable to the R.A.F. fighters in September, 1940, and General MacArthur and the "Battling Bastards of Bataan" in the grim winter of 1942.

The Communists in Western Europe and in the United States strove submissively to organize public sentiment against intervention in what they termed "this local Balkan revolution," but their clamor was drowned out by the popular cries for aid for "Heroic Yugoslavia."

On Sunday night, May 11th, President Truman broadcast his famous demand to Stalin: "If, as you say, you really want to make peace, the time to make peace is now—it is now or never."

He added that it was "clear to the whole civilized world that these acts of brutal aggression by your satellites have been made at your command. The fighting can be ended also at your command."

The only answer from the Kremlin was a curt restatement of the propaganda line that this was merely an "internal" matter in Yugoslavia.

Forty-eight hours later the 15 Soviet divisions moved into this "internal" matter to take over the war from the disorganized satellite forces. They were supported powerfully by the Soviet air force, which began a systematic bombing of Yugoslav cities. Within eight hours after that, the citizens of Belgrade saw the first dusty tanks of the enemy rumbling through the capital.

Tito's army retreated from Belgrade and the plains of Croatia and the Voivodina to take up the positions in the Bosnian and Serbian mountains from which the Germans had never been able to dislodge them in World War II, and from which they never ceased to harry the Russian left flank in World War III.

By May 14th the United States and all other countries of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization were committed to the aid of Yugoslavia and the utter defeat of Stalinist Communism. Greece had already entered the war by attacking Albania in support of the Yugoslavs. Turkey's entrance was immediate. Israel joined the UN as a belligerent 10 days later. The most important neutrals at the outset were Sweden, Switzerland, Ireland, Egypt, India and Pakistan. Spain, after considerable delay and indecision, eventually joined the West, but not until one year later.

The branding of the U.S.S.R. and the satellites as aggressors was backed by the overwhelming majority of the United Nations. The Soviet and satellite delegations in New York, together with their diplomatic representatives, were returned to Russia on the Swedish ship Gripsholm.

Strong detachments of U. S. Marines guarded the departing Soviet and satellite diplomats and their truckloads of electric refrigerators, 20-inch television sets, calculating machines and other devices, which they had acquired in America—but all of which, of course, had been invented by the Russians.

When World War III became an inescapable reality the first reaction of the American people was one of relief; whatever horrors were to come (and few people had any real conception of the nature or extent of these horrors, as Americans still felt safe behind the oceans), at least the long period of suspense was ended. There had been a strong sentiment for a "preventive war," a feeling that could be expressed in the weary words, "Oh—let's drop the atom bomb now and get it over with. Let's for once get the jump on the aggressors."

This dangerous policy—which could truthfully be described as "un-American"—had been resolutely rejected by the U.S. government and by the principal leaders of both political parties. But it was still there, beneath the surface, and now it erupted in an outburst of "holy war" hysteria which was fanned into fury by such callous and stupid acts of sabotage by Soviet agents as the bomb planted in New York's Grand Central Terminal which killed 22 innocent people and did no damage whatsoever to the UN war effort.

The more skillful and effective acts of sabotage were carried out by the secret organizations under the directions of the MVD, which the Kremlin had been building up in the U.S. throughout the years. Among their spectacular failures was the attempt to poison Baltimore's water supply and to destroy the Soo locks in Michigan on the Canadian border. More successful was the sabotage of the electrical supply lines from the plant at Niagara Falls, which stopped a substantial part of U.S. chemical production for a period of nearly a week. The remnants of the American Communist party knew less about these special MVD organizations than the FBI did; they were given only scanty information from the Kremlin, which regarded them with suspicion and contempt. American Communists made some attempts on their own but these were largely amateurish and bungled.

* * *

There was no period of "phony war" as there was at the beginning of World War II—certainly no long years of trench warfare when the front line fluctuated only a few hundred yards one way or the other, as between 1914-1918. Nor were there months and years of sparring while the U.S. made up its mind whether to come in or not, and further months and years for the U.S. to develop its war potential. This time the U.S. was ready and willing to strike immediately—and to strike with the most terrible weapon of all.

Despite Russian expectations, the first American atom bombs did not land on Moscow. In fact, no deliberate attacks were made on Russian population centers until more than a year later. We were not at war with the Russian people and we had no intention of unifying them by bombing any target which might be symbolic of Russian nationalism; therefore, so far as was humanly possible, we aimed at strategic targets only.

Our bombers delivered a concentrated attack of atomic bombs, the like of which had never been dreamed of by the most fanciful author of scientific fiction and which will never be repeated, pray God, again! On that night—May 14th, 1952—atomic bombs fell on the long-range air base outside Smolensk; on the headquarters of the second long-range air army near Vinnitsa-Uman; on the airfields near Warsaw and Sevastopol; and on the Asiatic bases of the Soviet Union at Vladivostok and Petropavlovsk.

These atomic bombings were continued on a round-the-clock basis for a period of three months and 16 days.

All of these raids were made from bases in Britain, France, Italy, Greece, the Middle East, Japan and Alaska. Starting with that first night, we hit A-bomb manufacturing and storage facilities, oil installations, industrial plants and troop concentration areas.

* * *

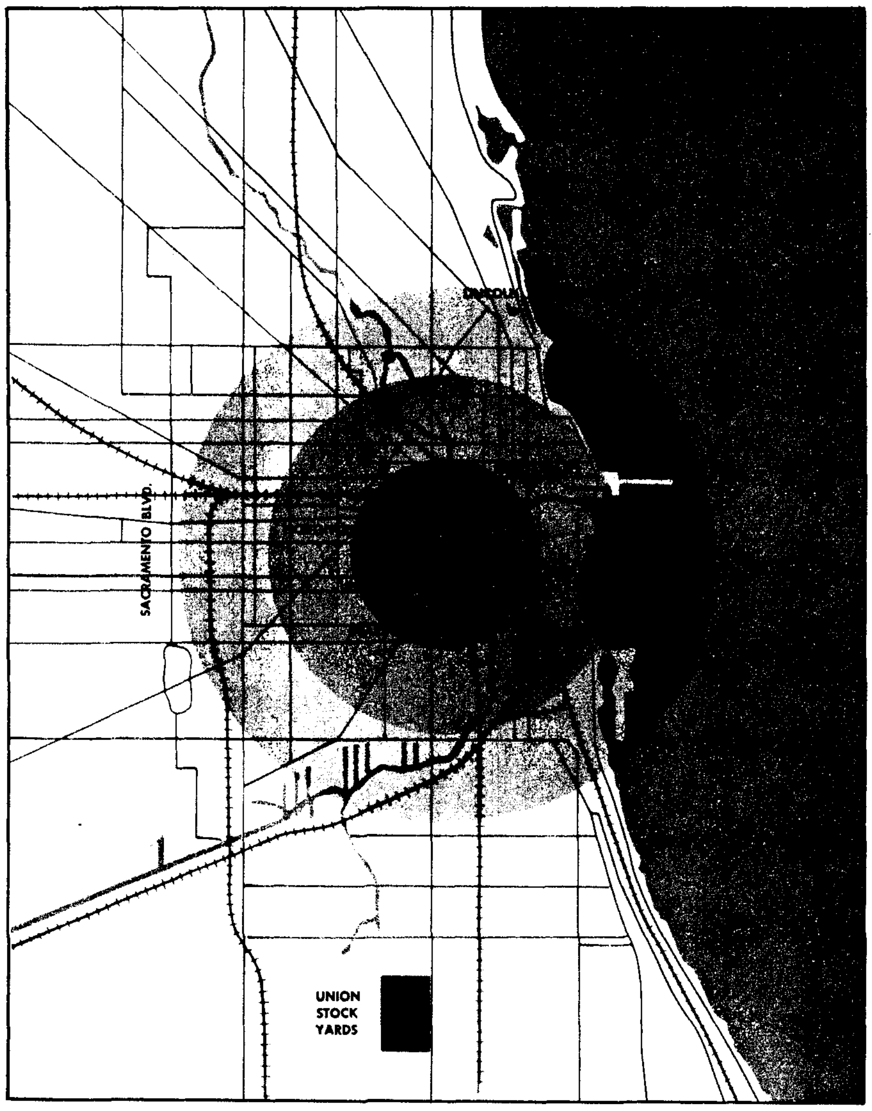
Now it was World War. The all-too-familiar process was again in operation—but it was to achieve a pattern which had been familiar to no one except the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the goats and guinea pigs at Bikini and Eniwetok.

Such was the start of the consummation of the Atomic Age, the triumph of Man's genius over Nature, and over himself.

Such were the beginnings of the destruction of many of the noblest and least selfish works of Man.

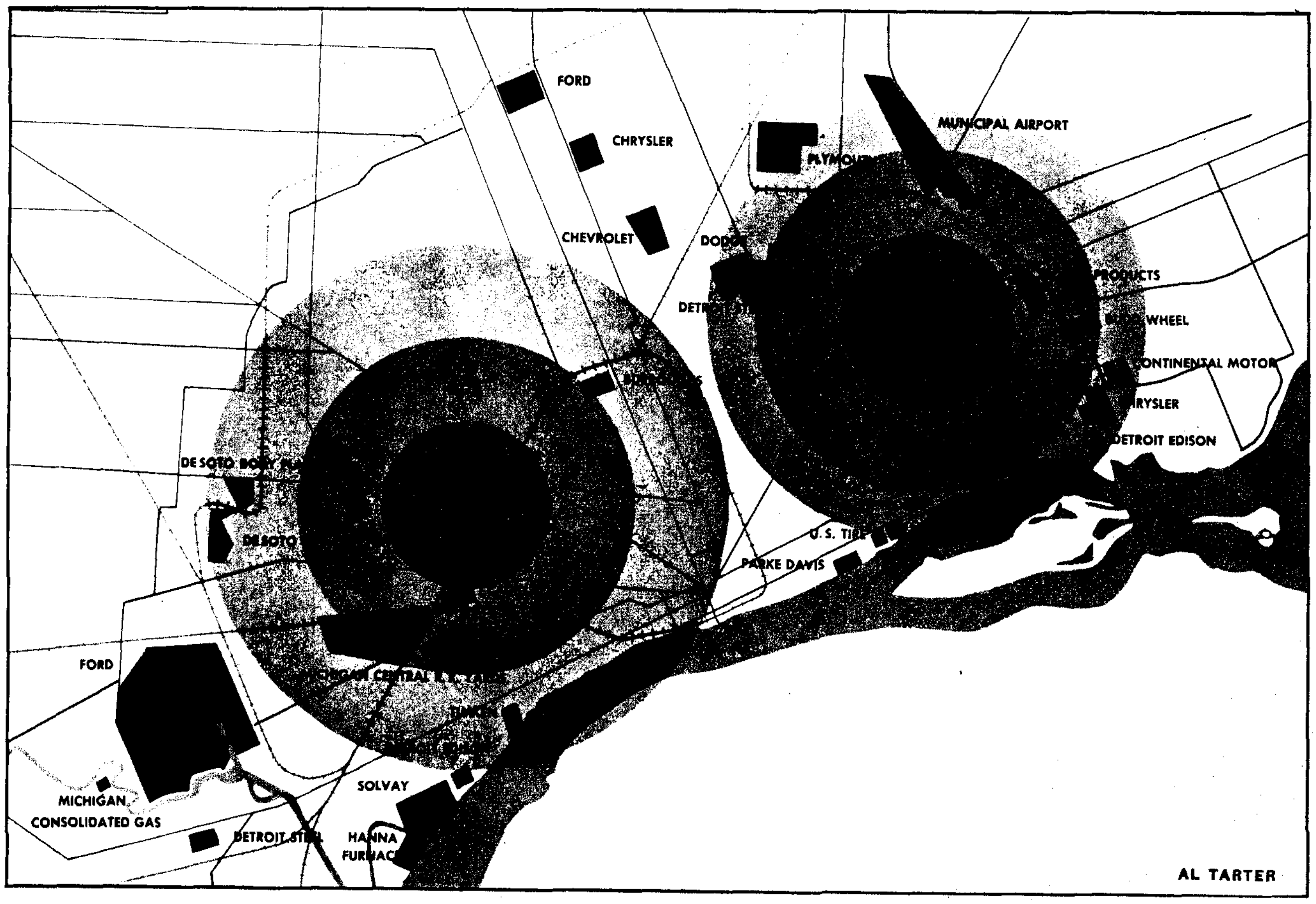
Let us repeat and remember that it was senseless and unnecessary. It accomplished nothing but the defeat of the instigators. It ended several years of an "armed truce." We know now that this armed truce could have been prolonged indefinitely; it should have been resolved peacefully—except that in all history it has never worked out that way.

The bombing raids were costly for the UN. The young men who gave their lives in the first stages of the first phase of the third World War were members of the same generation that Stalin had tried to recruit as members of the "Youth Movement for

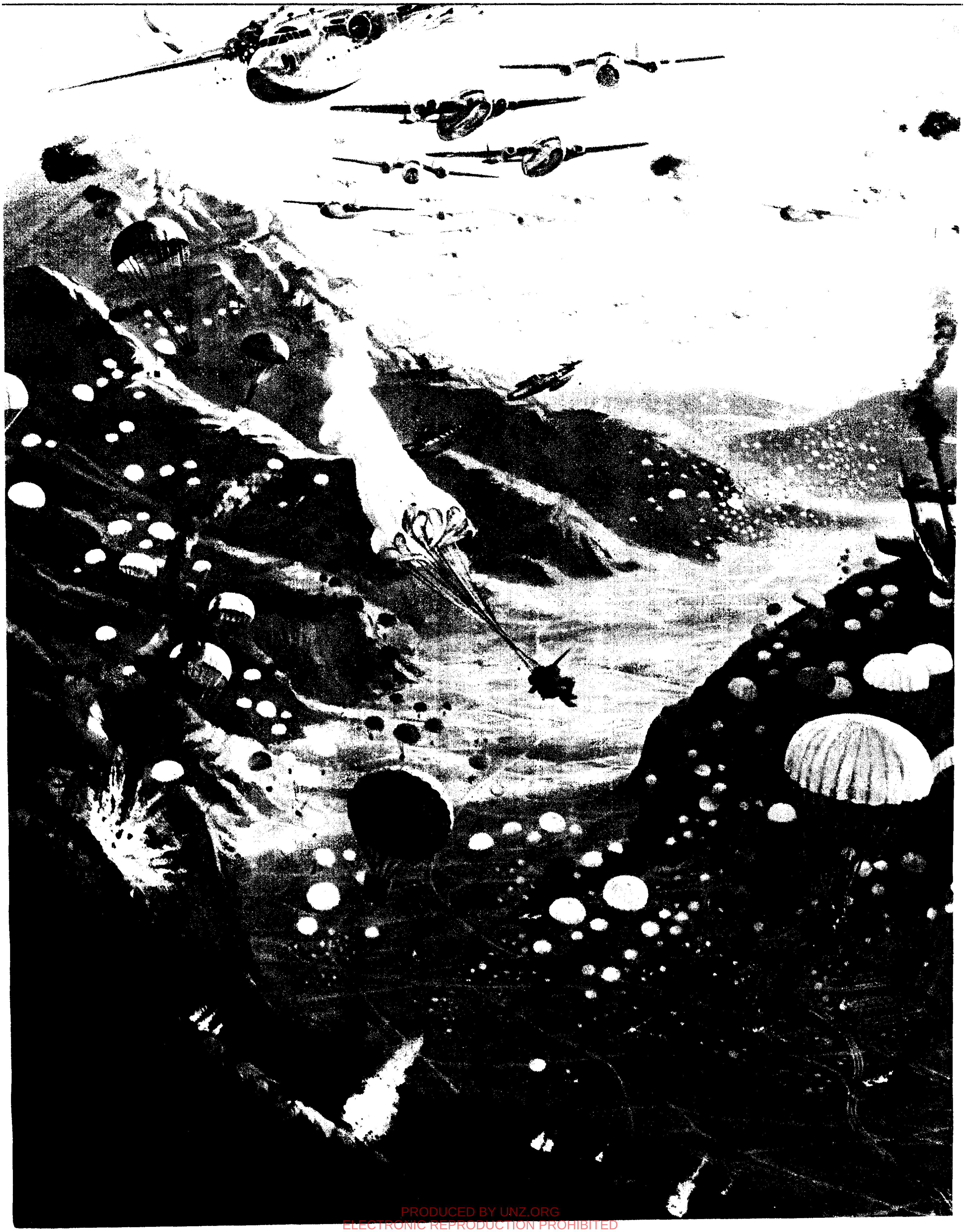


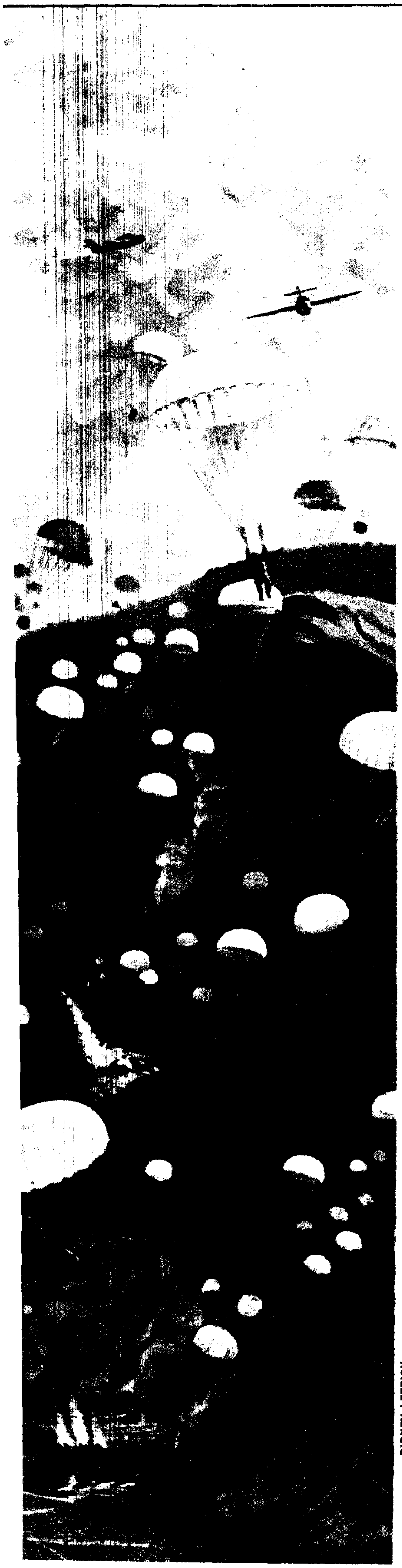
Atomic terror attack on Chicago blasted 28 square miles of downtown and water-front districts. As by-product, terrified animals in Union Stockyards three miles away broke loose, hampering civil defense work

Two atomic raids, damaging area of roughly 50 square miles, battered Detroit's great automobile industry, with even remote factories hurt by flash fires. Massive repair job swiftly restored plant operations



— — PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT — —





BIRNEY LETTICK

Peace." Many lives were sacrificed needlessly because of the traditional tendency of politicians to put political expediency first. The late and greatly lamented Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg had said, shortly before he died, that in his devotion to a bipartisan foreign policy he was thinking of the next generation rather than the next election, but his words of wisdom were not sufficiently heeded by some members of the U.S. Congress, who chose to chisel when they should have built. It is a matter of record that when this war started, in May, 1952, the United States had fewer than 97 operational B-36 bombers with which to insure our ability to bomb any point in the Soviet Union from bases in North America.

Although the UN air forces during this first phase of the war had a slight qualitative edge over the Reds, our planes were outnumbered in the principal combat areas by a ratio of five to three. This Soviet advantage was of great importance over the battlefields of Europe. American, British and French infantrymen who were veterans of World War II, with memories of complete Allied supremacy in the air, were particularly bitter that now they had to fight under skies dominated by the enemy. (The same was true of the last remnants of the UN occupation forces in the Korean "Dunkerque," who were subjected to unremitting air and submarine attacks before they could reach the comparative safety of Japan.)

The Reds pushed forward with powerful ground forces of half a million men across the north German plain. This massive movement was orderly and deliberate. They did not seek to duplicate the speed of the German blitz of May, 1940. They were properly aware of the dangers to their lines of communication through Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, northern Yugoslavia and Germany. They knew all too well that these areas between the U.S.S.R. and the theater of operations were to a very large extent hostile territory. The mounting spirit of revolt in the satellite countries was now being fanned into flames by Tito's indomitable resistance and by numbers of secret agents from the Western democracies. No road, no railroad track, no bridge of strategic importance could be considered safe from sabotage.

The heavily outnumbered UN forces could wage only a war of attrition—a strategy of "hold and retreat"—to impose upon the Reds the maximum

I Saw Them Chute into the Urals

By LOWELL THOMAS

CBS's Lowell Thomas, one of six top newsmen chosen to cover Task Force Victory—the 1953 airborne operation to destroy the Soviet A-bomb stockpile deep in the Ural Mountains—made this recording as he, and others, were flown out to safety

TONIGHT, in the Ural Mountains, what remains of the airborne force of 10,000 UN troops and paratroopers who landed behind the Soviet border at dawn this morning are fighting for their lives. This must necessarily be a sketchy report. The Reds have been pouring in troops all day. Our losses are heavy. Some say 50 per cent. Others put it higher. It is much too early to tell, for the fight will rage for days. I was lucky. I was pinned down at the airfield. Otherwise I would not be recording this report now.

At the Tel Aviv air base, they had assigned me to a transport due to land the moment UN paratroopers seized the Soviet flying field. Our plane carried engineering specialists and nuclear physicists. Their job: to draw the teeth of the Soviets' last remaining A-bombs in the subterranean tunnels of the Ural Mountains a mile or two from the airfield.

I rode up front with the pilot, Captain Glen Hastings, of Elmora, Pennsylvania. Behind us, stretched out to the horizon, transports of every description hunched together. You had to queue up to get into the U.S.S.R. this morning. Our first glimpse of action over the Urals: the terrifying air battles between Red and UN jets. On the outcome, our lives depended.

When we reached the area, paratroopers and equipment were still drifting down onto the Soviet air base, which had been blasted by high air-burst A-bombing 15 minutes before. (This leaves no dangerous amount of radioactivity on the ground.) Even now, we were in the thick of the air battle.

Jets flashed through the sky at incredible speeds, ranging all the way from the stratosphere to the very treetops. Their MIGs made passes at our transports continuously. Some were able to get through our air cover. Scarcely a mile from us, I saw one MIG with guns blazing swoop down on a Fairchild Packet. The big transport broke up into chunks of wreckage as it plunged.

The landing on the rough field, which had been ripped by atomic explosions, knocked the wind out of us. We were in the midst of the most awful devastation I've ever seen. Trees and bushes up to two miles away were afire. The very ground was black—seared by the A-bombing. Thousands of Red garrison troops must have been blasted to eternity; but as we poured out of the plane, we were made painfully aware that not all of them had been killed—Red troops were counterattacking.

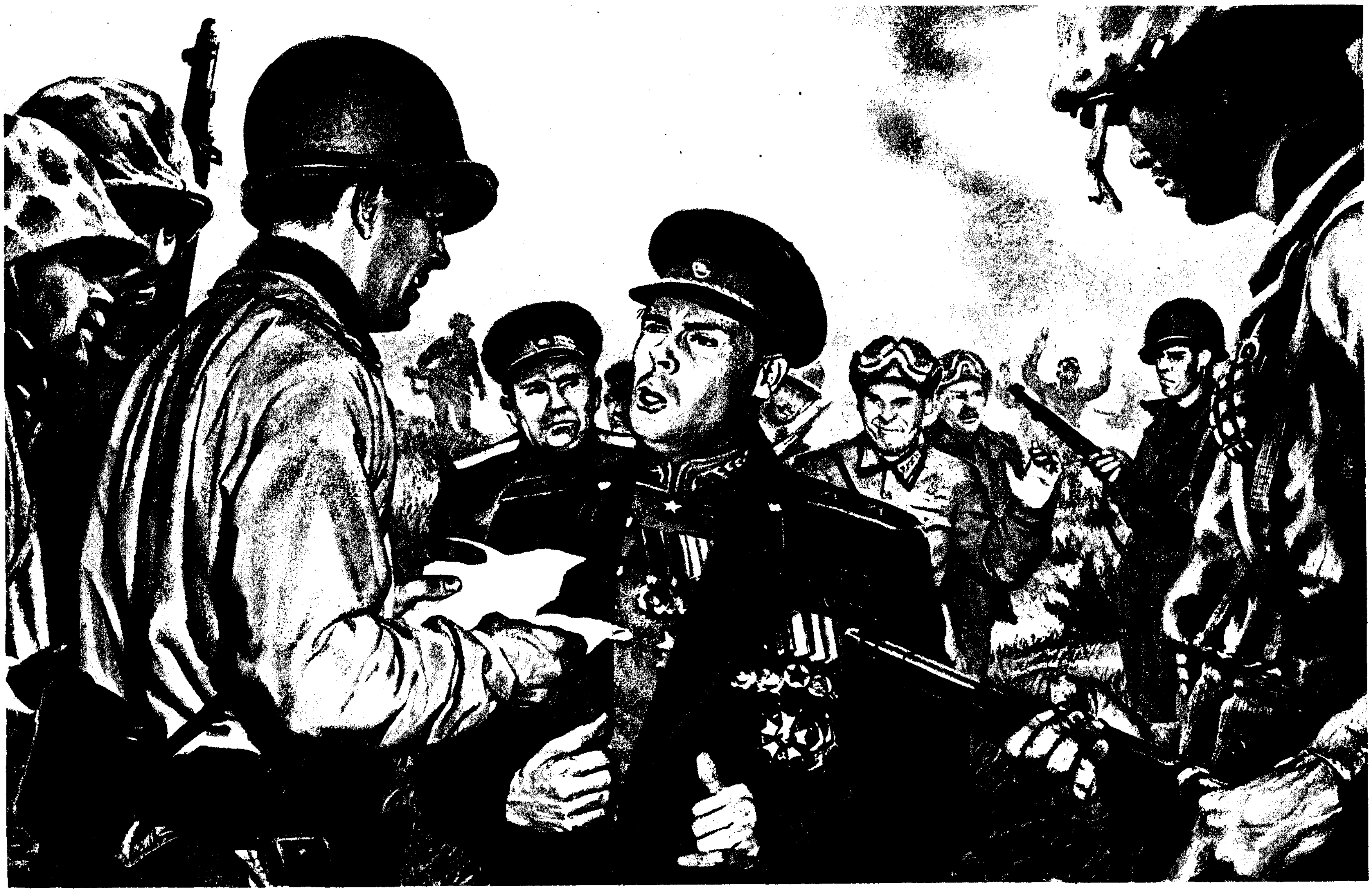
It was suicide; at the perimeter, our paratroopers cut them down. But they kept coming, overran and completely wiped out a company of ours, and in minutes were pushing across the field. They would have recaptured it, but for the constant arrival of new detachments of UN troops. Streaming from the transports, these reinforcements went into action. Our primary objective, the holding of the airstrip, was achieved—but for how long?

Along with the other reporters here, I was pinned down at the field. I could not get to the area of the biggest battle—at the mouth of the underground tunnels leading to the Reds' A-bomb chambers. From all reports, we suffered our greatest casualties from Soviet troops well entrenched in concrete-and-steel pillboxes protecting the entrances. Flame throwers eventually routed them.

The Reds fought to the death defending their A-bomb stockpile. Safe in their subterranean stronghold, they survived the atomic blasting and then sallied forth against our troops. These were almost wiped out, but the remnants held their ground until reinforcements came up.

Our troops finally forced an entrance into the tunnels, and the nuclear physicists began their extremely sensitive work. They did it well. In this heavily protected air-convoy, we are carrying out certain fissionable material without which Stalin's A-bombs are useless.

Task Force Victory has been a complete success. The Reds will never drop another A-bomb. But we have left behind us, in that dark valley of the Urals, our troops. They are slowly being overrun by the Soviet hordes who have been arriving all day. If we can hold onto the airfield for a few days—and despite the terrible odds, we hope to do that—survivors can be flown out to safety and to the unending gratitude which the free world owes them.



Stalin's son, on a reckless Saar reconnaissance flight, was shot down and captured—in full regalia as a General of the Red Air Force

cost in men and matériel for every yard that they gained. Our own costs were enormous. The UN was compelled to trade precious lives for precious time. The heavy battle casualties were by no means limited to the troops. The miserable masses of refugees were pushed ahead of the Red Army to detonate the mine fields. When these plodding refugees blocked the roads, thereby obstructing the Soviet advance, they were massacred.

Throughout this first phase of the war, from May to December, 1952, the UN buildup of arms continued unceasingly. The Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel were themselves major battlefields as they had been in 1942. The Soviet *schnörkel* submarines inflicted severe losses in tonnage and in human lives.

On September 4, 1952, a Red Army task force landed in Alaska and succeeded in capturing Nome. It was by no means a major operation indicating serious invasion, but it was extremely effective at the time as propaganda and as a strategic diversion. It caused many people in the U.S. to demand that we withdraw all of our forces from Europe, the Middle East and other points overseas for the defense of our own continent. For this was the first time in 91 years that hostile troops had landed on the North American mainland.

Two days after the landings in Alaska the Red air force delivered the first atomic bomb on American territory. Previously, its main bombing emphasis had been on our overseas bases.

The first atomic target was Hanford, a village on the Columbia River in the state of Washington, a dot on the map, of which few people had ever heard although its identity as the site of an atomic bomb plant had been no secret. Immediately, the American people jumped to the frightened conclusion that this bombing had been done from newly established bases in Alaska. Such was not the case. The base for the raid was on the Chukotski Peninsula in Siberia.

Nine Tupolev bombers, the Soviet copy of the B-29, participated. Only three of these carried atom bombs, the others serving as decoys. One of these three was destroyed in mid-air, another was turned back and dropped its bomb near Vancouver, British Columbia, then crashed into the Canadian forest wilderness. Some of the bombers actually returned to their Siberian bases. The crews of badly damaged planes bailed out and not all of these men were captured or accounted for. We eventually learned that some of them were secret agents equipped with civilian clothes, fake papers, plenty of dollars and a good working knowledge of the English language (in fact, two of them, captured later, were American Communist bail-jumpers).

The bomb which was dropped on Hanford was two and a half times greater in explosive power than the original American bomb that was dropped on Hiroshima.

* * *

Having achieved this spectacular strike on a remote, pinpointed military target, the Soviets next aimed to produce unadulterated terror. They wisely selected the most famous industrial city of all—Detroit. This time only one plane carried an atom bomb, but that one reached its target with perfect precision. This bomb exploded above Twenty-third Street and Hancock, West. It visited fearful destruction, devastation and death on an area of about 28 square miles. The annihilating effects of the bomb covered an area of two square miles, about the Lincoln and Cadillac plants, while fire caused extensive damage to the huge Ford plant three and a half miles away. Among the plants outside the radius of damage was the huge Kaiser-Frazer works 23 miles to the west.

The attacks on more distant points, such as Detroit and subsequently on New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago, were all "suicide" raids, as the Soviets had no bombers with sufficient range for returning to home bases. However, as in the case of the Hanford raid, those crews which had to bail out included a number of trained MVD agents for espionage and sabotage.

Casualties were immeasurably greater than they should have been because of the failure of civil defense. This failure was not due primarily to lack of intelligent planning. The trouble was that the plans had remained on paper. The American people had not bothered to learn that civil defense involves the active, instantaneous participation of every able-bodied man, woman and child.

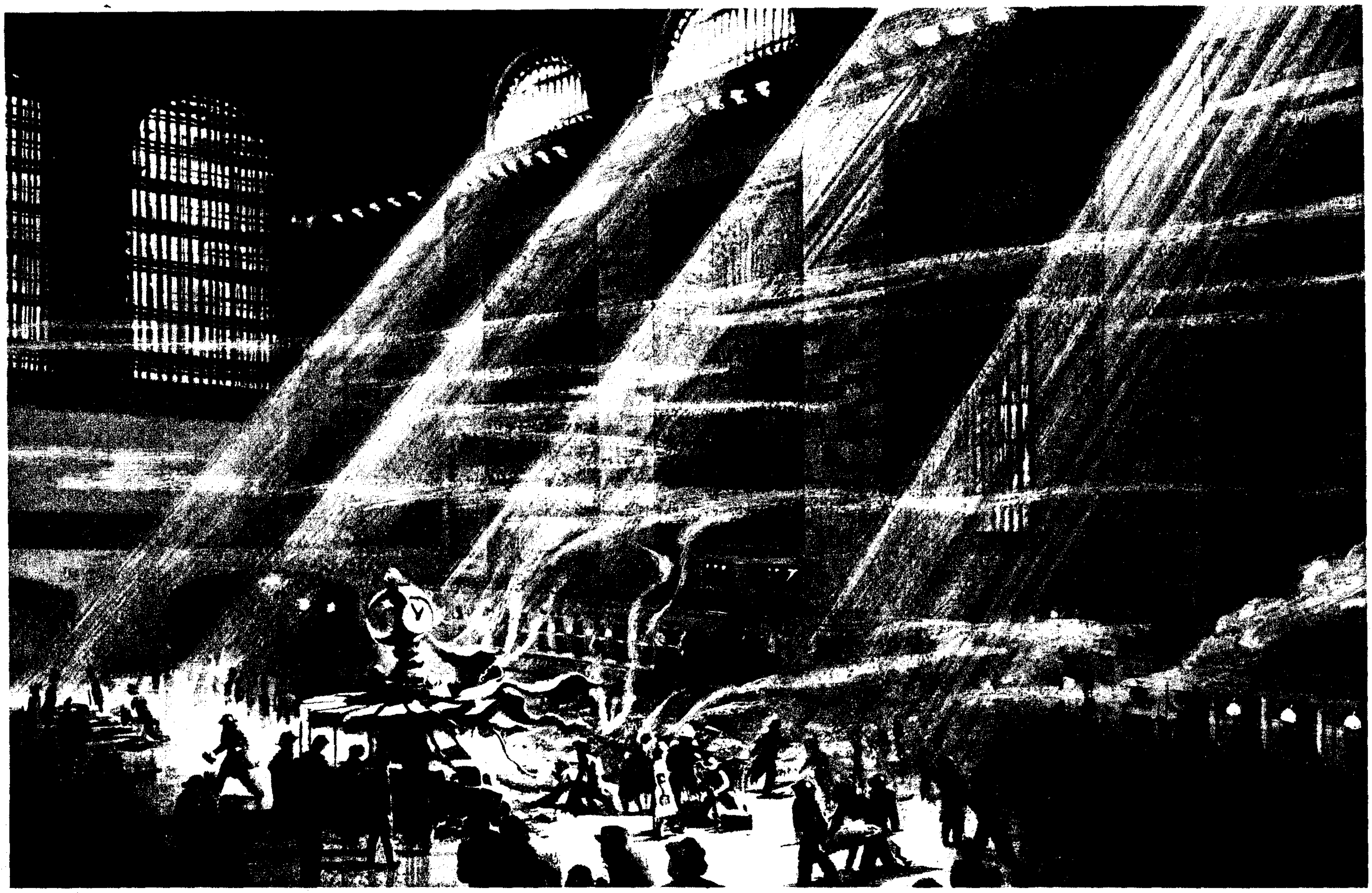
When an atom bomb hit northern London in October, 1952, the casualties were less than half those in the first raid on New York, although the area of destruction was more than twice as large. (In New York the area was nine square miles with the first bomb, 12 square miles with the second, the radius of the blasts being restricted by the concentration of steel-constructed skyscrapers; in London the area was 27 square miles, extending from Kensington to Golders Green.)

The explanation of the difference in the number of casualties was obvious: the experienced Londoners knew how to behave themselves under fire.

It was not the deficiencies of civil defense which proved most shocking to the Americans; they felt they could remedy that themselves and intensive training started in deadly earnest in every city, town and crossroads village.

The real wave of fear that swept over the U.S. and threatened for a time to have disastrous consequences to the whole war effort was caused by the seeming failure of national defense. How had the Soviets got through? Were the operators of those far-flung radar stations all asleep at the switch, as on the morning of Pearl Harbor? Where were all the interceptor planes at the secret airfields in Alaska, Canada and Greenland? There was a widely held belief that the Soviets were beating us at our own game, or what we had been kidded into imagining was our own game.

It took the American people a long time to realize that the Communists were not outdoing us in



BIRNEY LETTICK

In an effort to terrorize people, Soviet agents planted bomb in New York's Grand Central Terminal, killed 22. Americans were outraged

atomic bombing—in fact, the ratio was roughly 100 to 1 the other way round. But every bomb that they delivered loomed huge in the headlines and the known casualty lists, whereas no word came out of the Soviet Union as to the effect of any bomb dropped by us. To the average American, or the average Briton, the announcement of a bomb dropped on a steelworks in the Caucasus was as impersonal and uninspiring as an explosion on the planet Jupiter.

The American people were given plenty of cause for alarm in those days. The first bomb on New York fell between Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations (the actual point of detonation was above Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street), taking a particularly heavy toll of lives in the concentrated garment district. The blast sheared off the entire tower of the Empire State Building and gutted the UN Building with its 5,400 windows through which people of all races had looked in the hope of seeing a better world.

In Chicago the area of greatest damage stretched from the Lincoln Park Zoo on the North to Thirtieth Street on the South Side, from Sacramento Boulevard in the west to the breakwater of the Outer Harbor. The awful concussion of this first A-bomb attack on Chicago released hundreds of crazed animals from the stockyards into the streets, which impeded considerably the rescue work.

The day after the first attack on Chicago, the President flew to that stricken city and broadcast a speech which had a reassuring effect on the entire nation. He explained the enormous problems involved in making entirely secure "the new frontiers of freedom, which cover thousands of miles of arctic wilderness all the way from the Bering Strait to the island of Spitsbergen."

He revealed figures on the number of Soviet heavy bombers, bound for American targets, which had been detected by radar and shot down by the U.S. and Canadian air forces. He said, "These are achievements which cannot be dramatized from day to day in the news. I cannot reveal where or how these interceptions have been made, since this would be information of utmost value to the enemy, but I can tell you that our defenses are strong and getting stronger by the minute."

The President said that the Red Army which had landed in Alaska had been "written off" by Stalin. "Our Navy and Air Force," he said, "have made it impossible for the Soviets to maintain supply lines to the troops whom they so rashly sent onto American soil."

The President spoke with biting scorn of "those patriots who, at the first hint of approaching danger, loaded up their cars and station wagons with provisions and fled from our great cities." He shrewdly used this scathing reference as an introduction to the announcement of extremely rigorous gasoline rationing.

The President dropped his own bombshell near the end of the speech. He broke the news that General of the Red Air Force Vassily Stalin, son of the Communist Czar of all the Russias, had been shot down by French antiaircraft batteries while on a reckless reconnaissance flight over the Saar. The bomber that he was piloting made a belly landing and young Stalin and the members of his staff "are now prisoners of the United Nations."

This was not considered a serious loss to Soviet armed might, but it made pleasant reading.

* * *

In general, the President's speech expressed a sober optimism which was justified by subsequent developments. The Soviets had paid a heavy penalty in strategic bombers for their accomplishments in the raids on American cities and on London. (They never atom-bombed Paris, Rome or any other capital on the European continent because the military advantages would have been negligible and the political liabilities very great indeed, for such bombs would have obliterated the Communist parties in France, Italy and other Western democracies.) Furthermore, in this first phase of the war the relatively small stockpile of Soviet atom bombs was largely depleted.

But, production of these weapons was being stepped up; the world had not yet seen the end of Soviet atomic bombing—not by any means.

The first phase of World War III ended on the morning of Christmas Day, 1952.

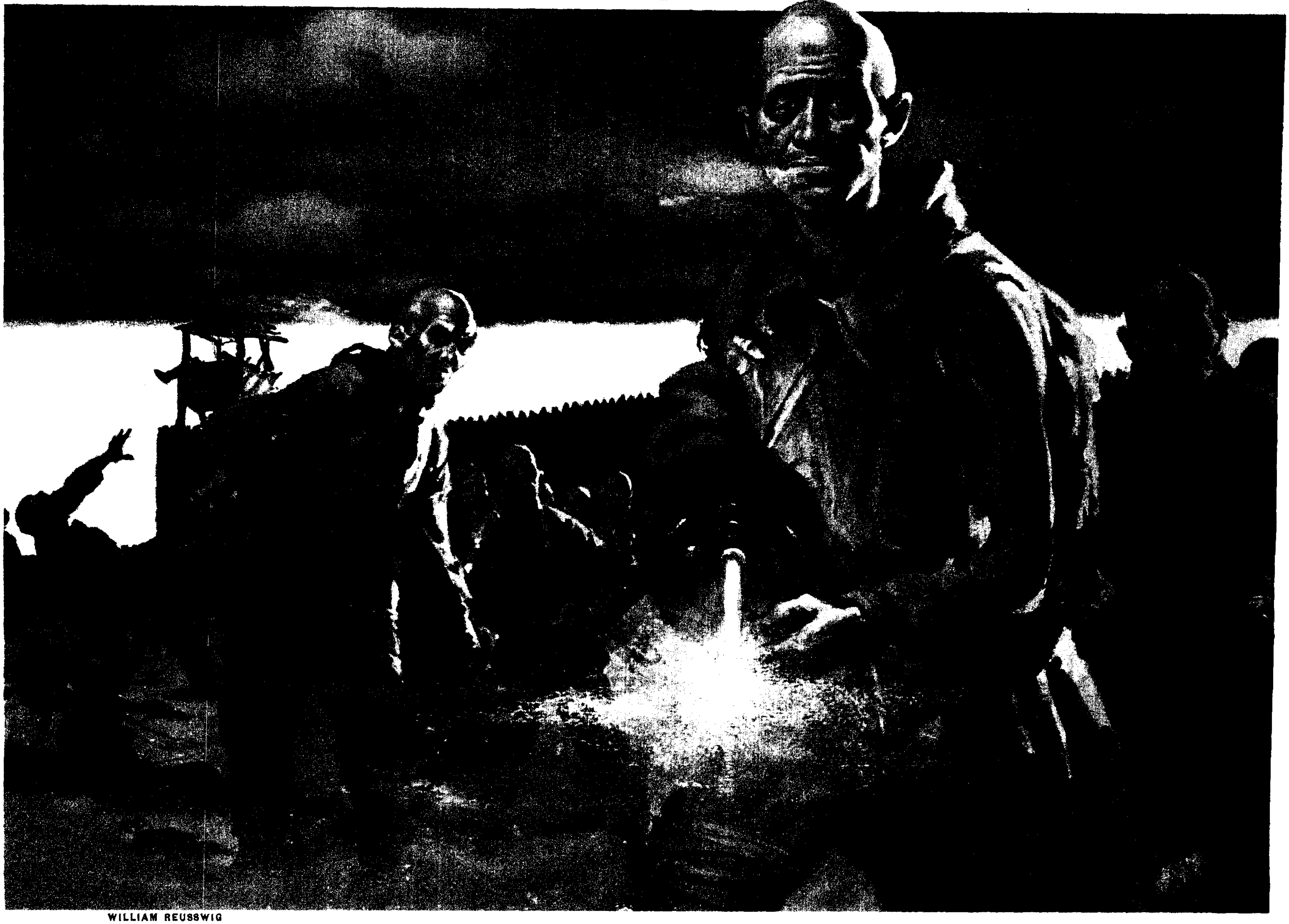
This was D day for the great Communist offensive which was intended to complete the conquest of Western Europe and to make the British Isles untenable as bases. The time seemed favorable for crushing conquest. The U.S.S.R. air force was still superior in strength. By the spring of 1953, this superiority might be wiped out. Furthermore, the next five months would bring formidable reinforcements of ground troops and armor to the UN armies in Europe.

So they started the big decisive push, and on that morning, the birthday of the Prince of Peace, the UN defenders opened up for the first time with atomic artillery.

Many writers and many soldiers have attempted to describe the havoc of these battles but nobody has come close to the terrible reality. The massed forces of the Soviets, depending as they constantly did on heavy concentrations of docile flesh and blood, provided tragically large targets. In the space of 15 minutes the UN's atomic artillery inflicted on the Communist infantry an atomic barrage equal in power and intensity to a barrage of 1,000,000 shells from the heavy howitzers of World War II.

To this day, more than seven years later, we can make no more than wild guesses at the extent of the losses suffered by the Soviets during the week that followed Christmas, 1952. We do know a great deal, from interrogation of Russian soldiers captured at the time, and from much of Russian literature that has been written since the war, of the demoralization that was produced by the first tactical atomic weapons.

(Continued on page 68)



WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Led by a convict named Berzin, the political prisoners mutinied at Elgen camp in Siberia. With explosives use

FREEDOM—AT LONG

Mr. Koestler has recently returned from a three-month journey through Russia. He traveled extensively through the Ukraine, the Moscow region, and was the first correspondent to be admitted to the "Convicts' Republic" (Kolymskaya Respublika Osoozhdyonnykh) on the Kolyma Peninsula in Siberia, about which, since the liberation began, only vague and fantastic rumors have reached the outside world. Mr. Koestler's visit was sponsored by UNIHOPE—the United Nations Housing and Providing Enterprise. The following are edited extracts from his diary. —THE EDITORS

Kharkov, June 30, 1960

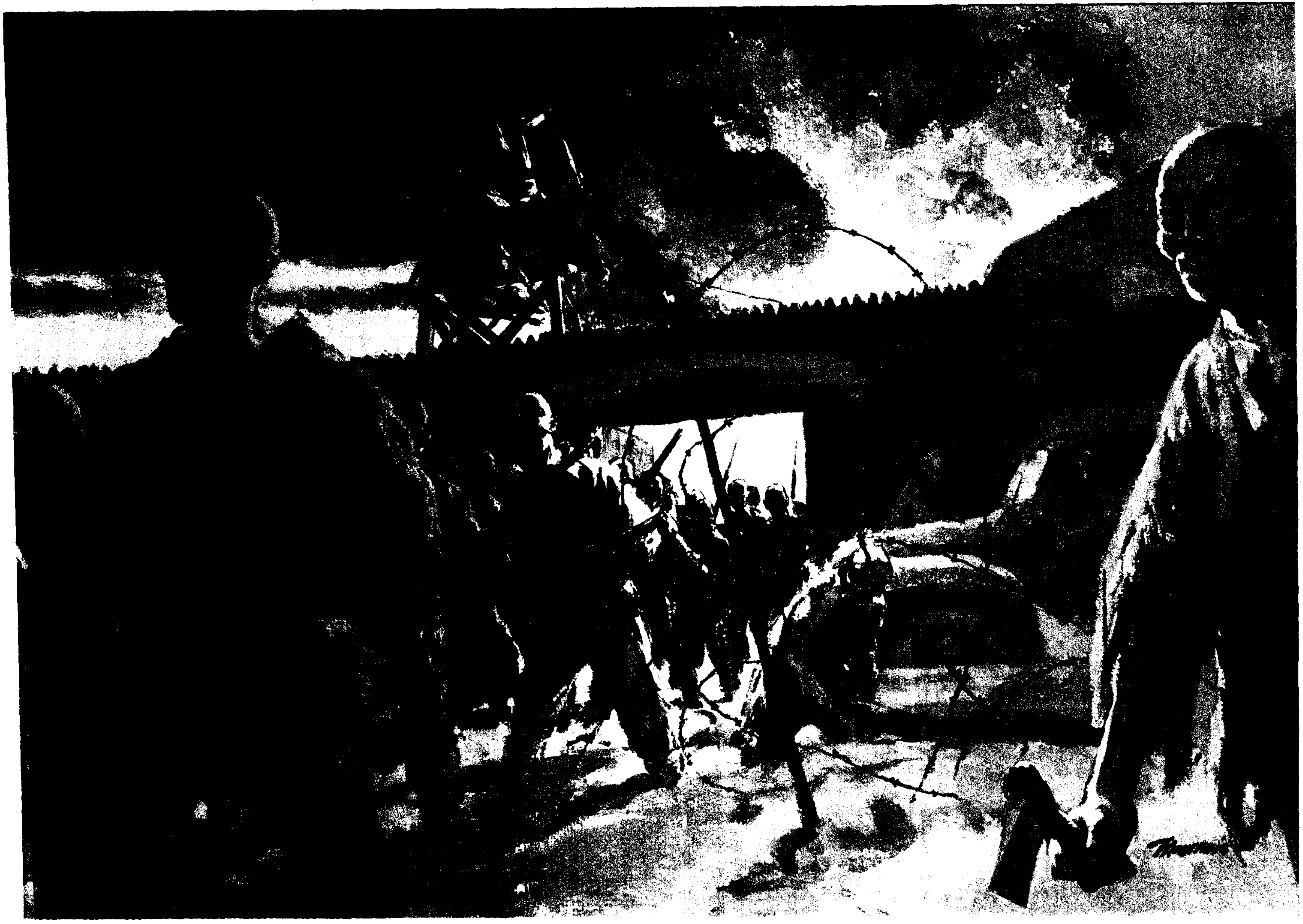
FROM the air all the cities of the Ukraine—Kiev, Voronezh, Kharkov, Poltava—seem to have been designed according to one pattern. Near the industrial centers you see two or three huge circular patches; their diameters vary between half a mile and three miles. These patches are the areas of total destruction, which have been cleared and plowed up by UNIHOPE's flying bulldozer squads and converted into vegetable plots. "Later on" public buildings and parks are supposed to replace them, but this "later on," which is incessantly on every Russian's lips, still belongs to the distant future.

In the past, at any rate, the potatoes and cabbages grown on these plots saved the lives of thousands of citizens in the devastated towns during the famine years of 1957-'58. From the air, the circular plots look like huge greenish-brown disks. Between and around them sprawl the "old cities" or what remains of them; buildings are propped and patched up by improvised means, with windows boarded up for lack of glass and shattered balconies shaved off the scar-faced façades—the whole looking very dreary and depressing.

Outside the "old cities" you see the new quarters of prefabricated houses—five, ten, twenty thousand mass-produced little dwelling cubes, laid out in geometrical patterns by UNIHOPE's building experts. These "Woolworth villages," as aesthetically sensitive visitors call them because they look as if they had been assembled in the five-and-ten-cent store, are nevertheless colorful and gay—from the air you get the impression of huge polka-dot ties and ribbons fanning out of the old cities into the surrounding steppe.

The living space provided is only 60 square feet per individual, which means that there are two people to a medium-sized room, but for the Russians this is a luxury which they have never known before.

(It should be remembered that in the process of industrialization the Soviet regime herded millions of peasants into the towns without providing dwelling facilities for them, so that in 1950 two entire families of the average lower-income class—in other words, eight to ten people—had to share one room. When the Curtain was lifted and yielded its



road building, they blew up the guard towers, overpowered and killed their captors. Then the revolt spread

LAST

With the defeat of Communist imperialism, the victors also won responsibility for humanity's last chance at salvation. They met this challenge with glorious vision

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

secret, the Soviet Union stood revealed as one gigantic, chaotic slum.)

Food and housing were the two nightmare problems which faced the United Nations in liberated Russia. So long as these were not solved, the word "liberation" remained a mockery. The historic achievement of our Atlantic civilization was not that we won the war—but that we were able to transform the greatest army ever known into the greatest welfare organization ever known.

The Berlin air lift had proved that the transformation of a destructive force into a providing force was not only technically possible, but also produced quicker results than any philanthropic welfare organization could achieve. UNIHOPE was an enlargement of the Berlin air lift on a scale of approximately 1,000,000 to 1. The flying Bulldozer Squads, "Operation Harvest," "Operation Vitamin C" and "Operation Housing" saved not only the vanquished Russians; they also saved the victors from the moral disasters which previous wars had brought in their wake. The first World War had been followed by an irresponsible jazz age; the second, by half of Europe falling from Hitler's frying pan into Stalin's fire. The third produced UNIHOPE—and restored the shaken self-confidence of our civilization.

Kharkov, July 5th (Election Day)

The elections to the Kharkov Municipal Council—the first free elections since 1917—were a rather disappointing affair with touches of crude comedy. No fewer than 22 parties and "programs" competed for the six council seats; among them:

The Unified Monarchist Great-Russian Party.

The Ukrainian Separatist Party.

The Peasant Party (individual farmers and small-holders).

The Agrarian Co-operative Party.

The Liberal Democratic Party and *The Democratic Liberal Party.* (The program of these two parties of the urban middle classes is undistinguishable, but their leaders are involved in a mortal personal feud.)

The Democratic Workers' Party (free Labor Unionists).

The Syndicalist Workers' Party (followers of Kropotkin's theory of ideal anarchism).

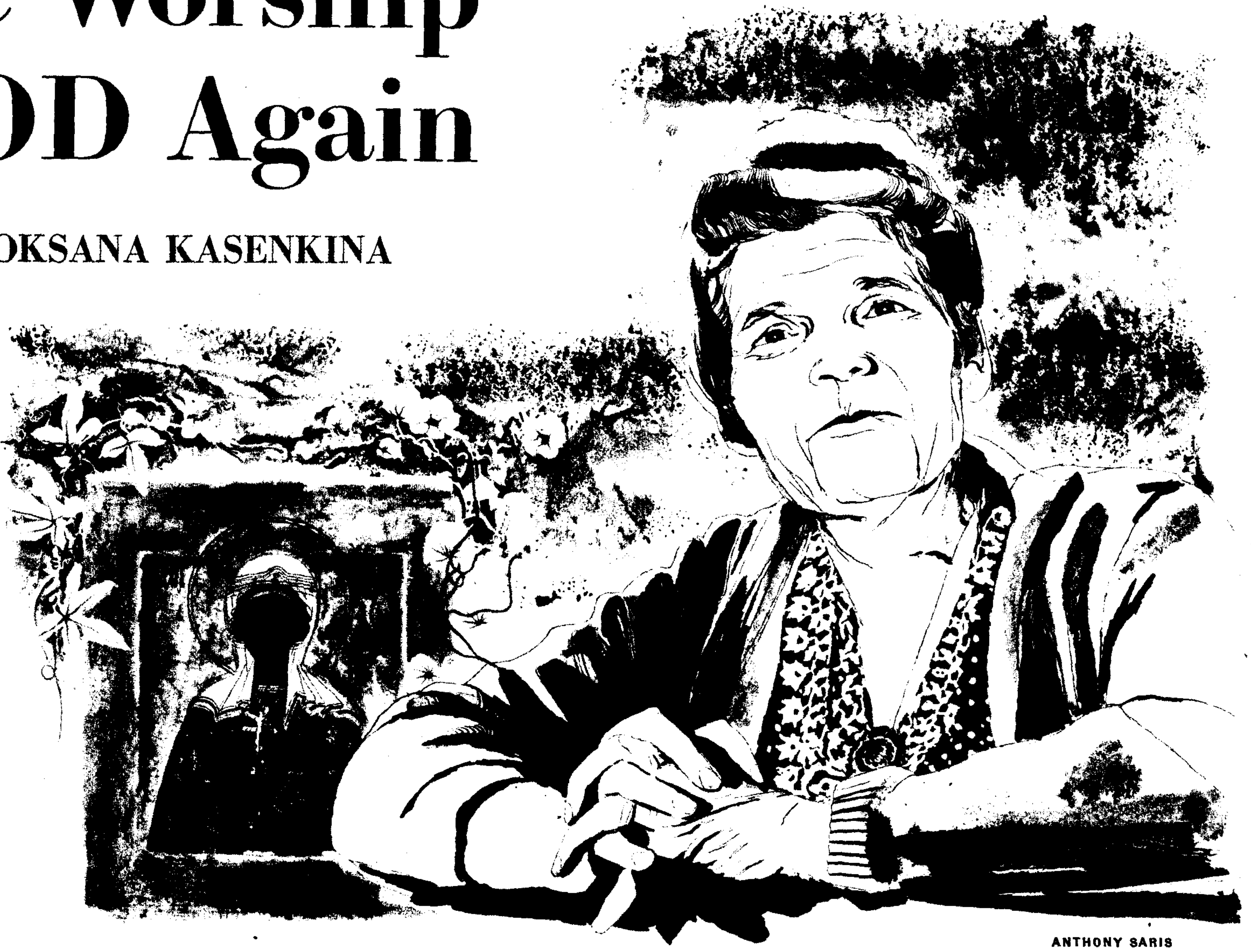
The Avengers of Trotsky. (This group preaches in a more or less disguised form that Communism was a good thing under Lenin and Trotsky and only became a bad thing under Stalin. They are a minor headache for our security service.)

The "Kontry" (former political prisoners and deportees; derived from the abbreviation of "counterrevolutionary element," which was their designation under the Soviet regime. This influential group is held together by a kind of *esprit de corps;* no definite political program).

So much for the *(Continued on page* 48)

We Worship GOD Again

By OKSANA KASENKINA



ANTHONY SARIS

Slavyansk, Ukraine, 1960

IT WAS the summer of 1948. I was looking out from a third-floor window into the courtyard of the Soviet Consulate in New York. Far below me was a telephone cable. I climbed onto the ledge. Behind me was a life of fear, hunger, cold and brutality. I whispered the prayer my mother had taught me. Then I leaped to freedom.

Millions of women in my homeland would have taken the same opportunity, but they had to wait until Stalin destroyed himself and his whole regime in the war which ended in 1955. I was one of the lucky ones, for I had the chance to escape.

I never intended to return to Russia—at least as long as it remained Stalin's dungeon. But today, with Russia free and unfettered, it is the duty of Russians like myself to aid in its reconstruction. Thus it was that I journeyed here to my father's house three months ago. It was the first time in 15 years I had seen my homeland.

Everybody is hopeful about this New Russia of 1960. It would be wrong, of course, to say that all the women of Russia are happy; they are not. Their menfolk are gone. Indeed, there are few families who have not lost a father, a son, or some other loved one. Yet the freedom which women are enjoying here now, after 38 years of terror under the Reds, is in itself a great compensation.

This may be difficult for the women of the Western World to understand, but it is a fact nevertheless. For example, under Stalin every five families had one MVD (secret police) agent watching them. One's every move was watched. People were afraid to talk to one another. The atmosphere, whether it was in a big city or a small village, was always tense and cautious. Neighbors suspected one another of being informers. For every day somebody would be arrested, to disappear into the unknown.

I remember many of my friends being taken away by the MVD and then being sent to Siberia for no other reason than they had commented unfavorably on some facet of the regime. Very few of them returned.

Indeed, this terror which gripped the Soviet Union can best be understood if one remembers that one tenth of the entire population of 212,000,000 was sent to labor camps—in the frozen wastes of Siberia or elsewhere. The very existence of these concentration camps—for that is what they were—provided the MVD with the greatest psychological weapon of fear the world has ever known. And the long arm of the MVD reached outside the borders of the Soviet Union, too.

A few months after my escape, I received a letter. Inside the envelope was a single sheet of paper heavily bordered in black. In the center of the page there was one sentence: "Your blood will be exterminated in the Soviet Union." I am still searching for my relatives.

When I returned here, I found my father's comfortable five-room house desolate and deserted. The big terraces surrounding the building were nearly hidden by the wild rose bushes growing untended in profusion everywhere. For a long time I stood looking at the house and the grounds. Memories came flooding back . . . my son, Oleg, born without a doctor or midwife and being christened by a priest who came out of hiding to perform the christening ceremony . . . the government reported Oleg missing in action in World War II . . . my daughter Sylva dying from starvation during the terrible famine of the collectivization years . . . the arrest and disappearance of my beloved husband, Demyan. As I looked at the place, the artesian well in the overgrown garden sprinkled quietly as though shedding tears of sympathy with me for the bitter memories which came back at that moment.

Inside the house I found a cruel reminder of Stalin's police state. After World War II, when I returned here, I discovered that the Gestapo had used one room for interrogation purposes. I found blood spattered waist-high on the walls. During World War III, this room was used once again as a torture chamber—this time by the MVD. Even today I still wonder how many innocent Russian people passed through the hands of Stalin's gangsters—in this house which once knew such happiness.

One of the first things I did was to take the family icon in its protective mahogany frame and restore it to its former place in that room. Occasionally now, as the sun shines onto the spotlessly white walls, it seems to stop for a moment to pick out the image.

Every home in Russia has its icon today, and there is a great spiritual reawakening throughout the land. Most of these holy paintings were hidden for years, for religion under Stalin was merely a political instrument. But in Russia today, the people are enjoying glorious freedom of religion—as they are enjoying other precious things of the West.

We are rebuilding our town, and the Slavyansk festival has returned. All sorts of goods are on sale; cattle is on exhibition, and there are countless tents and wagons—the whole a great colorful fair with gypsies and everybody wearing their best clothes.

But there is no real happiness here, only a grim gaiety, for the Russian people are still in a state of shock. There is, however, great relief—one can feel it all over Russia—for the people no longer live in terror of anything or anybody. Today the words of Lincoln, "of the people, by the people and for the people," apply to the people of Russia as never before. Under Stalin it was "of the state, by the state, for the state." The "people" did not enter into this warped credo, for there was one great flaw in Stalin's thinking: he did not like the Russian people.

THE END

Women of Russia

By MARGUERITE HIGGINS

Moscow, 1960

WE BUMPED through the crowded, bustling streets of Moscow, past the fine new buildings sprouting everywhere out of the jagged ruins, past the jungle of debris that was once the Kremlin and then the city was behind us. Suddenly Marina Kupryanova's tough peasant fingers gripped my arm. I had found this frail old woman 50 miles from Moscow vainly searching hospitals and registration centers for her youngest and last son. Now I was driving her home.

She motioned to stop the jeep. Turning, she took a long look at the strange sky line that will one day be a new dignified Moscow again, and said: "Moscow was the beginning and the end and now it is the beginning again."

My Russian is still poor and halting. I could just barely understand Marina, but I certainly shared her sense of unreality. I had seen Moscow at the close of the war in 1955 and my last impression had been one of decay and unredeemable chaos. Now it is hard to believe that so much has been accomplished in five short years of peace. Truly it is the beginning again not only for Moscow but for the whole of Russia.

My meeting with Marina Kupryanova was lucky both from a journalistic and a human point of view. She is one of those rare persons who can answer questions in a colorful and compact manner. Such a gift is a godsend to a journalist like myself who is fighting a daily newspaper deadline, but she has proved to be much more than a speedy source of information. This tough, amazingly resilient old woman is symbolic, to me at least, of the Russian ordeal of the last 43 years.

Marina was born a peasant, saw her husband, a revolutionary, killed by the White armies. She worked in the fields as a laborer, raised a family of five sons, and survived World Wars II and III. Two of her sons died in World War II. Another was killed, along with his wife, by a direct hit on a factory in the Moscow area—in 1953. The black sheep of the family—an MVD (secret police) man—was literally torn to pieces by his own people during the uprising in Moscow a few months before the end of the war. The fifth and youngest son is still missing.

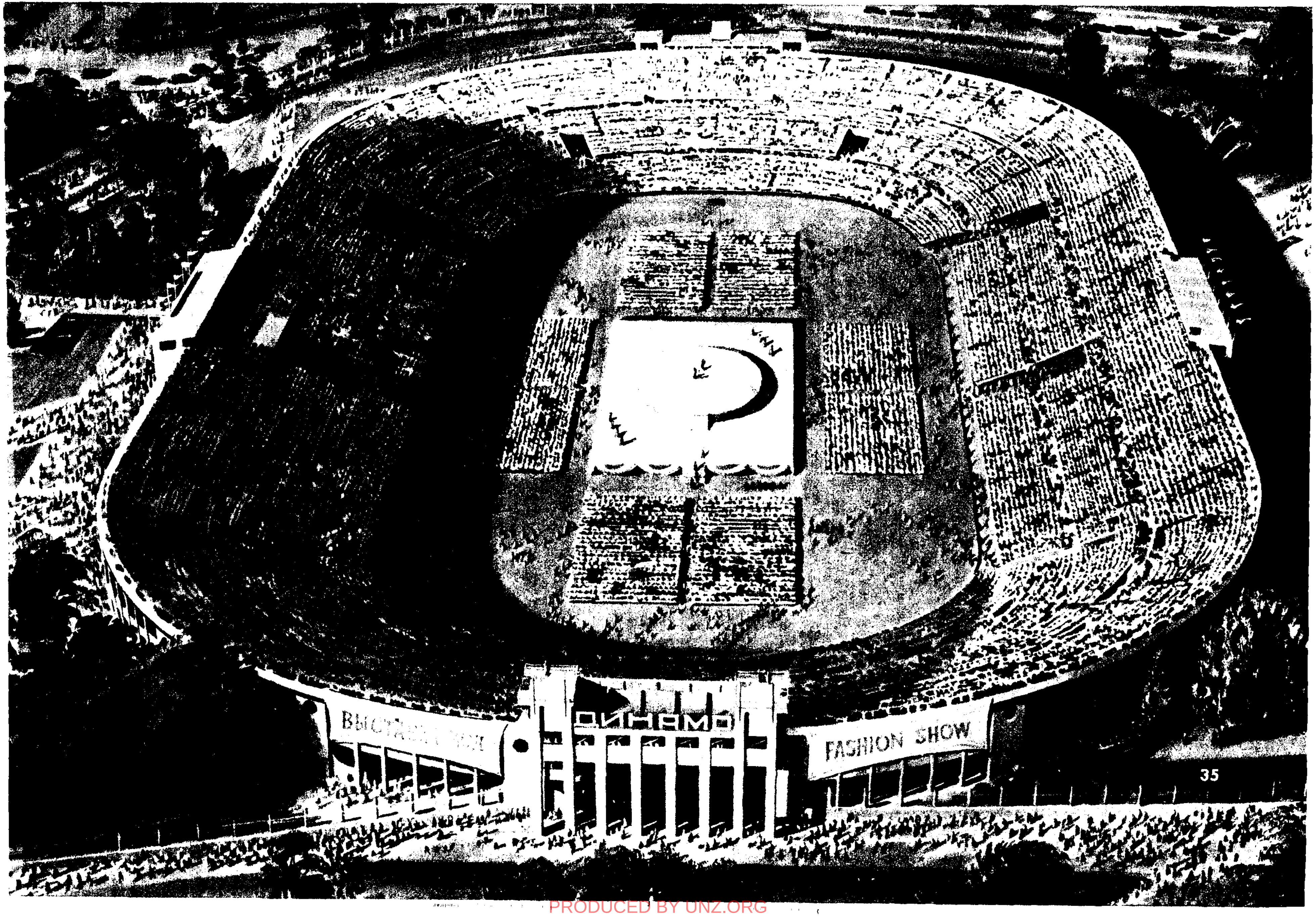
Today, Marina, like millions of other Russian women—young and old—is alone, for this is a nation terribly shorn of men. She lives now with a hundred other refugees in one of the immense rooms of the huge palace which long ago belonged to the Sheremyetyev counts in the village of Kuskovo, about six miles from Moscow. Bunks of crude splintery wood are stacked four-high around the big rectangle; smoke from a dilapidated stove clouds the room; its acrid aroma cannot smother the smell of so many unwashed human beings living in such proximity, but it is home to Marina, for she was born there, the daughter of a coachman, 73 years ago.

After the 1917 Revolution, the Soviets carefully preserved the palace and its priceless contents of tapestries, carpets, chandeliers and *objets d'art*, along with the lakes, parks and magnificent statuary throughout the grounds, to show the Russian people how exorbitantly the nobles of the czarist regime lived. Red placards told how this fantastic private habitat was supported by the labor of 200,000 serfs. And everywhere in Kuskovo, the visitors were greeted during Stalin's regime with the slogan: "It is the Soviets who have saved you from serfdom." Marina has an answer to that in the form of a proverb I have heard many times throughout liberated Russia: "The czars held us with chains of gold; the Soviets with chains of steel."

As we drove on toward the suburb of Kuskovo, Marina's home, my mind went back to those terrible days of 1955 when the city, without leadership of any kind other than mob rule, lay choked with rubble and death, pervaded *(Continued on page 80)*

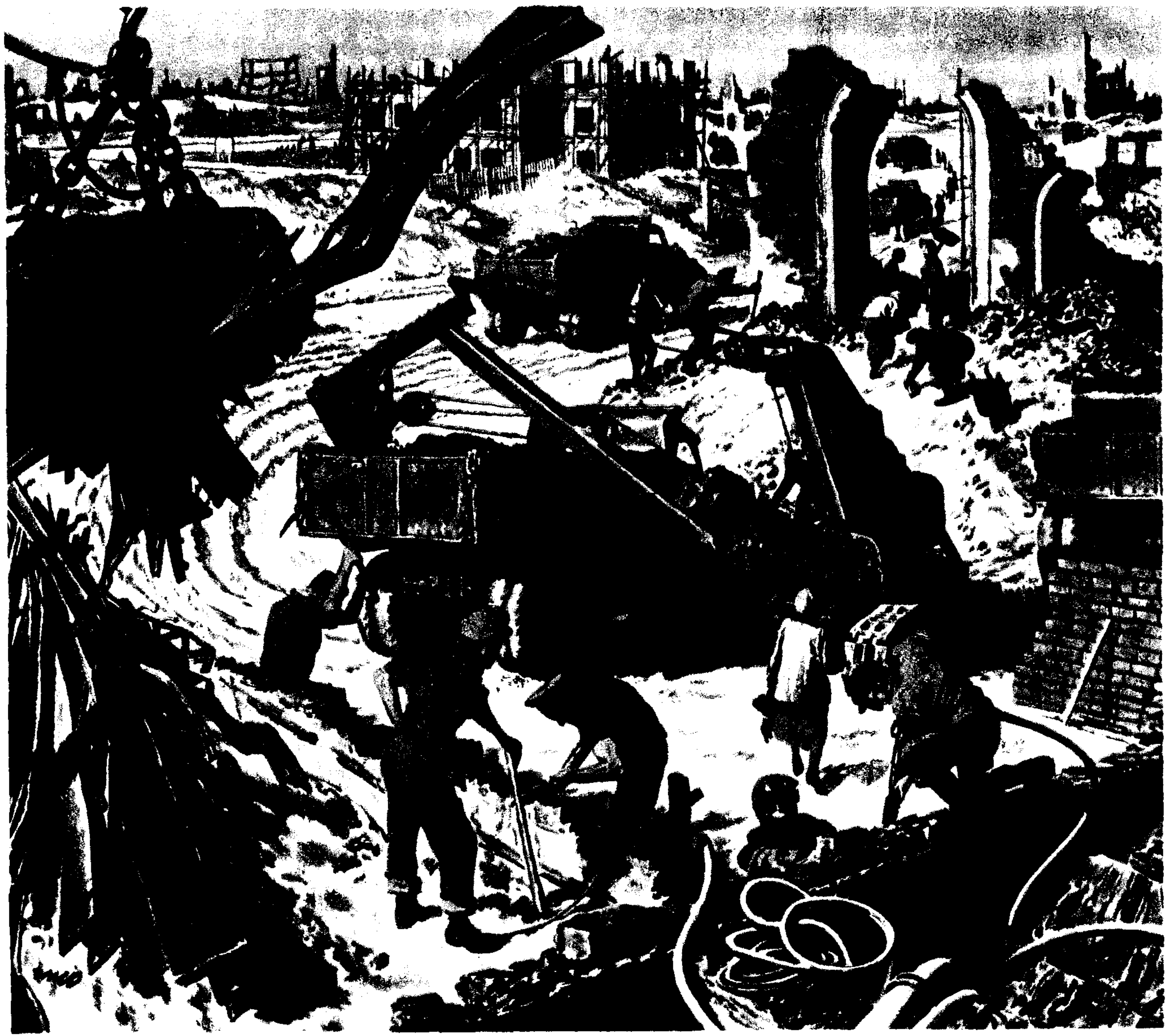
Fashion-starved Moscow women jammed huge Dynamo Stadium for their first style show—even though only a handful could see stage clearly

WALTER RICHARDS



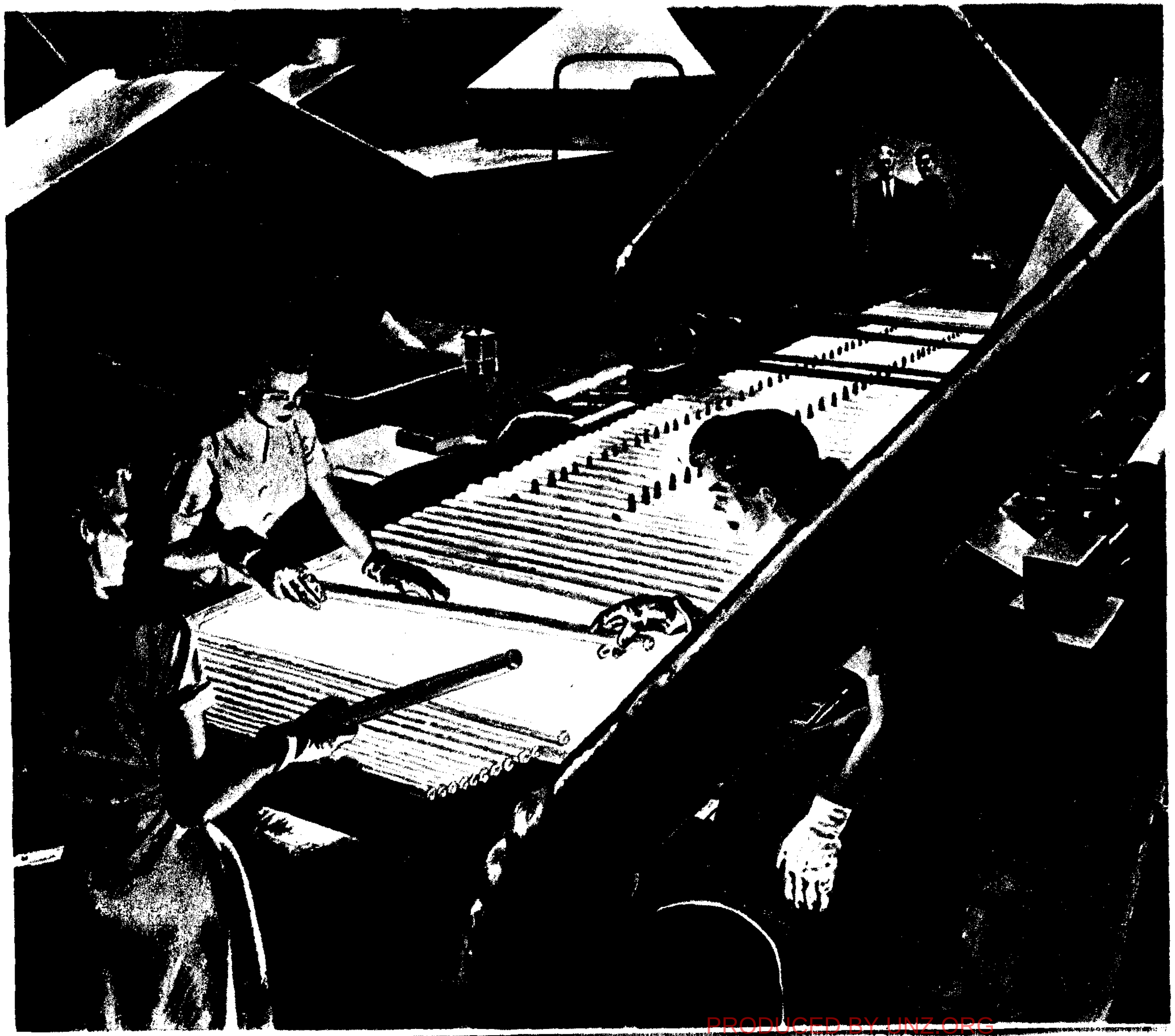
Out of the Rubble – *A NEW RUSSIA*

By STUART CHASE



JOHN McDERMOTT

Poltava, a pleasant city in the Ukraine, felt the power of UN bombing because radar equipment was made there. But the Russians are a durable people, and they quickly began rebuilding, helped by UN equipment/ The fluorescent light factory (below) was completely restored after fighting stopped



Poltava, Ukraine, 1960

I FIRST saw Poltava more than 30 years ago. It was in July, and after a long drive across dusty fields, we turned a corner and a view suddenly opened of a green valley with arching trees, a lazy river where children were bathing, and white-walled houses beyond, with gilded onion domes rising above the foliage. A long straight road led up the hill to the heart of the town, cool under the trees. Here was a circular park, with public buildings around it, and trees radiating out.

Here too was the museum with many charming examples of *kustar* work, the age-old peasant handicrafts of the region. I remember carved and painted farm carts, bright pottery and drawer after drawer of Easter egg shells in lovely colored designs. I remember too a pretty dreadful oil painting of the Battle of Poltava, cannon belching, horses rearing, generals pitching, all complete. For it was here, in 1709, in the nearby fields that Peter the Great defeated Charles of Sweden and drove him, wounded in the foot, into Turkey. Europe suddenly became aware of a new Great Power rising in the steppes and forests of the north.

It is all very different here now in the year 1960. Yet I cannot help but think that if this war had not been limited, if it had not been intelligently fought, with bombing of civilians avoided, and decent peace terms continuously guaranteed the Russian people, I should hardly be here writing this report.

Poltava for centuries had been what we would call a county seat or market place in the United States, a pleasant country town with a population of some 130,000. It has always been a sightly town, and still is, though considerably knocked around.

The plaza is still here with its trees, but the churches have been smashed beyond repair, with an occasional ruined wall still standing. A few ugly new apartment houses were built after World War II and some new factories to replace those destroyed under the Russian wartime scorched-earth policy. It is a patched-up town, but still retains some of its dignity.

One wing of the museum survives, and a case full of the Easter eggs, I am glad to report, is still to be seen. They bring up old memories of a sunny countryside when Russians thought that town and village could work together and build a bright new world. I remember stopping at a sugar factory not far away—only a blasted chimney is now left of it—which had broken down. The manager embraced me as I got out of the car, pointed to the lifeless mill and said, "Can you fix it?"

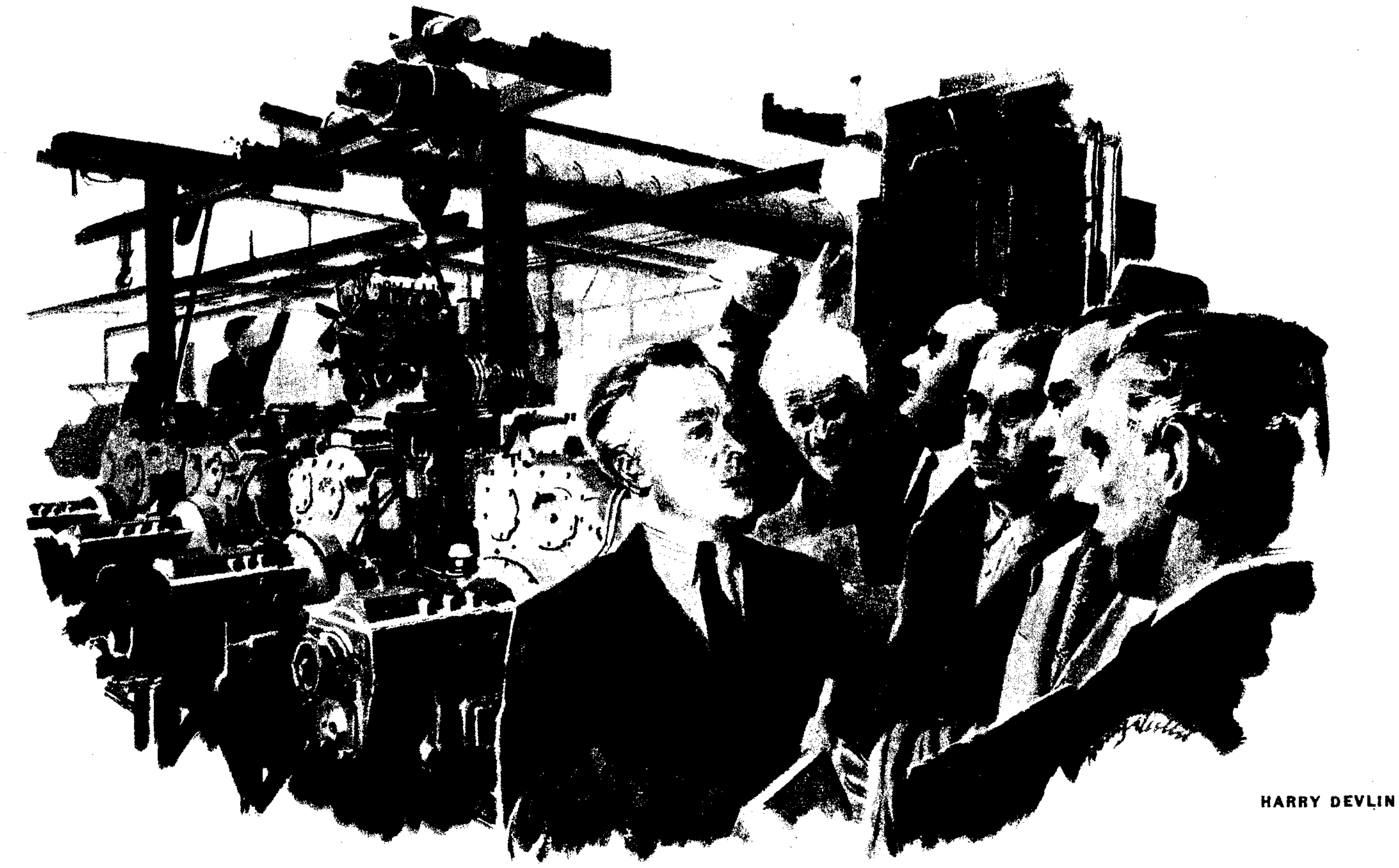
"I'm sorry," I said. "I am not an engineer. I am just an economist."

His face was the picture of desolation. Then it brightened. "But surely you know Henry Ford," he said. "Surely you Americans can fix any broken machinery?"

Before I left the area his factory was repaired, but not by me. That was long ago. And now, after a generation of trouble and anguish, a countryside repeatedly laid waste, the town's gilded domes in ruins, its people decimated, Poltava has come full cycle. Once again hope in the future is stirring!

There are more goods in the shops than I remember. Most of the people still look strong and healthy, and smile easily. There is a great sound of hammers, and masons are using the smashed public buildings as quarries to build new ones. Clothing is shabby but colorful. I do not see many beggars. Poltava had been through one world war and a terrible civil war when I saw it in the late 1920s, and now, by 1960, *(Continued on page 92)*

— — PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT — —


HARRY DEVLIN

FREE MEN AT WORK

By WALTER REUTHER

Moscow, 1960

AS OUR train rounded a curve, the old city of Nizhni Novgorod, surrounded by its stone wall, stood high above the palisades overlooking the river where the Oka slips into the arms of the Volga.

In czarist times Nizhni Novgorod had been a bustling outlet for trade in the Hanseatic League. Under the Soviet regime, Nizhni Novgorod came to be called Gorki, in keeping with the modest practice of the Politburo of renaming ancient cities after its dubious heroes.

A trade-union committee from the big Gorki Aftozavod (auto plant) was waiting for us at the station. Their dress was not much different from that I had seen when, in 1933, as a member of a group of American technicians, I had arrived at Gorki to help tool the plant to make Model-A Fords. I presented my credentials and introduced the other members of the Free Trade-Union Aid Committee, of which I was the chairman. I remembered the head of the Russian committee, Dmitri Malchin, as one of the more advanced technicians with whom I had worked in 1933. He greeted us, his deep voice reflecting sorrow over the past and hope for the future, saying, "When you were here before, the fever was to build. Now it is to rebuild—not only our cities, our factories, but more important, to rebuild our lives so that once again they belong to us and not to the state."

As we walked past the old hot-water tank that stood in the corner of the station, he remarked, "Three wars and three revolutions have not changed the Russian love for *tchai* (tea)."

On our way to the plant, which was built 10 miles from Nizhni Novgorod, on the banks of the Oka River, with machines and tools purchased from American automobile manufacturers, I outlined the purpose of our mission.

Our committee was one of a number of teams which had been dispatched to all parts of the new Provisional Russian Republic by the International Confederation of Free Trade-Unions, to assist in the building of free trade-unions and aid in the general work of economic rehabilitation. As president of the Automotive Division of the International Metalworkers Federation, I had been designated to head the team that was to work with the newly formed free trade-union group in the auto industry.

Gorki Aftozavod was to have been the Soviet version of the Ford River Rouge plant, but it gained its distinction building tanks rather than automobiles. A near miss by an atomic bomb severely damaged the plant and measurably hastened the collapse of the Soviet military machine.

Unthinkingly, I asked Malchin how the world had treated him since we had last seen each other. His face tense, he replied, "Let's not talk about the dark past. We who have managed to survive live and work for the new tomorrow. Eleven years in a Soviet slave labor camp broke my body; but, thank God, they could not break my spirit."

* * *

Later I learned how it had happened.

It was during the Stalin-Hitler pact. The Communist party secretary and trade-union officials were driving the workers for more and more tanks. At a meeting, a leader of the Stakhanovite movement from the central trade-union headquarters in Moscow had proposed that all workers speed up their already killing production pace and work additional overtime hours, without pay for the additional hours, as a token of esteem for Comrade Stalin, their beloved leader and defender of the working class.

The party and the trade-union, both, called upon key workers to pledge themselves to outproduce their fellow workers under a system of "Socialist competition" in which each worker, under the lash of propaganda and the threat of terrorism, was driven to outwork and outsweat the other.

Everything went well until they called upon Dmitri Malchin. His sense of fairness and decency was in open revolt against this inhuman speed-up. He attacked the Stakhanovite movement as a vicious sweatshop system that pitted worker against worker and which inhumanly attempted to drive workers for greater production under the guise of patriotism. His speech was cut short. He arrived bruised and beaten at the Siberian labor camp to undergo "political re-education."

Malchin, like millions of other Russian workers, had hoped that the Bolshevik Revolution which destroyed the tyranny of the czar would also end the exploitation of man by man. But they now learned that a new and more terrible system of tyranny and exploitation had been created—the exploitation of man by the totalitarian police state.

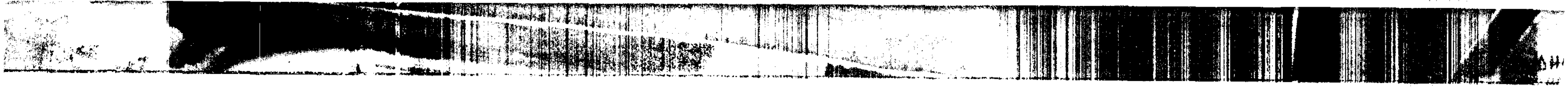
Following his liberation at the end of the war, Malchin returned to Gorki, and the workers, remembering his courage, elected him chairman of the Auto Workers' Council of the All-Russian Democratic Labor Federation.

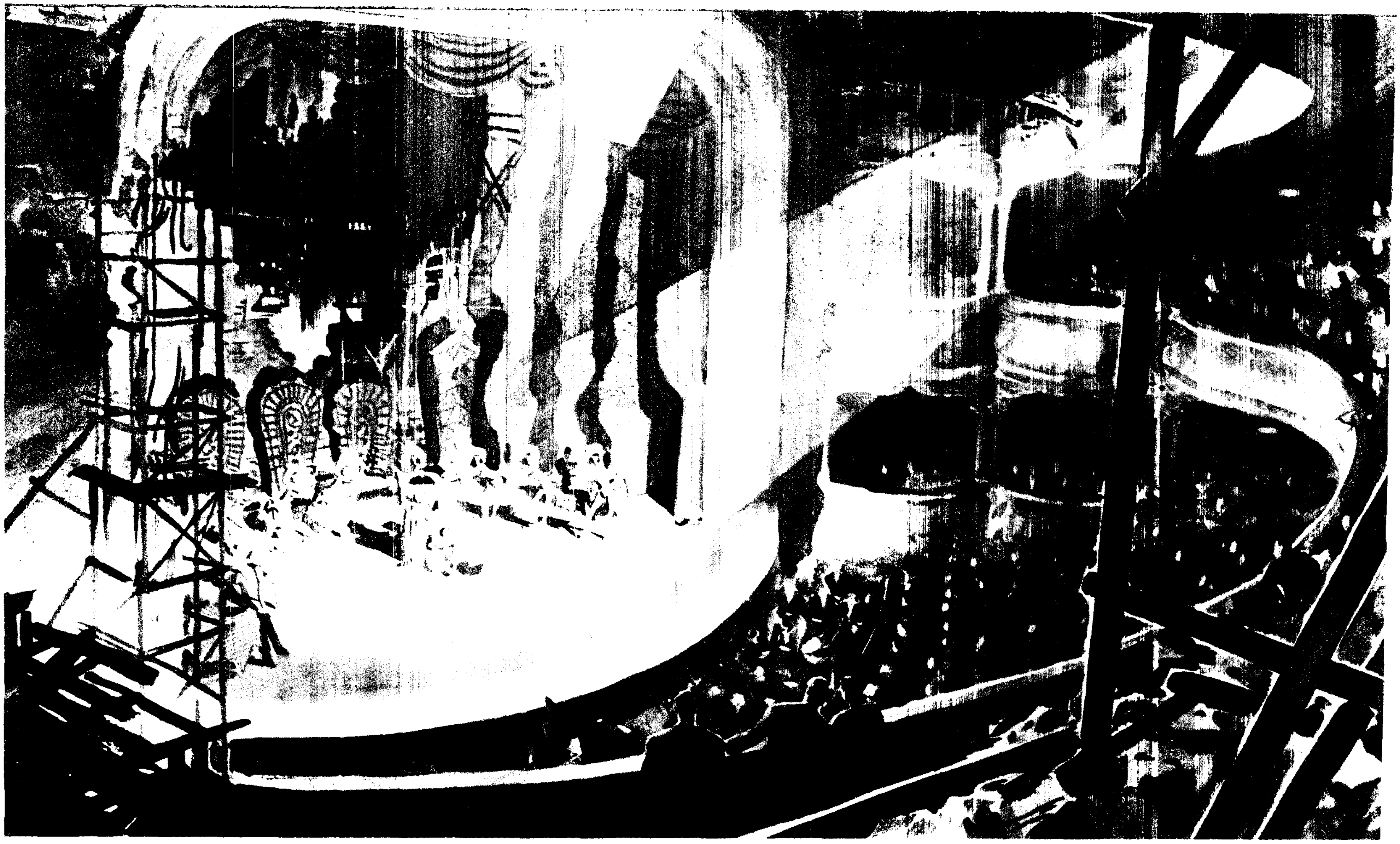
Our committee spent the day going around the plant and discussing technical problems and new machine-tool requirements; surveying housing needs; and reviewing with the medical personnel the supplies they most needed. We wound up the afternoon by meeting with the Educational Committee of the trade-union group, who outlined their adult education program and pleaded with us for a motion picture projector and educational films on how a free democratic labor movement functions.

In the evening we met with the local union executive board, plant committee and shop stewards to discuss grievance procedure; how a free trade-union participates in the determination of the speed of the assembly line; methods for working out proper wage scales by job classifications; the economics of the auto industry. We reviewed the progress which the American workers and other free trade-union groups had made in the field of pensions, hospital-medical care programs, vacation pay, overtime provisions and other collective bargaining matters.

In introducing me to the meeting, Malchin said, "As the head of the Russian Automobile Trade-Union group, I have the

(Continued on page 102)





JOHN PIKE

New World (formerly Red Army) Theater Company stages excellent production of Guys and Dolls, called *Bezdelniki i Zhenshchiny* in Russian

THE CURTAIN RISES . . .

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

Moscow, June 30, 1960

I HAVE just returned from several hours of talk, tea and tobacco (neither very good yet) at the Writers' Club. This is not, of course, the building in the center of Moscow that I knew when I was here in 1945. It is part of a trade-union club, near the outskirts, that the writers are occupying until they can build their own place.

All the time I was there today, it was crowded and seemed to crackle with excited talk. There is, of course, far more English spoken here than there was at the end of World War II, but much of it is hard to understand; and though I have an excellent interpreter (my old acquaintance Professor Karpov), I must confess that at my age I am beginning to find such cataracts of talk rather fatiguing. Anywhere else, in fact, it would have been unendurable, but here in Russia, even the talk of writers, never my own favorite conversationalists, can be endured for four or five hours. For now we are back to the old Russian atmosphere of tea, tobacco and huge rambling speculative talk, very different from the atmosphere of Communism, with its semimilitary Teutonic air, its discipline, curt commands and parrot propaganda phrases, which was obviously so wrong for these Slavs.

They still cannot believe that we writers in the West do not assemble in clubs like this, to criticize one another's work, to form groups with a common philosophy, to issue manifestoes and challenges. They did these things long before the Bolshevik Revolution, and now that the Politburo and the MVD are like an evil dream, they still do them, in the old Russian fashion. Fortunately, this self-grouping of Russian intellectuals and artists, so strange to us in the West, makes it easier for a visitor to understand what is happening here now. At first it all seems so confusing and clamorous that one is in despair; but then, after listening to representative types, a pattern begins to emerge.

First, however, we must remember what happened to the arts here during the Reds' regime. There were four periods. The first, just after the Revolution in 1917, was one of wild experiment, with Meyerhold in the theater and Mayakovsky among the poets, and the new Mass Man being expressed in the most eccentric individualistic fashion, while Lenin, whose own taste was conservative, shrugged his shoulders at these antics. Then the party said that this wild work would not do, that the arts must be understood and enjoyed by the workers, now faced with Five-Year Plans and much hard sacrifice.

There arrived the long second period, that of Socialist Realism, which meant in fact a technically conventional treatment of themes approved by the party. This produced the plays about correct "Soviet heroes," the novels about cement works, and pictures that looked like the duller exhibits of the British Royal Academy of 1882. The third period, very short, was ushered in by World War II, and allowed the artist to glorify ordinary patriotic feeling, with much emphasis on great Russian leaders, so that Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great surprisingly popped up in novels, histories, plays, films, as Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist heroes.

Then, in 1946, when the Politburo took the fateful wrong turn, there began the fourth, last and worst period. The artists were rigidly clamped onto the narrowest possible party line. Genuine creative men went into retreat, some of them abandoning their art in despair, as subservient hacks passed resolutions applauding the megalomaniac policy of the party bosses. Stalin was addressed in terms so fulsome that they would have embarrassed Genghis Khan. Almost all links with the Western World were severed. A country that had discovered everything, that had invented everything worth inventing, and that was now governed by men possessing a divine infallibility, did not need to import foreign works of art, to learn what the rest of the world was thinking and feeling, to refresh its own spirit at the universal fountain of human experience. The censorship was complete, the darkness almost total, until both were destroyed by the fury of war.

The first result of the liberation here, as everybody will remember, was a huge excited demand for anything foreign and Western, for books and plays, pictures, films, ballets and operas totally unlike the Cominform *(Continued on page 62)*

Start the Presses!

By ERWIN CANHAM

Moscow, 1960

IT SEEMS unreal, even now, to stroll out to the lobby in the shoddy prefab which passes by the name of the Hotel Metropole, and look at the newsstand. And listening to the radio doesn't make sense, either.

Freedom of expression in Russia is still in a very explosive stage. The dozen to 15 single-sheet newspapers somehow printed here (the number varies almost from day to day) illustrate the wild confusion of liberated Russian thought. With the exception of Alexander Viktorov's New Word *(Novoye Slovo),* they are violently opinionated partisan sheets.

But the Russians have also turned hungrily to the world from which they were formerly barred. They have a mixed diet. It includes the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune, the composite edition of the American Press *(Amerikanskaya Gazeta*—the wartime world edition of the New York Times, Christian Science Monitor, San Francisco Chronicle and the Chicago Tribune) which is printed from plastic plates here in Moscow, and British and French papers, Switzerland's excellent *Neue Zürcher Zeitung,* plus other representative dailies from all over the world.

American magazines are in great demand, particularly for their typical advertising. But the Russian editions of the popular U.S. magazines far outsell the English editions. Newsstands are loaded down with magazines such as Collier's *(Koliers),* Life *(Zhizn),* Time *(Vremya),* Newsweek *(Novosti Nedeli),* the Reader's Digest *(Chitatelskoye Obozreniye)* and the Saturday Evening Post *(Subbotnyaya Vyechernyaya Pochta).* Quick, the pocket-sized magazine, recently made its appearance, but only in the English version, and this has only a tenth of the circulation of Russia's own capsule news magazine, which oddly enough is called *Skoreye,* meaning Quicker.

Most striking of all is to read the measured cadences of Walter Lippmann, set in double-column 10-point down the front page of the New Word and the dramatic prose of Walter Winchell in the widely circulated Light of the World *(Svet Mira),* which in format looks like New York's Daily Mirror. Hollywood columns are very popular in all the papers that can get them. So is the comic-strip character *Seerotka Anya* (Little Orphan Annie), who reminds the Russians of the wanderings of their own tragic homeless children.

In short, the Russians are eager to read anything, eager to print their own personal and individual convictions, eager and exultant and undisciplined and exuberant in this heady air of freedom.

But let me begin the inconclusive and confused history of the postwar Russian press with the personal story of Alexander Viktorov. I first knew Alex when he was a minor press officer in the Soviet delegation at the Geneva Disarmament Conference in 1932. He was dark, slender, handsome, and looked more French or Polish than he did Russian.

At Geneva in those years Maxim Litvinov set the tone for the Soviets. It was a far cry from the days of Vishinsky, Molotov or Beria. In 1932, lots of old revolutionaries were still around. Among them Karl Radek, the famous Soviet publicist, Nikolai Krestinsky, Deputy People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and such old Bolsheviks as Rykov, Bukharin and Tomsky. All of them had been purged by the mid-thirties.

And so, we thought, was Viktorov. He simply disappeared overnight from his job as head of the American Section in the Foreign Office. His foreign friends were sorry at his fate, for we all liked him, found him intelligent, flexible, and filled with healthy but discreet doubts.

We had not suspected the iron in his character. For Alex had not been purged. Deeply disillusioned, he had gone underground in Russia. And he had stayed underground during all of the second World War,

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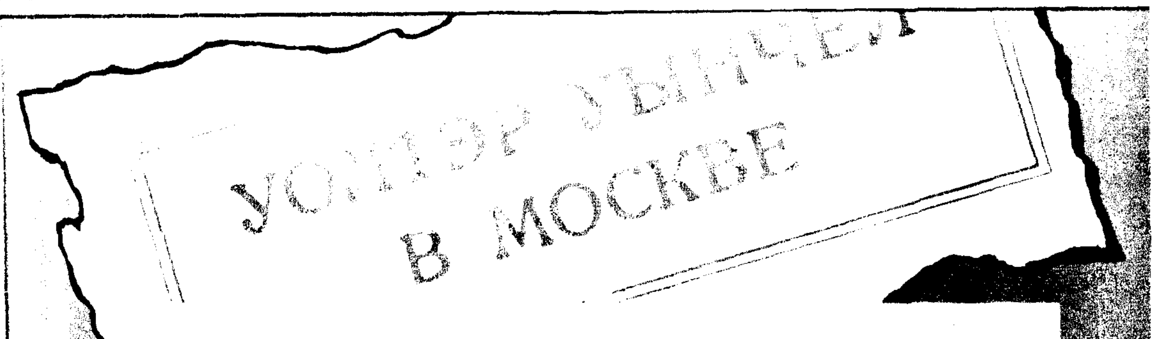


WALTER WINCHELL IN MOSCOW

Moscow, 1960

Mr. and Mrs. Russia:

This is my first column to you—the Russian people. And perhaps there is no more fitting start than to recapitulate here the lessons of the last 15 years—lessons which, we may now believe, have finally set a pattern for the future of mankind.

In April, 1945, at the San Francisco conference to write the UN charter—while World War II was still raging—the seeds of World War III were sown. The reason was painfully obvious: no major power was willing to yield its sovereign power—to make war—to a single world authority strong enough to keep the peace. From the very start, Stalin, the Red Czar, deprived the United Nations of its virility by hamstringing every noble move to achieve a great and lasting world peace.

Stalin's idea of peace was to avoid full-scale war while grabbing off one nation after the other in a mad orgy of Communist imperialism. All this the Soviets did in your name, in an attempt to make the world believe that they represented the masses of the great Russian people. But the West was never misled; the free nations did not believe that you, the Russian people, wanted to follow a policy of aggression. Neither did the West believe that war was inevitable. Stalin's policy, as it was implemented by the cynical madmen in his rubber-stamp Politburo, forced the free world to rearm. We carried a gun because you did.

Thereafter, we were both ruled by the fear of who would shoot first. The analogy was as simple and as terrible as this: if two mortal enemies each know that the other is armed with a pistol, both will reach for their guns at the slightest provocation. The West again and again offered the hand of friendship, arguing that coexistence was possible. But Stalin kept the Iron Curtain sealed and ultimately—deliberately—fired the first shot.

Who knows the result better than you? Today, in 1960, even after five years of peace, the world is just beginning to emerge from the searing crucible of World War III. The suffering is not yet ended. But Stalin and the Politburo are no more; Russia is no longer a vast concentration camp of 212,000,000 victims. Russia is free. You, the Russian people, are equal partners with all the nations of the world in the unending responsibility to keep the peace.

And this is the world's last chance.

We have made fleets and armies as obsolete as the weapon-carrying individuals of long ago. But remember this: even then, no decent citizen wanted to carry death at his hip; he was forced to—to defend himself. Man had to become fully civilized to abandon reliance on force within his own community; this world of ours, we must hope and pray, has learned the same lesson.

Here is an example of what can be done: When the United States consisted of 13 separate units banded together under the Articles of Confederation, the founders of my country realized the arrangement would not last. By a miracle of compromise, they secured the ratification of the U.S. Constitution, by which all states agreed to be governed by powers delegated to the federal government.

This did not make a Virginian less a Virginian, or a Pennsylvanian less a Pennsylvanian. It did make them both Americans. When the great test of that theory came 74 years later, it was resolved in favor of the Union. And the Union was not saved by force, at Gettysburg; it was saved by the general acceptance of the concept born at the Constitutional Convention of 1787, by the decision that the same law—the Constitution—would continue to govern victor and vanquished alike. Permanent peace was won within the U.S. because it was clearly established that the federal government was the supreme power.

In this world of 1960 we have an exact parallel: it is the United Nations, which has the supreme power; and it is through that body that you, the Russian people, and we, the people of the Western World, must work to keep the peace. If we join together to better the lot of mankind, lasting peace—a great golden age, not war—is inevitable.

BERN HILL

Free Thoughts, Free Words

By ALLAN NEVINS

Kiev, 1960

WHERE do we go from here?" demanded the vice-chancellor of Cambridge University bitterly two months ago, as he and a dozen other educators—Russian, American, French, German and Scandinavian—stood in the Kremlin Gardens, looking across at the ruins of the university, amid all the other twisted litter of central Moscow. "How can we ever start the machinery again?"

He and other members of UNRUSCEP (United Nations-Russian Committee on Educational Policy) would have been less discouraged had they known what I have heard since leaving Moscow. Three pieces of good news have reached me in the last few days. First, the three great American foundations, Ford, Rockefeller and Carnegie, have finally agreed to pool their available resources in a gigantic effort to rehabilitate Russian scientific and technical institutions. Second, some of the chief Asian, American and European faculties that have been training men in Russian studies are already combing their lists of graduates, trying to mobilize a force to help restart education in the Soviet Union. And third, Pakistan's Parliament has made a special appropriation, the equivalent of $4,500,000, for the relief of needy Russian scientists and teachers—a right gallant gesture that larger countries can well imitate.

Denis Brogan of Cambridge would have been still less discouraged if he could have heard the talk I have just had here in Kiev with Nikolai Antonov. The very fact that this eminent educator and geneticist is here to be talked with is pregnant with drama. It is almost as if a great Western scientist rose from the dead. Antonov, a follower of the martyred geneticist Vavilov, who died long ago in the Saratov concentration camp, was himself one of the first to suffer in the wholesale purge of Russian geneticists which followed the sudden rise of that notorious prophet of Marxian pseudo science, Trofim Lysenko. As the Politburo made Lysenko absolute, Antonov was sent to a labor camp; then he was released, and rearrested; and finally he disappeared so completely that everybody thought him dead. But lo! at the close of the late revolution he suddenly reappeared.

Now Antonov has been named to UNRUSCEP. I came to Kiev specially to talk over its plans with him.

"We take it for granted that a basic element in our education is Americanism," I remarked. "You will take it for granted that a basic element in your educational system must be Russianism—the true Russian spirit, so long distorted and stunted by the Communist dictatorship. Where will you find a means for reclaiming it?"

"The Russian spirit!" exclaimed the white-haired Antonov, his form bent, his face seamed, but his eyes still full of fire. "For that we must go back to the old Russia: to the great truth seekers of former times—to our immortal writers like Tolstoi and Turgenev, our mighty poets like Pushkin and Lermontov, our historians like Klyuchevsky."

Here in Kiev, the Mother of Russia's Cities, the Canterbury of Holy Russia, for many centuries the religious capital of the land and for a century and a half one of its main intellectual centers, it should be easy to take long views into the past and future. The main city, like so many others in Europe, lies in ashes and shards. But St. Vladimir's University has been transferred to the military school. It is hard by the ancient Kiev-Petchersky Lavra, dedicated in the eleventh century to Our Lady as a semianchorite monastery. Located outside the ruins of the Golden Gate, it overlooks the sandy-banked Dnieper. The long barracks where subalterns once studied have been turned into classrooms and laboratories. The archimandrite. (Continued on page 88)

— — PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT — —

Moscow Olympics

By RED SMITH

Red Smith, one of America's greatest sports writers, has arrived in Russia to report the 1960 Moscow Olympic games for Collier's. Here is his first dispatch, radioed just prior to the start of the games

Moscow, 1960

THREE weeks hence, the world will demonstrate that real peace has arrived. It will be heralded by 90,000 voices cheering in concert in Moscow's monstrous Dynamo Stadium, by strident sounds of bickering in the council room of the International Olympic Committee, by shouts of triumph and cries of disappointment and the angry gnashing of coachly teeth throughout this fortunate capital.

In an Olympic year, these are the noises of international comity, world brotherhood and universal good will.

On July 22d, seventh anniversary of the atomic bombing of the Kremlin, the muscular delegates of 78 nations will open the thirteenth quadrennial carnival of the modern series of Olympic games. Quadrennial? That's what the book says, but the calendar tells another story.

Back in the autumn of 1951, the Scandinavian Airlines ferried a consignment of American sports writers to Helsinki to show what preparations that optimistic city was making to conduct the Olympics of 1952. Fifteen years of planning and hundreds of millions of Finnish marks already had been expended on the project; Helsinki's great Olympic stadium had stood empty for a dozen years, a monument of discouragement.

For as early as 1936, when Hitler's Berlin was host to the games, Finland had sought the privilege of staging the 1940 show. Instead, Tokyo got the assignment, only to sink hip-deep in a war in China and relinquish its claims, so that Helsinki was elected after all. But scarcely had the Finns completed their 70,000-seat stadium, when World War II rendered international track meets unpopular.

London got the games when they were finally resumed in 1948, and at that time Helsinki was tapped to be host in 1952. Once again Finland got ready, and once again the world was plunged into war when, two months before the entertainment was scheduled to start, Petrovic and Borlic, the Kremlin's assassins, pitched their high hard ones at Tito's head in Belgrade and our long-smoldering planet burst into flames.

This summer's games, therefore, are the first in the Olympic series since 1948. There is more than that to distinguish them, however. Never before in world history has this sweaty extravaganza represented what it stands for this summer. Never before, not even in the fondest imaginings of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, father of the modern games, has the carnival symbolized so vividly the hope of mankind.

When World War I was over and the 1920 Olympics went to Antwerp, Belgium and her allies specifically barred their late enemies, Germany and Austria, from participation. In 1948 the sores of World War II still festered; neither Germany nor Japan was invited. This time the world has done better than merely accept a defeated aggressor on terms of absolute equality with all other competitors. This time the Russian people, five years after the Soviets were overthrown, are in fact the host to whom all the rest of us make our manners.

There have been no payments of reparations, no trials of war criminals. This time the nations are trying to live together and play together.

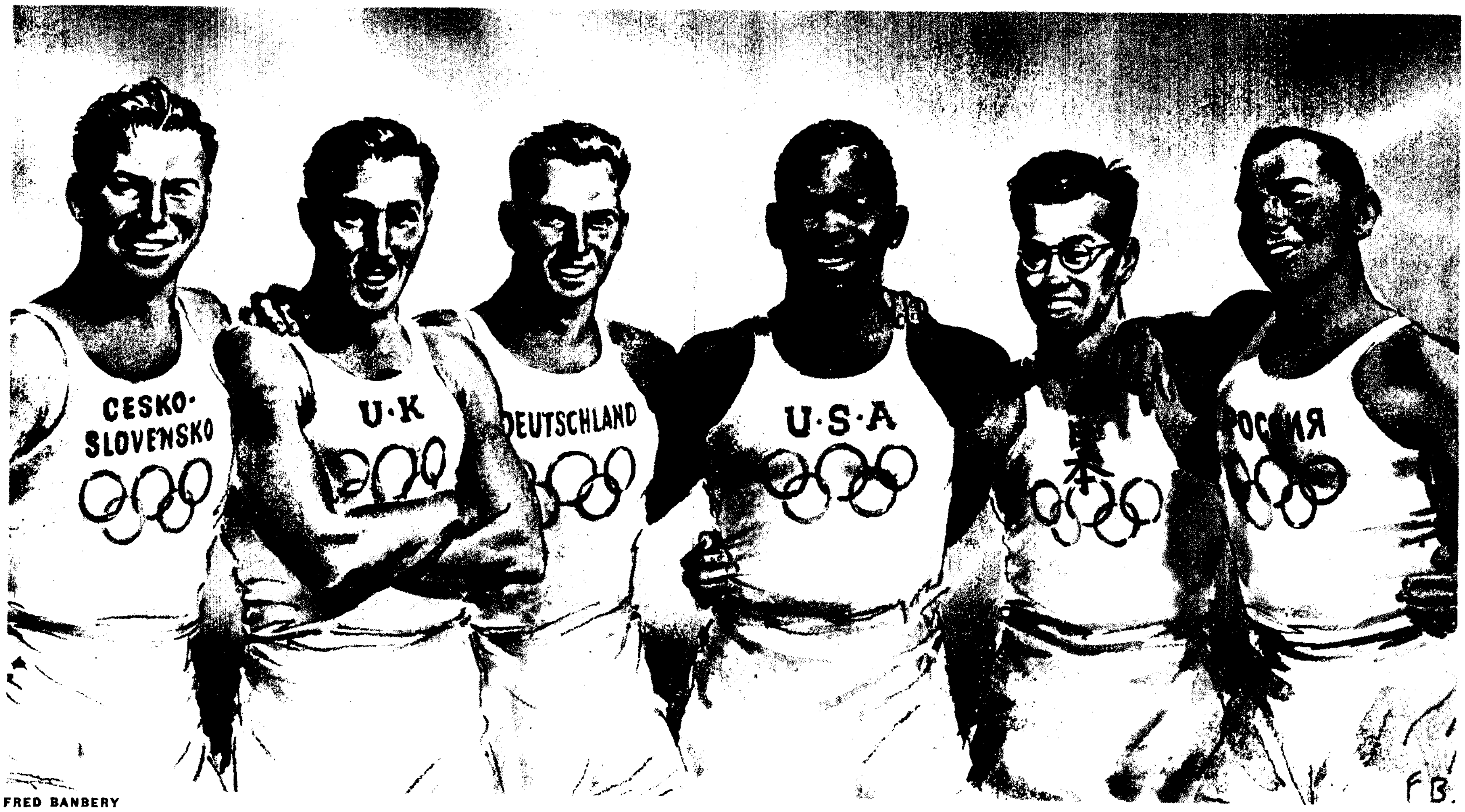
Pending final word from a few outlying precincts, it is expected that about 7,000 athletes, perhaps 2,000 more than any such gathering has hitherto seen, will take part in the opening ceremonies in the stadium. There will be much that is familiar, much that is novel, about these ceremonies.

As always, the Grecian delegation will lead the march into the stadium and down the track past the box occupied by members of the Provisional Russian Government. As the original Olympic nation, Greece always has first place. It has been the custom for nations to follow in alphabetical order, from Afghanistan to Yugoslavia. The custom has been revised. This time second place has been accorded to Finland, in recognition of that nation's gracious gesture in permitting this carnival to come to Moscow instead of Helsinki.

Next comes gallant Yugoslavia, whose heroic resistance against the Reds' initial assault ultimately led to the destruction of the Iron Curtain. Thereafter, the alphabetical rule will be observed—except that Russia will parade last, as the host always does.

When these games were being arranged, there was agitation in favor of

(Continued on page 123)

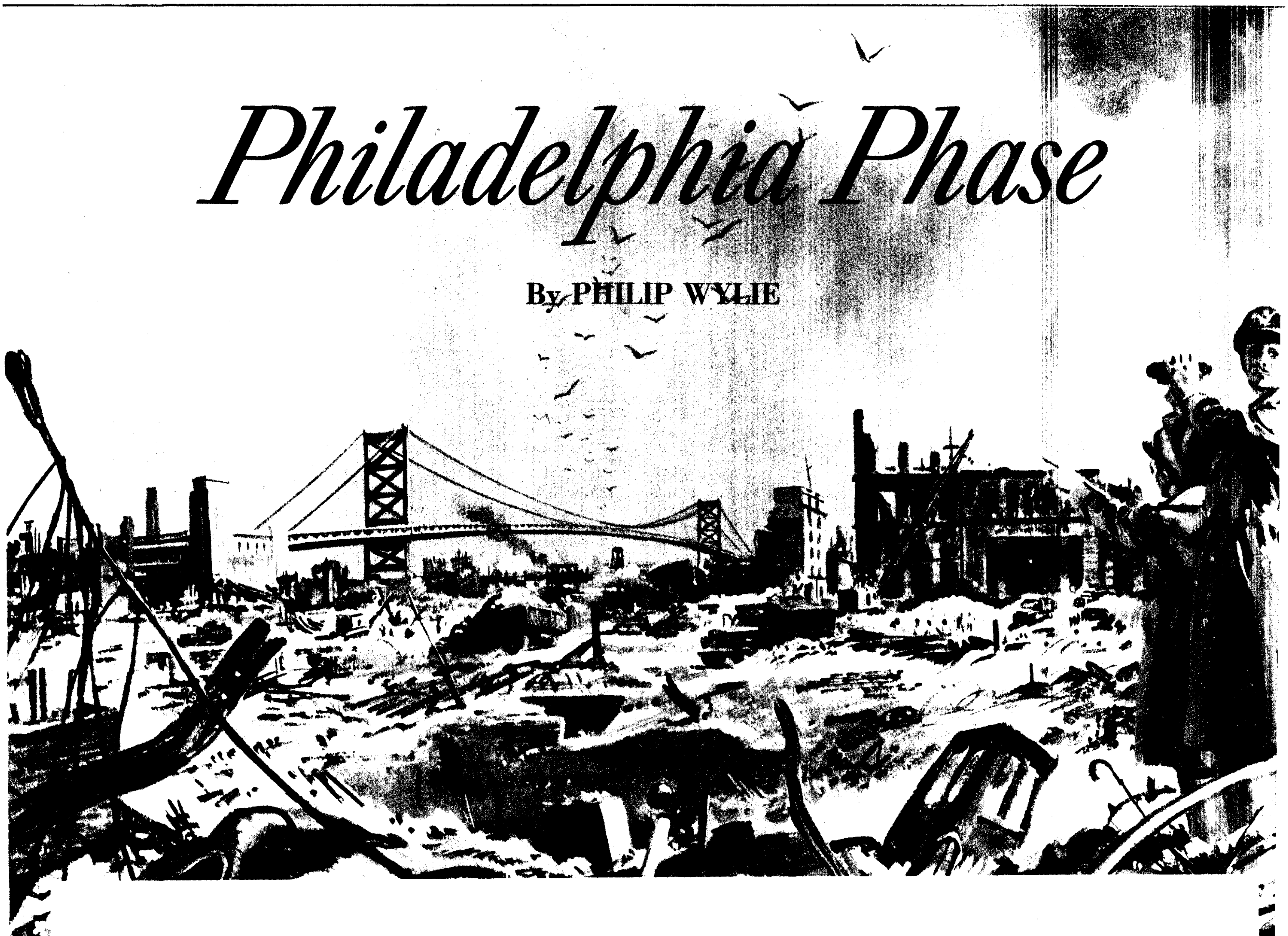


FRED BANBERY

Held in Russia's capital, the 1960 Olympics, first in 12 years, drew athletes of 78 nations, signaled world brotherhood and good will

Philadelphia Phase

By PHILIP WYLIE



For Americans, too, in the crippled cities, these were times of great stress and [illegible]. There was an enormous job to be done—a job that took determination, and courage, and love

"NEXT." The major spoke in Russian. He did not bother to look up. The line trudged a step closer to his desk—a human serpent with a thousand feet.

"Name," said the major, reaching for an Assignment Form.

"Tatyana Veelenskaya." The voice was deep, resonant, and female.

There were almost as many women as men in the line. He began to write, smiled a little, and looked up at last. She was about twenty-five, he thought. Beautiful. As if to keep on guard, he glanced past the line to the windows and to the desolation beyond—the desolation of his own city, Philadelphia. His jaw set.

"Occupation." His voice was cold.

She followed his gaze. Then she turned from the dreadful scene and her eyes were full of sorrow. "It might be Rostov, where I was born. Or Murmansk. Or Moscow." She said it in English and without too much accent.

He nodded stiffly. "Yes. Your occupation?" he repeated.

She tugged a worn sweater closer around herself; the great room in the warehouse was cold and the square miles of wreckage seemed to make her shiver. She answered, "I am a locomotive engineer."

The major couldn't get used to it, even though he had seen it in Russia while he had been there with the Army. They were steelworkers. They ran ships' engines. They were locomotive engineers. They—the women of Russia. Under "Remarks" he scribbled: *English good.*

He said, "Fair enough. You'll be assigned to one of the switching engines down there." He gestured toward the windows. "Millions of tons of rubble to move."

"I will like that. I will like to help clear away this—this shambles your country and mine have made."

"*Your* country," he said severely.

She answered softly, "Yes. My country. *We* were wrong."

He looked at her for another moment. Was her very softness of tone a kind of sarcasm? Russia was beaten. But was Communism dead? She was the only beautiful woman he had seen that long morning, and the only one who spoke good English. She would be an ideal agent for some plan to infiltrate postwar America with new discontents, new cells of Communists, a new underground. He wondered if he should send her back for an extra screening. Major Robert Blake was not sure of the advisability of importing from Russia several hundred thousand technicians to help rebuild the city, men and women who had been invited by the UN to study U.S. methods of construction.

Before the war, Robert Blake had been a banker, and conservative. His father's bank was somewhere in the middle of the ruin that had been all of Philadelphia between the Schuylkill and the Delaware Rivers until the bomb fell in '53. The bank lay in that landscape of frozen debris, and so did the bodies of his father, his sister and his brother. They'd been downtown that afternoon. His mother hadn't lived to see the atomic war.

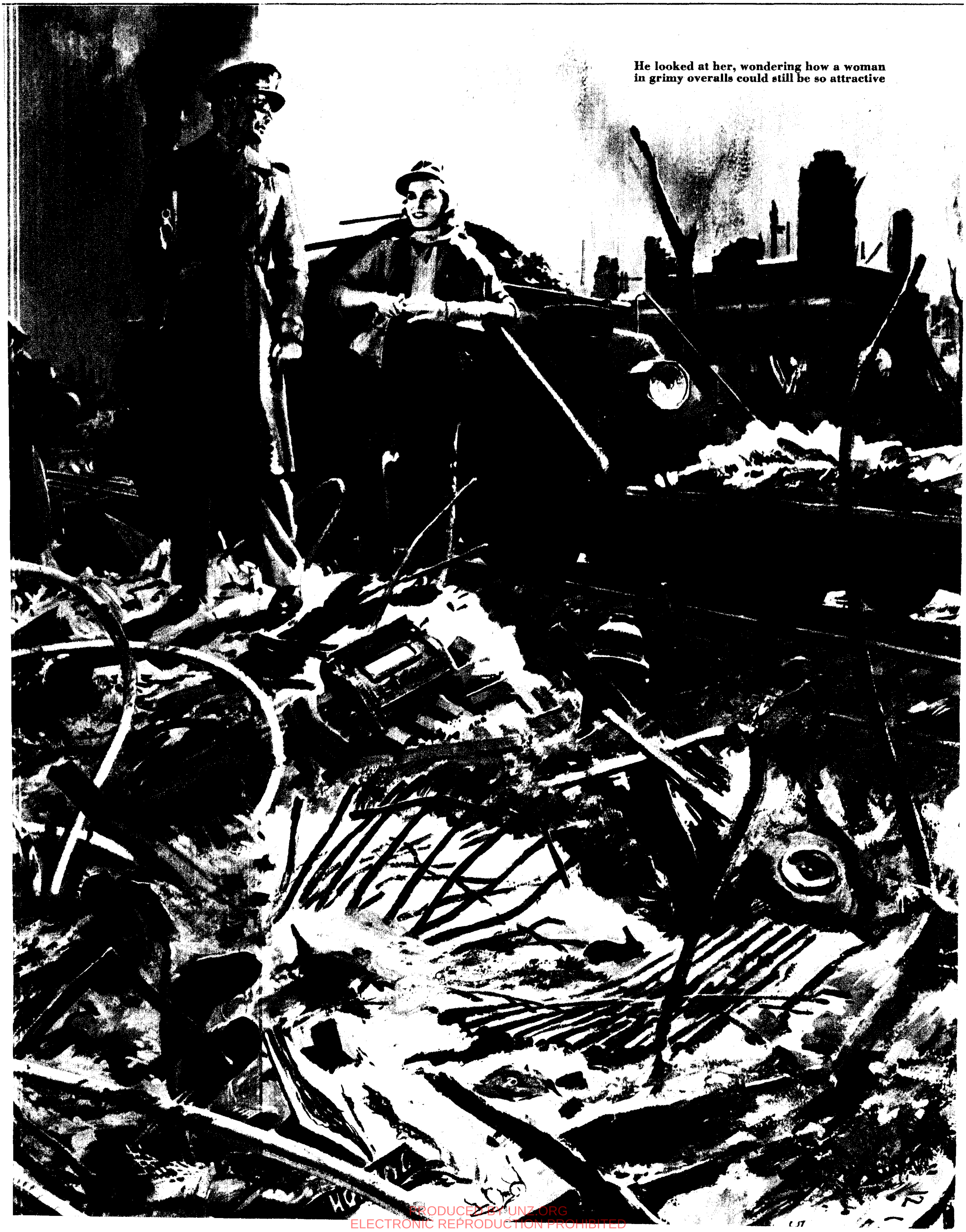
"How did you learn English?" he asked the Russian girl.

A flush stole into her cheeks but her eyes did not waver. "Our government," she replied, "expected to defeat the capitalist nations. Some of us were trained in English to be among the forces occupying your country. I was one. You learned Russian. For the same reason, yes?"

He stared at her. "I was the head of the foreign department of my father's bank. I speak French, German, Dutch, Polish and Russian. I learned them in college. I learned them because languages interested me. I learned them because we Americans like to get acquainted with other people and to do business with them, not because we plot to enslave them. You were brought here to learn and then be returned.

(Continued on page 110)

TRAN MAWICKE



He looked at her, wondering how a woman in grimy overalls could still be so attractive

— — PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT — —

TROUBLE at TUAVITI

Far out in the South Pacific, one primitive islander, who knew how to distinguish strength from bluster, robbed the enemy of a base that might have been used in the destruction of the United States

By JOHN SAVAGE

A MILLION men in swivel chairs have dreamed of Tuaviti, without even knowing its name. They've seen the white lace of foam that lies on the water over the reef. They've seen the pale-green lagoon, the lavender sand, the beautiful people, the coconut fronds stirring in the Trades. And they've said it was too good to be true. "Those South Sea Island paradises used to exist, sure, but then came Captain Cook, and then came the whalers, then civilized diseases, and then the second and third World Wars. It's all ruined now."

As a matter of fact, it's not. Not ruined—but not quite the fulfillment of the escapists' dream, either; not quite the perfect hiding place.

During the second World War, the atoll of Tuaviti was lucky. Its strategic importance was zero. Its harbor was worthless. It didn't have half enough level land for an airstrip.

But, in a sense, the third World War began at Tuaviti. In a sense, the Soviets lost the war at that pinpoint on the Pacific map, three days before the attempted assassination of Tito—the Soviets' greatest miscalculation, which touched off the terrible global conflict.

After the second World War, except for the attentions of a certain young American missionary, Tuaviti and its forty-odd people lived on undisturbed until the spring of 1952. Then something happened. It happened because strategic importance changes with changing weapons. It happened because good luck can't last forever.

The day of the Soviet intrusion began as peacefully as any other day. At six thirty, the Reverend Matthew Lincoln woke up, dressed himself in sneakers, shorts and a T-shirt, and—noting that his wife was still asleep—stepped quietly out onto the veranda. He squatted there in the cool sunshine and yawned contentedly. Being a sensible young man and a great believer in never racing his motor, he made no further move for several minutes.

Matthew Lincoln was a bronzed and bony American of thirty-one. His reddish-blond hair was cut very short (although he had never succeeded in getting his wife to cut it short enough to suit him), and his eyebrows were tufts of coppery red. The eyebrows made his face look craggy and faintly boyish at the same time. Usually he was smiling, but this morning he was not wide enough awake to look anything but amiably blank.

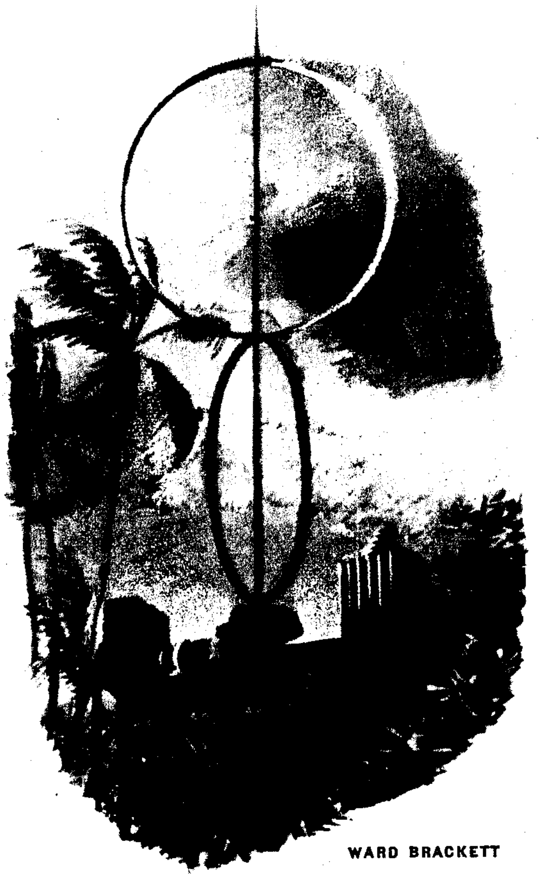
He allowed five minutes for his blood to start moving. Then he stepped down from the veranda and started walking briskly along the curving beach.

A hundred yards from home he met the Kanaka whose name was John-Enoch. The tall brown man had already finished his morning's fishing and was draping his palm-fiber net over sticks thrust into the sand.

"Good morning, John-Enoch," Matthew said.

John-Enoch smiled and stood up. "Good morning, Shepherd," he said. Matthew was used to this title. He had thought it best to teach the islanders the English word "shepherd" instead of the Latin word "pastor."

The reef fish John-Enoch had caught were lying on a taro leaf on the sand. Matthew looked down at them and made the mistake of saying, "Nice fish."


WARD BRACKETT

The antenna turned lazily, carefully following every move the missile made. No, not following. It was *guiding* it!

The fish were beautiful, all right. They made a glistening bouquet of red, black, silver and blue. But Matthew realized he should have known better than to admire them aloud.

John-Enoch slipped both hands under the leaf, raised it, and offered it to him. "You take. I give," he said.

The silent explosion in Matthew's head was his version of what would have been profanity in a less godly young man. He had to accept the confounded fish now, and John-Enoch's family would have none. Unless he could pull a fast one . . .

Suddenly Matthew smiled. He accepted the fish, bowed slightly, took three steps away, and then came back. "Now *you* take, my brother. I give."

It wasn't exactly fair, and it was too much for John-Enoch. With a confused look, he took the fish and put them back on the sand. Then he nodded slowly, grinned, and seemed to dismiss the matter. "I wish you a happy walking, Shepherd," he said, and Matthew left him.

The pastor walked another two hundred yards along the beach and then took the trail that led up to the top of Tuaviti's only mountain. He reached the summit twenty minutes later and sat down on the worn stone that was his place of morning prayer. Beside him, in a wild orange tree, two myna birds were lazily scolding each other. It was a restful sound.

Matthew prayed aloud, in a low voice, asking for continued blessings on the forty-three inhabitants of the island. He asked also, as he often did, for perfect humility in himself. "After all, Heavenly Father, when a man walks around with people calling him 'Shepherd' all day, he runs a certain risk. Please help me keep it clear in their minds and my own that the only Shepherd who really counts is You. Amen."

He got up off the rock and looked around him. The little mountaintop afforded a perfect view of the rest of the island. Matthew was standing on one end of a green crescent half a mile long and three hundred yards wide at its widest point. The crescent was really part of a complete circle, but the rest of the circle was under water, even at low tide. Among the coconut trees below him, he could see the palm-thatched beehive roofs of the houses, each with a square of white canvas beside it to catch the rain water. He looked out along the reef and saw that there were three or four natives in their outrigger boats, still casting their nets.

Then he let his eyes move off idly toward the horizon. In all directions the sea was glassy smooth, deep blue, and friendly. The trade wind from southeast to northwest was only a delicate breeze at this hour of the morning, and nothing ruffled the indigo serenity of the water. His gaze moved carelessly back to the natives who were fishing.

And then he saw something.

At first he thought it was a white sea bird, skimming low over the water. A second later he realized that the thing itself was black; what had caught his eye was the white triangle of wake that followed it. He guessed he must be looking at the protruding fin of some very large fish. It was at least a mile away, and he couldn't see it clearly, but it seemed to be tall and slender—almost too tall for a fin. Could hardly be anything else, though.

He watched it as it moved silently along and began, in a slow curve, to circle the island. He could ask the fishermen about it when they came in, but probably they wouldn't have seen it, being so low in their boats and so busy with fishing.

Matthew shrugged, turned, and went down the path again. On the beach at the foot of the mountain, he stripped off all his clothes except sneakers and shorts and walked out into the water. Sneakers were unhandy for swimming, but if you didn't wear them the coral would cut your feet to pieces, unless you had superior feet, like the natives.

Matthew thought of the islanders as he swam, and particularly of John-Enoch. He chuckled, remembering his own victory in the matter of the fish.

After his swim, he trotted up and down the beach for a minute or two, to dry off, and then got dressed again and walked back to the house.

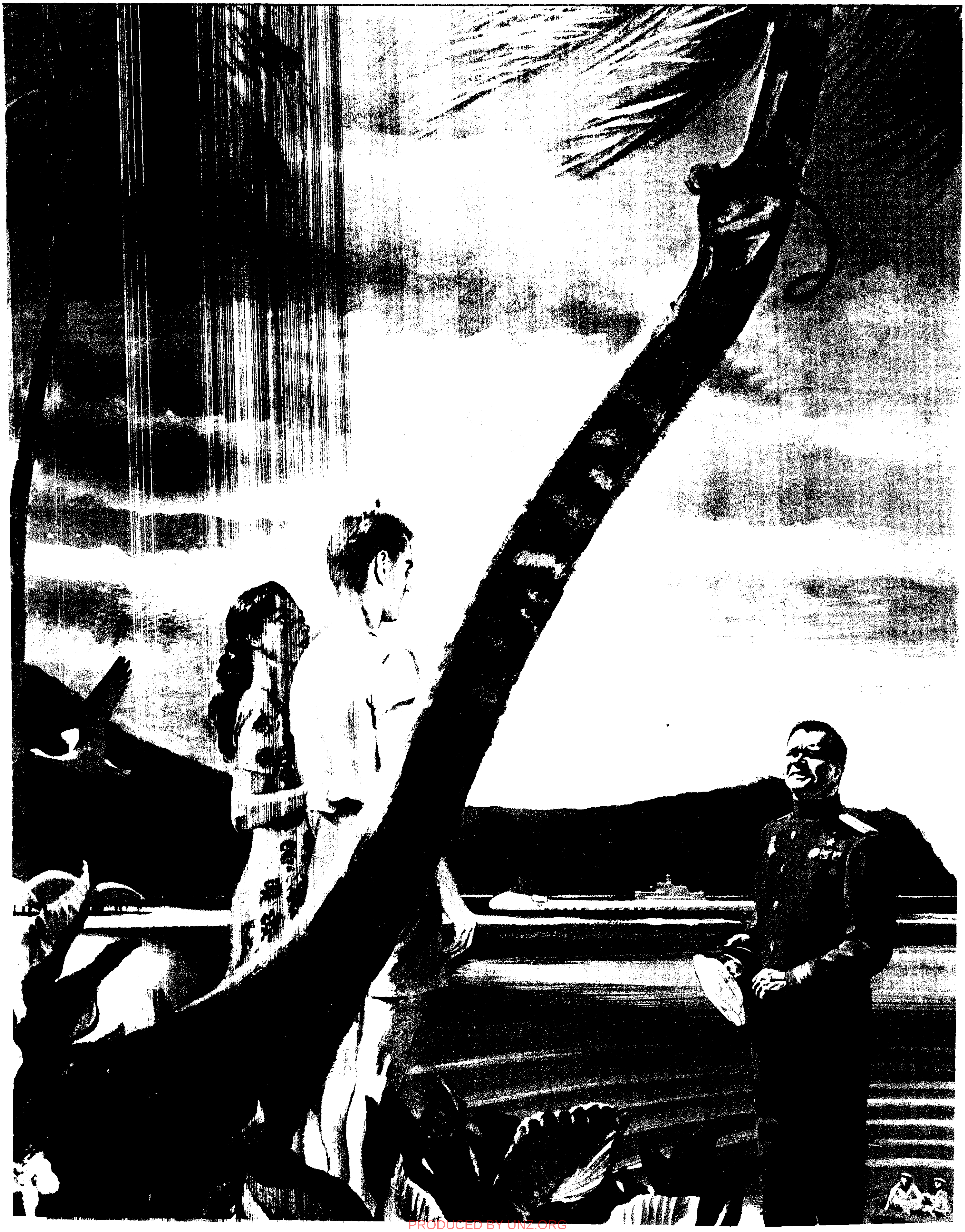
On the floor of the veranda, beside the front door, lay a fresh taro leaf with John-Enoch's fish on it. All of them.

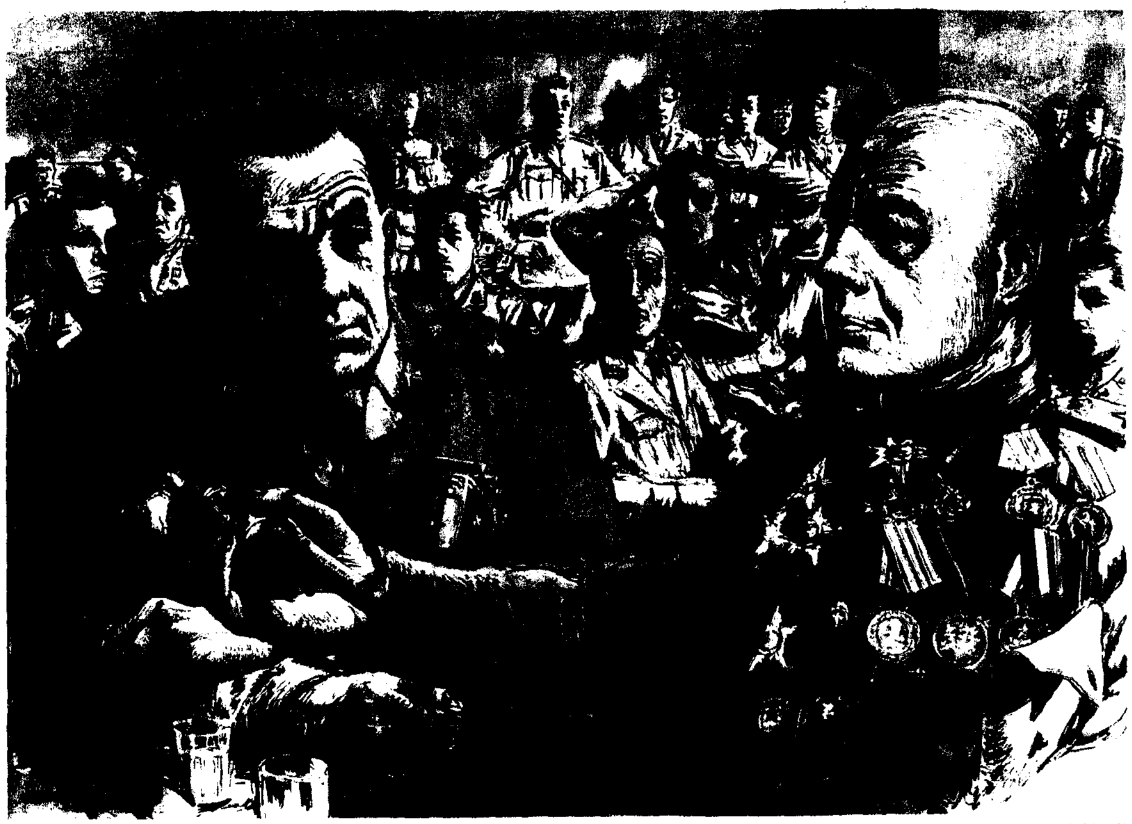
Matthew sighed, picked up the leaf with both hands, and walked into the house. Janet was awake now, sitting on the edge of the bed, looking tousled and beautiful.

(Continued on page 124)

The Soviet officer looked annoyed for a minute, then put on an unconvincing smile. "We come to ask for hospitality," he said abruptly

— — PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT — —





LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

He held out his own revolver to Reid. "It is a little present to you from the Russians"

The Present

By KATHRYN MORGAN-RYAN

THE commanding general of the Third Army stood before the situation map in his war room. In front of him the intelligence officer's pointer swept over the red and black unit markers.

"The Fourth Armored has just about encircled General Druzhinin's division, sir. They've left this two-mile gap open. The Reds are pouring through it and our artillery is slaughtering them."

The general nodded and turned to his aide. "The Fourth seems to be starting some sort of tradition," he said. "They met Druzhinin's men in the last war. Only then they had a party together."

"I remember hearing something about it, sir."

The general nodded. "I heard something about it myself," he said. He looked over at his chief of staff. "How soon will the first elements of the Fourth reach Druzhinin's headquarters?"

"At the rate they're going, sir, in about an hour."

The general felt for a moment that it was a war ago and that he was carrying on a conversation with G-2 in Normandy. He had been a divisional commander then, and he remembered driving into Nazi headquarters after it was encircled by his troops. He had not been so detached from the actual fighting in that war and he remembered it briefly with a certain nostalgia.

The general was known to be a sentimental man, and he was also known to be crisp, courteous and unruffled. In his military career he had acquired a polish which rendered him quite unrecognizable from that raw young man from Wyoming who had received his gold lieutenant's bars at West Point thirty-six years before. Just for a minute, as he looked about him at the faces of his officers—several of them pulled from civilian life a few years before—the general felt a great temptation to say how much he wished they could return to being civilians again. He fervently wanted a peace for all the civilians of the world, including those he now fought against. In the meantime, he had to fight his small part of the war to the best of his ability, ruthlessly and hard.

He wondered how Druzhinin was bearing up under the retreat of his armies. He guessed defeat would be hard for Druzhinin to swallow, for his fame in this war was nearly equal to Rommel's in World War II. It ought to be particularly embarrassing for Druzhinin, the general decided, in view of the fact that a war ago Druzhinin had given a party for the Fourth Armored.

Motioning his aide to follow, the general led the way outside to his trailer caravan. There he pulled a battered foot-locker from under his cot, opened it, took out a leather shoulder holster and slowly buckled it on. "Let's get out there, Jim," he said to his aide. "I want to go in with the first elements to reach Druzhinin headquarters." . . .

The old house which General Druzhinin used as headquarters was quiet now. In the room upstairs with the massive fieldstone fireplace, he heard only the crackling of the fire.

He moved over to the fire, feeling the warmth of it begin to spread through his tunic, and threw a paper back among the logs. It was the last of his war maps and he observed with satisfaction that the room was empty of anything the Americans would find of interest, except, of course, himself.

Druzhinin thought about that for a minute, and his eyes held the same bleak, remote look he had seen on the faces of his soldiers in the past twenty days of the Fourth Armored bombardment. He thought briefly of his troops, who were running now, streaming through a gap left open by the Fourth Armored, a gap he felt sure would be covered by artillery and machine guns. Some of his troops would get out, but the bulk of them would be cut down. Druzhinin thought that if he had been in command of the Americans, he would have planned it that way.

When the third World War began, Druzhinin had gone into it with his usual confidence. The Politburo had foreseen a sweeping victory and the troops were seasoned and hard. Then came a few retreats, a falling back here and there, a sabotaged train, a partisan attack, and then the bombs and atomic artillery. Druzhinin had seen the handwriting on the walls. He thought he could have stood it if the victors had been any but the Americans.

He turned quickly in the quiet room, not wanting to think about it any more, and brought a chair up to the fire. He pulled out the .38 Colt automatic from its holster, sat down in the chair, and saw the light from the fire play over the surface of the gun. With a fresh pleasure he ran his thumb over the beautifully balanced butt and he thought of a girl at an embassy reception once who had touched the gun and asked, "And this, General, where did you get this?" "From the Americans," he replied, as though it were an unvalued thing. "That was given me by the Americans." He made it sound as if the gun were awarded him at some military presentation, but it had not happened in quite that way.

DRUZHININ had met the Fourth Armored before—under happier circumstances—in Austria at the end of World War II. He had halted his division at the edge of a river, and on the far side the Fourth Armored had also stopped. Druzhinin decided to give a dinner for the Americans to celebrate the link-up of their two units. On the day of the reception he lined his personal troops on the road leading to his headquarters villa. Each Russian carried a tommy gun and they formed an arch for the cavalcade of American vehicles all the way to the villa. As the Americans entered the arch, Druzhinin's men began firing. He grinned now as he recalled the sudden burst of noise which caused the American drivers to swerve their wheels.

At the meal, he gave them seventeen courses, with vodka. The Americans could not take the pace, and most of them stopped drinking after the fifth course. Only the Fourth's one-star brigadier general, a West Pointer named Reid, continued to drink with Druzhinin. The affair built up quietly into a contest between the two generals. In the end, it was Druzhinin who won.

A week earlier, his interpreter had showed him a copy of Stars and Stripes which carried a photograph of the American general receiving a special .38 Colt automatic with mother-of-pearl stars on either side of the handle. At the meal, as Druzhinin sat beside the American, he had difficulty keeping his eyes from the gun. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and as the tension of the drinking contest increased, Druzhinin sought to hit back at this American who dared down drink for drink with him. He waited, biding his time, making small talk, and then suddenly, with a great display of largess, he pulled his own revolver from his holster and held it out to Reid. "It is a little present to you from the Russians," he said.

Along the tables, talk suddenly ceased. Druzhinin was aware that the Americans had turned in their chairs, that American and Russian faces alike wore looks of excitement. Reid put down his glass and took Druzhinin's gun. For an instant there was bewilderment on his face, and then suddenly he understood. He looked like a man on whom a joke has just been played, who is determined, in deference to good manners, to smile at himself. Then slowly he drew the Colt from his own shoulder holster and gave it to Druzhinin. "This, General, I give you in exchange." He spoke out so that everyone in the room could hear. "I would like to present it on behalf of all the Americans here."

When it was all over, Druzhinin remembered, he sat for a long time alone, thinking over the little scene. He did not see Reid again after the dinner, but he knew that for as long as they lived, two men would always remember the Austrian party.

He stared now at the dying fire. This time, he thought, when the Fourth Armored arrived it would not be for a party. However, he had no fears about the forthcoming meeting. He looked once more at the Colt. The star in the butt glinted in the firelight. Without hesitation, he raised the gun to his forehead and pulled the trigger.

When, only a short time later, they came through the door, the American general and his aide moved quickly up to Druzhinin. A staff sergeant bent over the body. "The medics won't earn any money here," he said.

Lieutenant General Reid, commander of the Third Army, reached out and took the gun from Druzhinin's clenched fingers. "Let's just call this a little present from the Russians," he said to his aide, and slipped the gun into his holster. THE END

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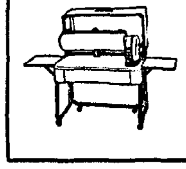


IRON IN COMFORT

ROTARY IRONERS

FOR "QUICK-CLEAN" WASHING AND "SIT-DOWN" IRONING

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Freedom—at Long Last

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"political parties" as we understand the term. The remaining "independent candidates"—cranks, religious sectarians and world reformers—who, since the liberation, are sprouting like mushrooms after rain, might be classed as "religious and miscellaneous." They included:

The Pupils of Tolstoi (a pacifist and vegetarian Christian group, rejecting religious dogmatism).

The Theocrats (followers of the Orthodox church, who hold that Russia should be ruled by the Patriarch Sergei).

The "Old Believers" (a traditionalist sect of religious zealots).

The Servants of God (who refuse to have family names).

The Doukhobor (who refuse to wear clothes).

The Esperantists (who hold that introduction of a universal language would solve all problems).

The Pavlovites (who hold that the whole of mankind should be made to have uniform opinions through controlled reconditioning of their reflexes by Professor Pavlov's famous method of training dogs).

In short, Russia is having its exuberant honeymoon with democracy.

The most remarkable thing about the electoral campaign was its atmosphere of nearly complete calm. Only one or two minor clashes occurred between Monarchists and Separatists. Electoral propaganda was in the main confined to hand-printed leaflets, stenciled posters and suchlike primitive means. Measured by the standards of American or French electoral campaigns, it was an idyllic affair.

This is probably due to the fact that the man-in-the-street is still unable to take elections seriously. As far back as he can remember, elections were a kind of compulsory ritual which resulted in 99.8 per cent of the population casting its vote for the only existing party. He simply cannot believe that the elections have any influence in determining his and his nation's future. What really interests him is the next draw of the Great Lottery, scheduled for the coming Sunday.

Kharkov, July 8th

The final results of the elections were announced yesterday. They are, to say the least of it, unexpected.

The counting of the votes started with a solemn ceremony in Freedom House (the former Soviet House), in the presence of the local authorities. The first sealed ballot box was opened by Colonel Dalcroix, who is the local CO of UNITOC (United Nations Temporary Occupation Command). Next to him sat Krupnik, mayor of Kharkov, a broad-faced, impassive man of Ukrainian peasant stock.

All went well at the beginning; the colonel made a short speech, and after the clapping had subsided, pulled the first ballot paper from the box and handed it solemnly to the mayor, to read the vote. I must explain that each ballot paper contained a list of the 22 parties, each preceded by a little square in which the voter was to mark by a cross the party he had chosen. There was a tense silence, for everybody felt that the first vote had a kind of symbolic significance. Krupnik looked at the paper and announced the vote: *"Da."*

"Comment?" asked the colonel. "What does he mean by *'da'?"*

"*'Da'* means 'yes,'" the translator explained amiably.

"Mais comment? For which party did the person vote?"

"The citizen voter voted for them all. He just wrote *'da'* on top of the paper."

There was a pained silence.

"Eh bien," said the colonel, "let's try the next one." He pulled out a second ballot paper and handed it to the mayor.

"Da," Krupnik read impassively.

The female representative of the Peasant party began to giggle; this exploded the tension, and the whole room burst into laughter. Every second or third vote turned out to be a *"da"*; other voters had obediently marked all the 22 little squares with crosses. Krupnik continued to read out stolidly the *"da-da's"* with a kind of unconscious approval on his square face. It sounded strangely reassuring, like a child's babbling: *"Da-da-da."*

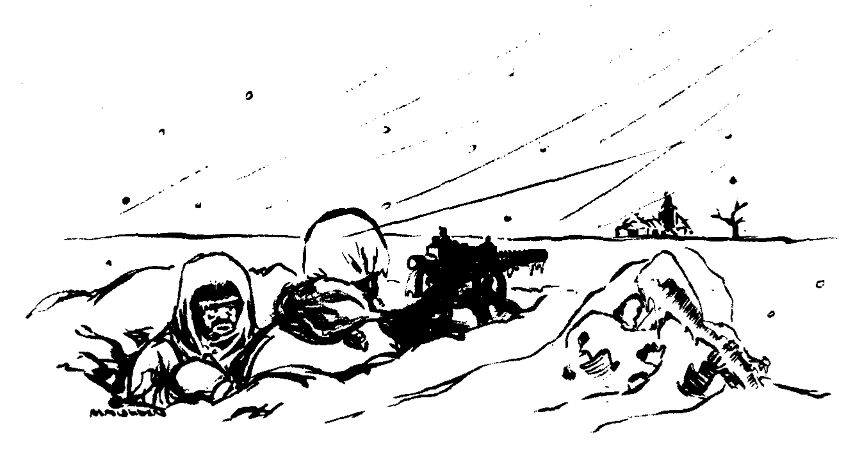
The result was announced this morning. The largest number of votes went to the Monarchists and to the Ukrainian Separatists, with the Peasant party, the former deportees, and the Theocrats as runners-up. Over 50 per cent of the votes were *"da's"* and had to be invalidated. According to the radio it was the same story everywhere: 50, 60 and up to 70 per cent invalid votes.

July 9th

Dinner with Isaakovich, the translator. Wizened little man of fifty, former schoolteacher from Minsk, lost his whole family in the pogrom years 1954-'55 (the famous Jew-killings, organized as a diversion during the Red Army's retreat). He is an intelligent, well-read man, so I was surprised when he said that he had voted for the Pavlovites.

"What do you want?" he said with a shrug. "The elections were the best proof of the truth of Pavlov's theory. You give a dog a series of electric shocks and sound a gong with each shock; after a while the sound of the gong alone will send the dog into convulsions. Similarly, when you say to a Russian the word 'election,' he will twitch with fright and yell *'da.'*"

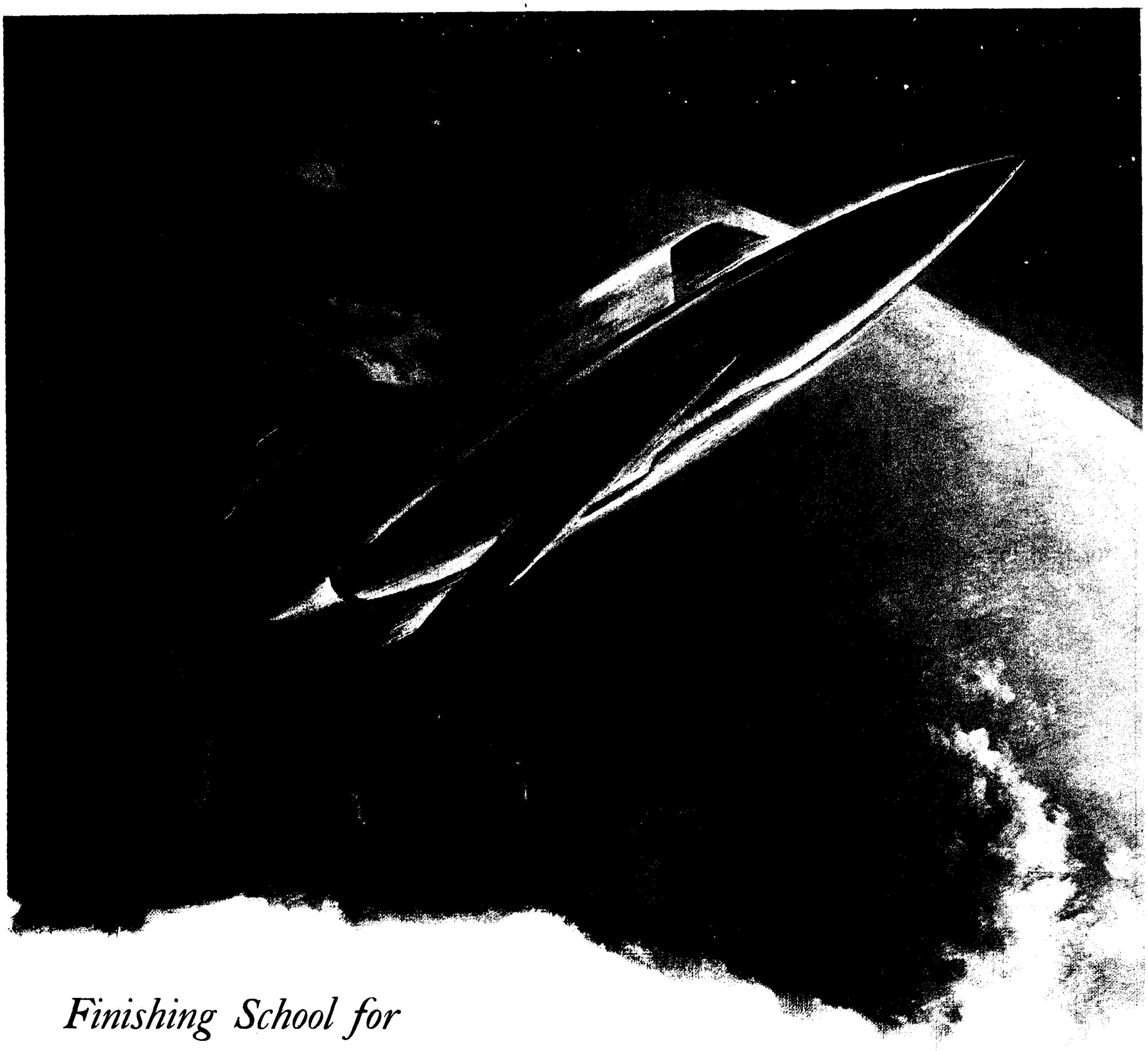
Had I myself made this comparison, Isaakovich would have rightly been of-



COLLIER'S

"I think they call it th' 'scorched earth' policy"

BILL MAULDIN



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fended; but Isaakovich, who loves Russia, spoke with scientific detachment.

What he said brought home to me that this is an age of science fiction come true. Not because of the war—on the whole, the war was fought with more conservative weapons and methods than previously expected. The fantastic and fascinating novelties are those of mass psychology. The confessions at the Soviet show trials were only a small foretaste of the unholy miracles which a determined modern tyranny can produce by processing the minds of its subjects.

Moscow, July 14th

What happened to Communism in Russia? The reason why everybody here yawns with boredom when a visitor asks this hoary question is that the answer is so obvious to every Russian. The answer is that there never was Communism in Russia; there were only Communists. When the Communists disappeared, Communism disappeared.

Why is this so self-evident to every Russian and so difficult to understand for people abroad? Because people outside Russia never understood the true nature of the Communist regime. They thought of it as a political movement in the Western sense; or as some miscarried attempt to establish social justice; or as a kind of secular religion. It was, of course, nothing of the sort—except for a short period in the beginning, long since forgotten. For the last 30 or 40 years—that is, as far back as the memories of the present generation can reach—it was simply a rule of terror.

It was not a political movement, for it had no opponents in Russia against which it could be measured in terms of ideas or power. It could not teach the masses any program or philosophy, for the line changed incessantly in a dizzy zigzag; yesterday's truth became today's heresy, so that the very fundaments of faith and belief were destroyed. Whatever logical meaning and emotional aspirations the word "Communism" possessed in the beginning were torn to shreds by the hurricane of the Great Purge which began in the thirties and was to rage until the end.

In a primitive community you can sometimes replace political thinking by a kind of simple loyalty to the government. But that loyalty too was destroyed when again and again men who were one day members of the government confessed the next that they had always been traitors, spies, *saboteurs* and enemies of the people.

When in the early years of the Revolution the priests vanished from the Russian scene, religion did not vanish with them; it remained alive in the people. But when the Communists vanished from the scene, Communism vanished with them because as a faith it had never existed among the Russian people.

Communism as a faith had, during the last generation, existed only among people outside Russia. It existed outside because large parts of the population of the world lived in squalor and misery, and wanderers in the desert are always ready to believe in a mirage. The rulers of Russia kept the country hermetically closed for decades to keep up the illusion and to hide the reality behind the mirage. It was so cunningly done that even violent opponents of the Communist regime had no idea of the full extent of horror which it contained. The truth about Russia was the best-kept secret in history.

When I said that Communism in Russia has vanished with the Communists I did not mean that the results of 40 years of indoctrination from the cradle to the grave have vanished with it. The mental ravages caused by that indoctrination are visible at every step here. But that indoctrination did not teach the people Communism. It taught them one word: "*da*." To achieve a 99.8 per cent unanimous, roaring "*da*" for Comrade Ivan's promotion and the same roaring "*da*" for his execution; "*da*" for the crusade against the Nazis and for the pact with the Nazis; "*da*" for everything which the omniscient Stalin decided. This aim was achieved not by propaganda as we understand it, but by mental processing. The tyrant did not want Communists; he wanted robots. It may take at least a generation to change the robots back into humans again.

Moscow, July 17th

Three days in bed with flu, plagued by *klopy,* the famed Russian bedbugs. The Muscovites say it is a new strain of super-*klopy*—a mutation caused by radioactivity after the atom bombs, like the famous red forget-me-not. At any rate, they are formidable beasts and seem to thrive on DDT.

Being ill, I could not attend the drawing of the Lottery, but am told it was as always a huge success, with the usual speeches, concert recitals, dancing, etc. The Lottery is an institution which has come to stay. As people at home seem to have some misconceptions about it, here's a brief history of this most popular feature of contemporary Russian life:

Next to food and housing, the third vital postwar problem was the *Bezprizorniye*—the locust plague of waifs and strays turned into juvenile delinquents. These hordes of little savages of every age from seven upward have been a specific feature of Soviet life ever since the Bolshevik Revolution. After the Civil War in the early 1920s, their number was estimated at over a million. At first the Russians tried to re-educate them in reformatory schools, but this laudable effort was abandoned when the mass deportations during the collectivization years and the ravages of the second World War produced new waves of the plague.

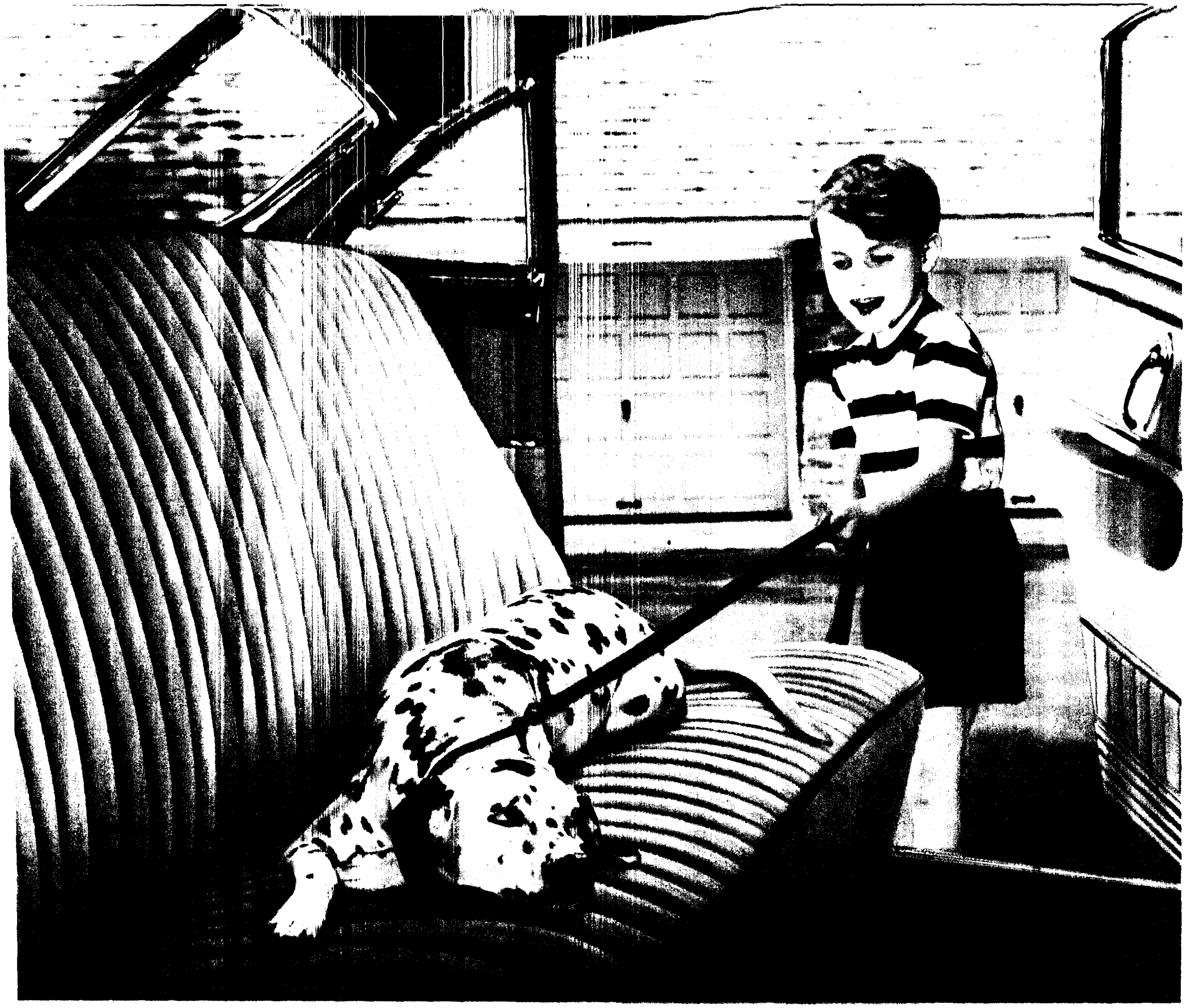
In 1935 the Soviet government decreed that capital punishment for common crimes as foreseen in the penal code could be inflicted on children from the age of twelve upward. A few years later the age limit for capital punishment was raised to eighteen. But in the Siberian forced-labor camps, to which juvenile delinquents were then summarily dispatched, offenders under eighteen were sometimes sentenced to be shot as soon as they reached their eighteenth birthday.

This unbelievable fact—the bullet into the head as a birthday gift—was for the first time revealed through the testimony of Ludwig Golubowitsch, a former MVD official, before the "International Commission against Concentration-Camp Regimes" held in Brussels in 1951. At the time this seemed so fantastic that with one exception—the New York Times—American newspapers refrained from printing the testimony.

The collapse of the Soviet regime in 1955 and the subsequent years of famine and chaos led to a resurgence of the plague on a scale never equaled before. Gangs of juvenile criminals who had reverted to a stage of primitive savagery roamed the countryside. In the towns, they emerged at night from their hiding places among the ruins to thieve, rob and loot. Martial law was ineffective against them, for soldiers won't shoot at children. No effective steps could be taken against the black market, the dope peddlers, the hooch peddlers, so long as hordes of corrupted children were used by the racketeers as their agents, receivers and informers. The *Bezprizorniye* were the yeast on which crime, drunkenness and prostitution thrived during the famine years.

The occupation authorities fought a losing battle against the *Bezprizorniye.* They were rounded up, sheltered and fed in improvised rehabilitation camps during the winter of 1956-'57. But when spring came, they escaped in droves and swarms from the camps and took to the roads again. The authorities were faced with the loathsome necessity of putting barbed wire, watchtowers and armed guards around the children's camps.

The effects of this measure were of course disastrous. The Soviet regime had deported juvenile delinquents to its remote labor camps in Siberia where they could perish out of sight. The new prison camps for



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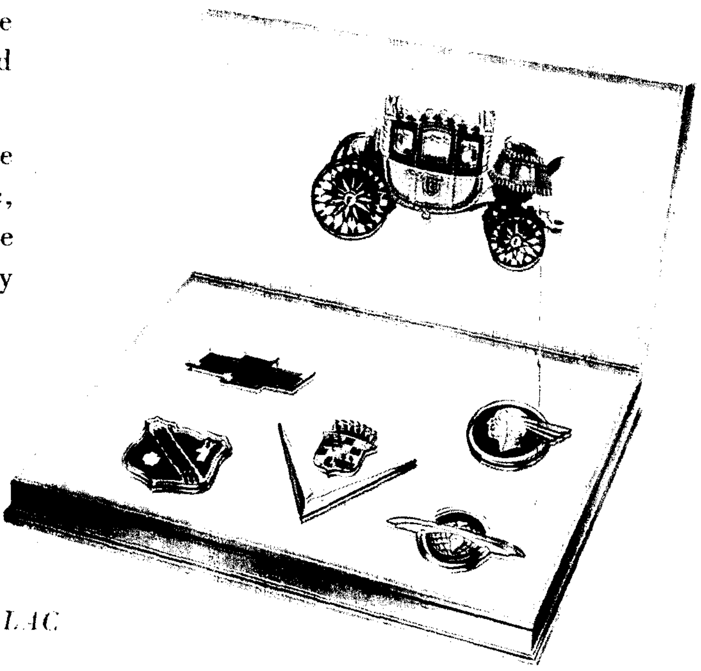

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children, which the liberators were forced to establish in the vicinity of every large town, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, were festering sores on their conscience; in Russian eyes they were a hideous reminder of the past and a proof that the future would be no better. By the fall of 1957, the number of children in the camps was approaching the 1,000,000 mark.

On October 15, 1957, the United Nations Commission of Inquiry into Conditions in the Children's Camps in Russia published its report. It described with complete frankness a situation which was heartbreaking and hair-raising to Western public opinion. In spite of the efforts of a host of pediatricians, psychiatrists, nurses and educators, the camps were a hotbed for every form of vice and juvenile corruption. The report concluded that no reasonable hope for improvement could be entertained by the forcible herding together of child delinquents behind barbed wire in a desolate country of famine and chaos. The only hope of saving and rehabilitating the children was "to disperse them and transplant them into a healthy environment in countries where life was relatively normal."

It seemed a fantastic proposal. But the storm of protest which the report caused in Europe and America put an end to red tape and procrastination, and forced the United Nations to act. The action, once started, was on a grandiose scale.

"Operation Skid" ("Save the Kids") was entrusted to the newly founded UNIHOPE. By Christmas, 1957, the plan for dispersing the Russian waifs and strays to Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States was blueprinted in detail. Three quarters of the children were to be billeted with foster parents who had volunteered to take them; the remainder in boarding schools, sanatoria, school farms, etc. The air transport fleet of UNIHOPE, which carried food and prefabs for the "Woolworth villages" to Russia, made their return trips loaded with children—the gallant air crews' nightmare.

By the summer of 1958, six months after the start of Operation Skid, 80 per cent of the children had been evacuated; the remaining 20 per cent, hardened young criminals of over fifteen, were sent to specially created reformatory schools in Russia. On June 1, 1959, the last camp was closed down.

But that was not the end of the story. In the famine areas, despairing Russian, Ukrainian and Armenian mothers disguised their children as waifs and strays and sent them out on the roads to be picked up and sent to the lands of plenty—determined to save them from starvation even at the price of never seeing them again. The flood had diminished to a trickle, but even so, several thousand children were shipped overseas every month.

These pseudo orphans became later on the cause of a dramatic turn of events. It was discovered that nearly all parents, before taking the desperate step of parting with their children, had banded them like migrating birds by some identification mark: amulets, neck chains, even tattooed initials. A year or so later, as conditions gradually improved, they began to flood the authorities with applications for getting their children back. So UNIHOPE had to broadcast and advertise several thousand "wanted" lists over three continents. From early in 1959 onward the children began to come back.

The return of these formerly starved little wretches, their changed physical appearance and mental outlook, their manners and clothes, were a sheer miracle in the eyes of the Russians—and one of the greatest feats of political propaganda brought about unintentionally. UNIHOPE was now swamped with pathetic requests from parents to send their children for a year's health cure abroad. (One should remember that 10 years ago the average Russian's ration was only 2,700 calories per head against the U.S.'s 3,200 per head. Today the average ration is down to 1,800, and in many areas these rations exist only on paper.) It was obvious, however, that UNIHOPE could not go on indefinitely carting children over the world. That is how the idea of the Lottery was born.

Instead of selecting children for the limited number of available places by investigating the economic situation of the parents—which would have been a hopelessly cumbersome procedure leading to jealousies and complaints—the selection of applicants was made by lottery. Each town and administrative district had its small quota, and the lucky ones' names were chosen in public at the quarterly draws. These draws, followed by the distribution of consolation prizes in the shape of toys, picture books and huge quantities of ice cream, became extremely popular not only among children but among grownups as well. The program soon included musical recitals, Punch and Judy shows, and was wound up by a dance. In every town "Draw Day" became a kind of popular festival, replacing the traditional Russian fair.

As the Lottery craze grew, the planning committee of UNIPROD (United Nations Political Re-education Department) decided to cash in on it by extending the "Holidays Abroad" scheme to adults. Having lived cut off from the rest of the world for nearly half a century, the one overwhelming desire of every Russian was to visit the mysterious countries abroad—if only for a month, a day or an hour. The returning children's tales had been the most effective propaganda for the ways of the free world—each of them worth a million dollars spent on UNIPROD's re-education programs based on broadcasts and pamphlets. Obviously, the most direct method of political re-education was to try the same thing with adults—journalists, doctors, teachers, industrial managers, farmers.

The project consists in guided and directed three-month tours for 100,000 professional men per year, in those countries where they are able to learn most in their specialty. The "quotas" are apportioned both by geographical regions and professional groups. In this way we may hope to destroy within a few years the last vestiges of the Curtain, and the tenacious psychological aftereffects of the past. Although the average citizen's chances of having his name drawn is less than one in a thousand, the national craze is still unabated today. The Russians are gamblers at heart, and the *Lotereya* appeals more to their imagination than lectures and arguments.

Already a number of towns and rural centers have their nucleus of men and women whose eyes have seen our way of life, whose minds have been reawakened by the shock of contact with a longed-for dream turned into reality. They have automatically become missionaries of the free world but in their own fashion, their own uniquely Russian way; and it is perhaps not too optimistic to assume that they will gradually replace the defunct "party" in the intellectual leadership of their country.

July 25th

Item: Who are the best-paid people, the biggest profiteers in contemporary Russia today? The translators of foreign books. When the Curtain rose, the hunger for books, magazines, for every form of printed material which contained information about the mysteries of the Western World can only be compared with the avidity for news of life on a foreign planet which we would experience if space-travel were suddenly established. Nobody wants to read a book by the erstwhile Soviet writers; they have for too long played the part of literary prostitutes. The translators, these former pariahs of the arts, have stepped into the shoes of the poets and novelists. Top of the best-selling list is still a Russian translation of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue (complete and unabridged) with explanatory footnotes.

Magadan, Kolyma, Siberia
August 1st

On the road to the settlement at "Kilometer 64," Berzin, temporary administra-

Guard Against Throat-Scratch

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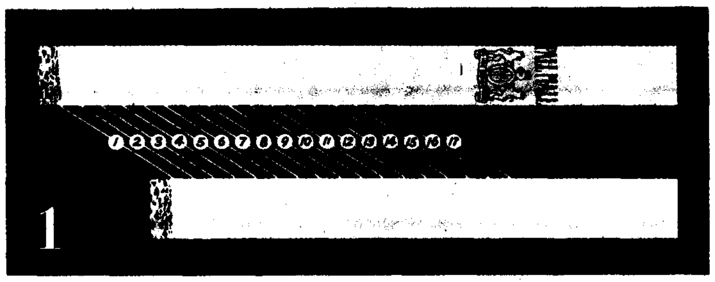
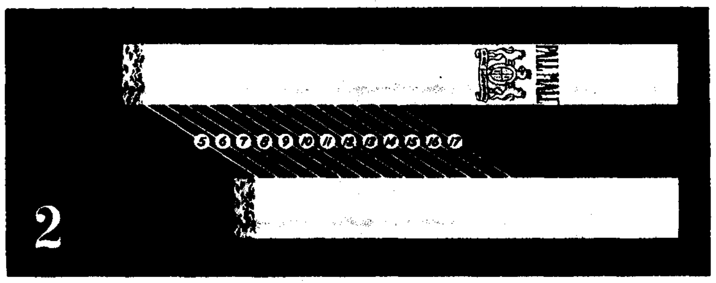
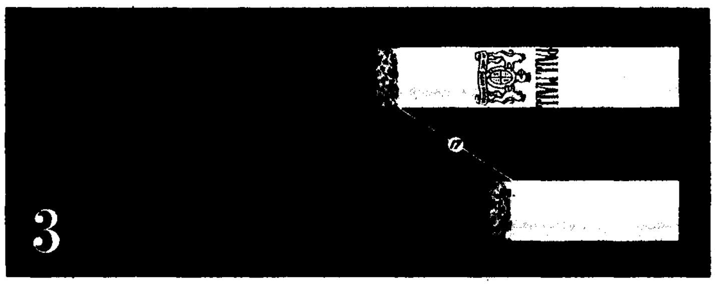


The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—**Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL*—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.*

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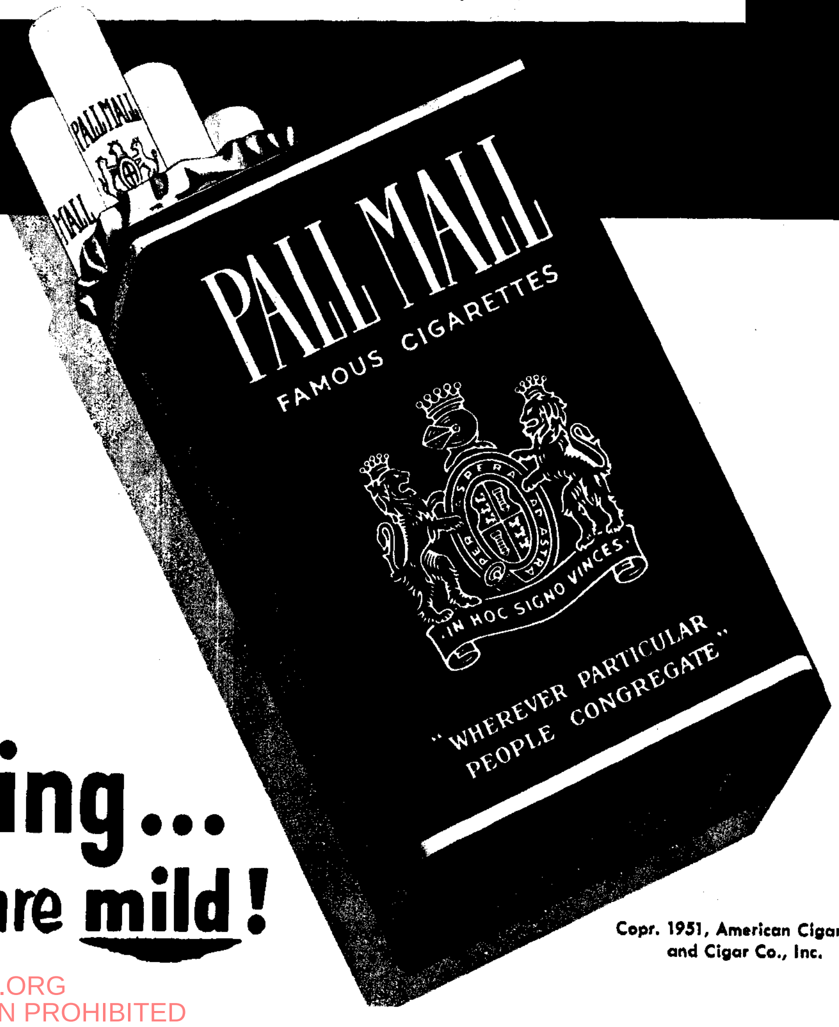
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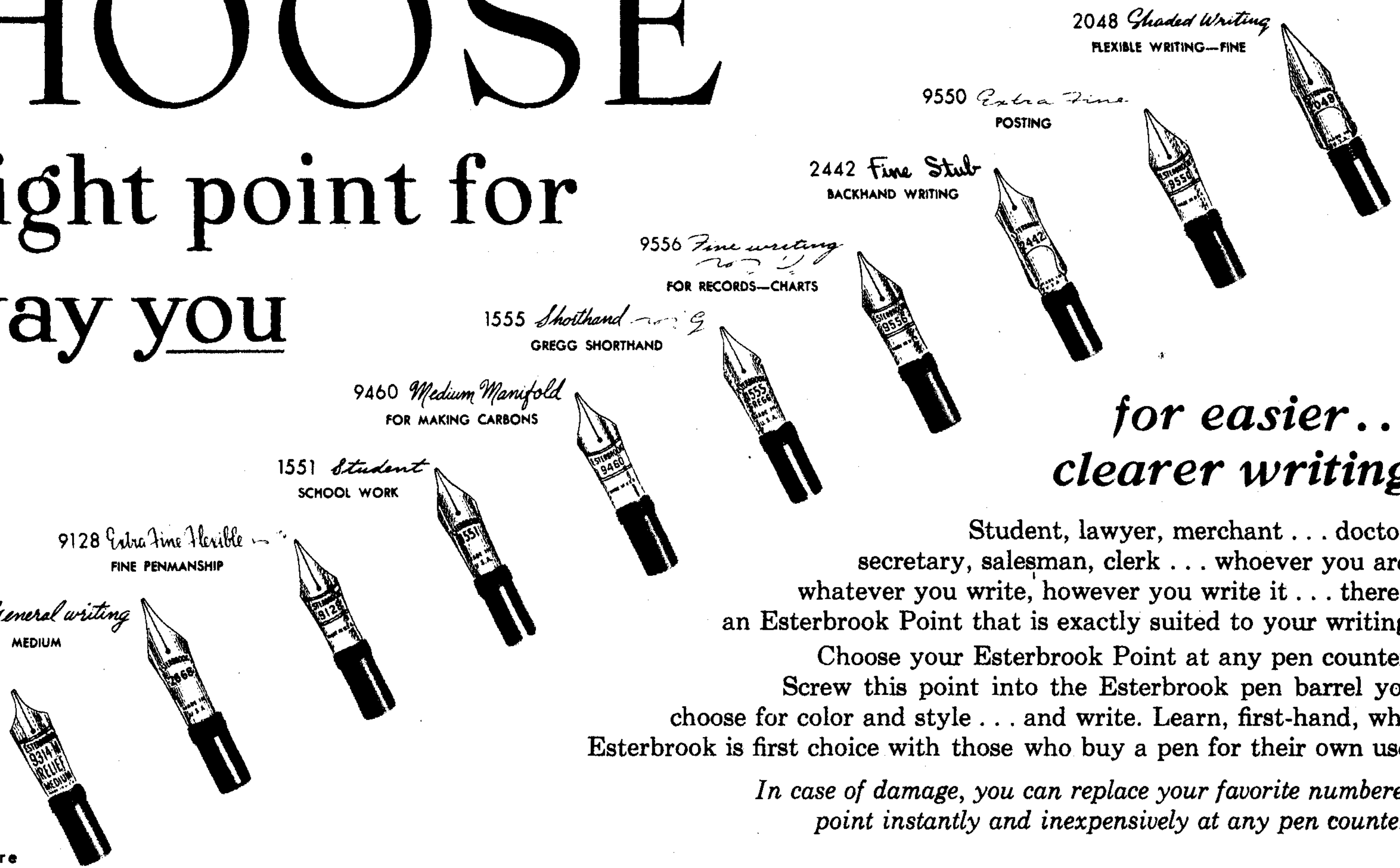
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2442 Fine Stub
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9556 Fine writing
FOR RECORDS—CHARTS
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tor of the Convicts' Republic of Kolyma, explained:

"There are three basic facts about Kolyma. It is the region where some of the lowest temperatures on earth have been recorded. It is the richest gold-mining region in the world. It is a region, six times the size of France, which was for 20 years administered as a single Forced Labor Camp, with 90 per cent of its population slaves . . ."

He did not speak again for a few miles, when he stopped the car near a group of laborers working on a cabbage patch. We got out in the sweltering heat—for a hundred days, from June to August, the sun does not set over Kolyma. The workmen, like ourselves, wore mittens and mosquito nets to protect their faces against the swarms of insects which were buzzing around them in a dense cloud. These gnats, midges and gadflies are the scourge of Kolyma in summer, as scurvy, frostbite and gangrene are in winter.

Berzin borrowed a spade from the workmen and marched our party across the cabbage field. He halted at the edge of a swamp which filled the bleak landscape until it merged into the dark hue of the *taiga*—the virgin forest, stretching for almost a thousand miles toward the Arctic Ocean. He handed me the spade and said: "Try it."

Sweating under the thick net and unable to wipe the sweat from my eyes, I dug into the soft, squashy earth. About 10 inches down, the spade suddenly struck a hard surface which felt like rock. Berzin smiled with the nonparalyzed half of his face: "What do you think it is?"

"I don't know. Gold?"

"No. Ice."

He explained that even during the summer the earth only thaws to a depth of nine or ten inches—underneath, over this whole Siberian Peninsula, lies a stratum of "geological ice" (permafrost), several hundred feet thick.

During the 10 weeks of the polar night the temperature here often drops below minus 50 degrees Fahrenheit. The arctic blizzards reach such a savage fury that even in the capital, Magadan, on the coast, ropes have to be stretched from house to house to which people can cling when forced to go outdoors—otherwise they would be swept into the sea. In the winter camps, far inside this land of white death, less than half of the slaves used to survive the long polar night. In some of the camps, numbering several thousand people, not a single living being was found when the roads opened in spring—slaves, guards and dogs were buried under the same indifferent blanket of snow.

During the first years of the colonization in the early 1930s, only one in five of the convicts survived 18 months in Kolyma. Toward the end, the mortality was 30 per cent per annum. That gave a man an average expected life span of about three years; but the average spans of their sentences were 10, 20 and 25 years.

Thoughtless writers have talked of the Soviet regime as reverting to "dark, medieval days." But the Middle Ages had no horrors comparable in extent to the slave-continents of Kolyma, of the Baikal-Amur region, of the Vorkuta or Pechora and other camps, with their 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 starving, freezing, tattered, vermin-ridden inmates, condemned to slow death after the last inch of labor had been squeezed out of them. Even in antiquity, even among primitive and barbarian civilizations, such an ocean of suffering was never inflicted on such a mass of human lives. In the Soviet Slave State, human evolution had touched the bottom—and until about 1955 it looked as if it would never recover again.

It is only to be expected that the men and women who have lived under these conditions for five, 10, 15 years, should have developed a special mentality—not to mention those who had been sent to the camps as children or were born in the camps and had never in their lives been past the barbed-wire fence and the machine-gun turrets. This special mentality has to be borne in mind if one tries to understand the developments in Kolyma and in some of the other vast convict districts since the war. And it is only fitting that we should also remember the martyr-pioneers who were the first to tell the Western World the truth about the camps—among them a frail girl from Switzerland, Elinor Lipper, who miraculously survived 11 years in Kolyma and published a book about it as early as 1950.

Kolyma, August 2d

The peninsula lies at a distance of 6,000 miles northeast from the center of European Russia. In peacetime the unwilling travelers reached Kolyma by the Trans-Siberian Railway from Moscow to Vladivostok, and continued the journey by boat, past Sakhalin and across the Sea of Okhotsk. Since the war, all land and sea communications were cut off, and the sparse supplies which reached Kolyma came by air. Even now, five years after the end of the war, with guerrilla fights still raging in the Urals and around Lake Baikal, the region can only be approached by a somewhat hazardous air journey. Thus, for the approximately 2,000,000 deportees on Kolyma, return to home has so far been impossible.

I should mention here that for the majority of them the word "home" is a pure abstraction. The deportee was cut off from communication with his family, which was not even informed of his death. Besides, all members of a deportee's family were themselves automatically liable to deportation to different camps. So, as a measure of mental self-protection, the convict had to erase all hopes of a happy reunion, and to banish the very word "home" from his mind.

This was particularly true of the Chinese, Mongolian, Tibetan and Korean prisoners who, since the beginning of the Great China Purge in 1951, had arrived in growing numbers, until they formed more than 50 per cent of the slave population.

The slaves of Kolyma were not allowed to read newspapers, but prisoners employed in clerical jobs always snatched up bits of information from the radio. After the flight of the government from Moscow, the collapse of organized resistance could no longer be concealed. It led to mass desertions among the guards and a breakdown of discipline.

The first mutiny occurred at the camp of Elgen on the Taskan River, 155 miles northwest of Magadan. The slaves had got hold of an amount of high explosives used on road building, blew up the machine-gun towers and overpowered and killed the remaining guards. The heaviest losses were inflicted upon them not by the demoralized guards but by the pack of wolfhounds which were a standard feature of every Kolyma camp. That is how Berzin, the leader of the mutiny, had half his face lacerated and permanently paralyzed.

After taking possession of Elgen, the insurgents set out in trucks and jeeps, armed with the garrison's weapons, for Yagodnoye, the next big camp, 30 miles away. The guards at Yagodnoye were taken by surprise and surrendered. After a summary trial by the prisoners, all guards, with the exception of two who had a reputation for humaneness, were driven into the marshes and shot.

After Yagodnoye it was the turn of Talon, Balagannoye and finally of the capital, Magadan. Left without authority and directives, and fearful about their own future, the small MVD detachments accepted their fate resignedly and only resisted sporadically. The so-called free populations in Magadan and a few other centers were a tiny minority who were quick to turn their coats with the wind. After the fall of Magadan, the whole huge territory, from the Lena and Aldan Rivers to the Amur and the Pacific Ocean, became an administrative no man's land.

The second and much bloodier phase of the struggle was fought between the nascent Convicts' Republic and the common criminals who represented one fourth of the population of the camps. In all civilized countries, including czarist Russia, politi-

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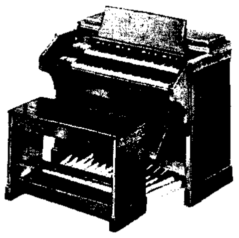

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cal prisoners have enjoyed preferential treatment over criminals. The totalitarian regimes reversed this procedure. In Nazi and Soviet concentration camps the common criminals were put in charge of internal administration as "*kapos,*" barrack elders and foremen of the labor brigades. Thus, the "*urki,*" as the Russian criminals call themselves, had a free hand to rob, brutalize and denounce the *kontry* and to work them to death in the brigades under their command. The *urki* were worse than the wolfhounds, and hardly more humane.

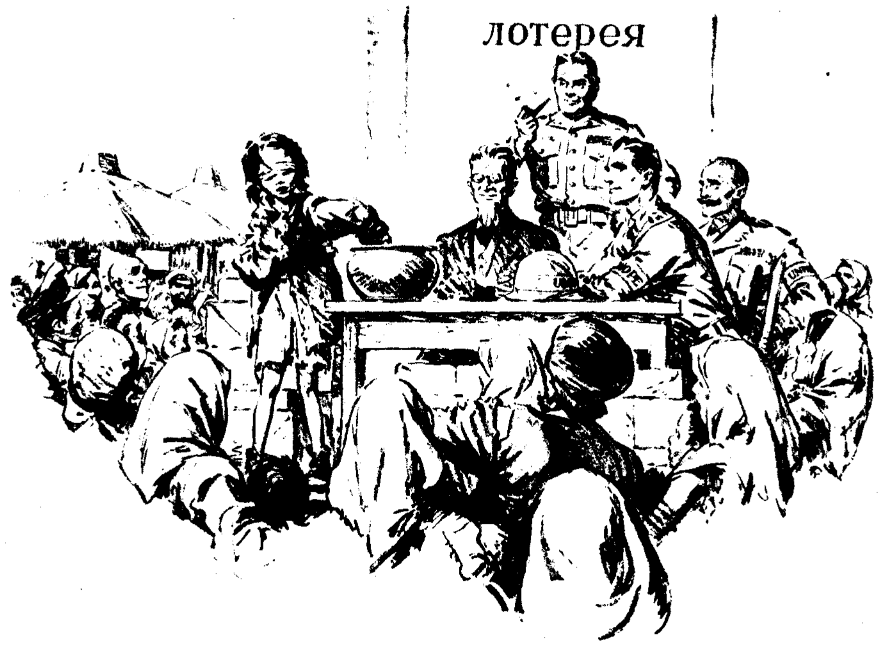
Kolyma, August 3d

After the rebellion, an attempt was made to integrate the *urki* into the new community, but failed. With the pressure of discipline gone, the criminals became an even more disruptive element who, through theft, drunkenness, rape and murder, made life intolerable. Then, during the polar night of 1957, a ghastly civil war was fought all over Kolyma which ended with the eviction of the *urki* from the cities and camps. Most of them perished in the *taiga;* a few went over to the politicals and were accepted; several thousand are said to have made their way to the inaccessible regions of the north where they lived by preying on the native hunting and fishing tribes—the *Chukchi* and others.

After that, Berzin and his colleagues could start bringing some semblance of order into the vast kingdom which had so unexpectedly fallen into their lap—a kingdom of some 2,000,000 starved and wretched convicts who found themselves temporarily in possession of the richest gold deposits on earth.

At the outbreak of the second World War, the Kolyma mines produced 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 ounces of gold per year; while the total output of the rest of the world, according to authoritative sources, was 32,000,000 ounces. Between the second and third war, the Kolyma output rose further, while gold production in the rest of the world declined; so the Convicts' Republic was in potential control of 20 to 30 per cent of the world's total.

Within the councils of the United Nations, nobody had foreseen this turn of events. In the general blueprint for the occupation period, all natural resources, mines and industries were to be administered by the Provisional Russian Government under the supervision of UNITOC. The Temporary Occupation Command was to see to it that a portion of the provisional government's revenues was set aside and held in escrow against future requirements within the framework of a long-term reconstruction and rehabilitation program.



WILLIAM REUSSWIG

UN's rehabilitation plan, to help children by placing them in homes all over world, was so popular that lotteries determined lucky ones

But the Provisional Russian Government's authority still ends roughly at the Urals; and the UN only controls such portions of Asiatic Russia as are under direct military occupation—Kamchatka, Sakhalin, Vladivostok and a few other scattered points. Thus, the only way of getting control of Kolyma would have been to land troops on the peninsula—a step which ran counter to the agreed plan and was fraught with the danger of international complications.

The future of the Kolyma gold was already the subject of bitter jealousies and intrigues among the Allies, as the Persian oil fields were for decades; besides, a sudden influx of 20 to 30 per cent of the world's gold production would have had a catastrophically disrupting effect on world economy. The godforsaken peninsula on its layer of geological ice thus became one of the biggest headaches for the victors.

The solution of the dilemma—and of a number of related problems—came with the founding of UNIHOPE. In retrospect, the decision to use the Kolyma gold for financing UNIHOPE's gigantic rehabilitation enterprise seems only logical; but to have taken this logical step at the time was a considerable feat of imagination and statesmanship—and one of the truly great decisions which shaped the future of mankind.

Kolyma, August 4th

Once this decision was taken, the problem of administering the peninsula ceased to be political dynamite, and became a question of technical efficiency. Evidently, the gold could only be mined by the men on the spot. The proclamation of the Autonomous Convicts' Republic, "pending the election by the Constituent National Assembly of an all-Russian central government, and until such a time as this elected government is capable of exerting effective control," was in accordance with Point Seven of the United Nations Temporary Occupation Charter—a product of the Denver Declaration—which encouraged the formation of *de facto* local administrations in liberated Asia.

In other respects, too, the proclamation of Berzin and his friends was reasonable and businesslike. It was mainly the work of Dr. Hsiao, a former professor of international law at the Peiping National Normal University who had been sentenced to 20 years for "counterrevolutionary, Trotskyite-Maoist propaganda," and had survived five years of Kolyma as a latrine cleaner.

The main points of the proclamation were that the "Temporary Administration"

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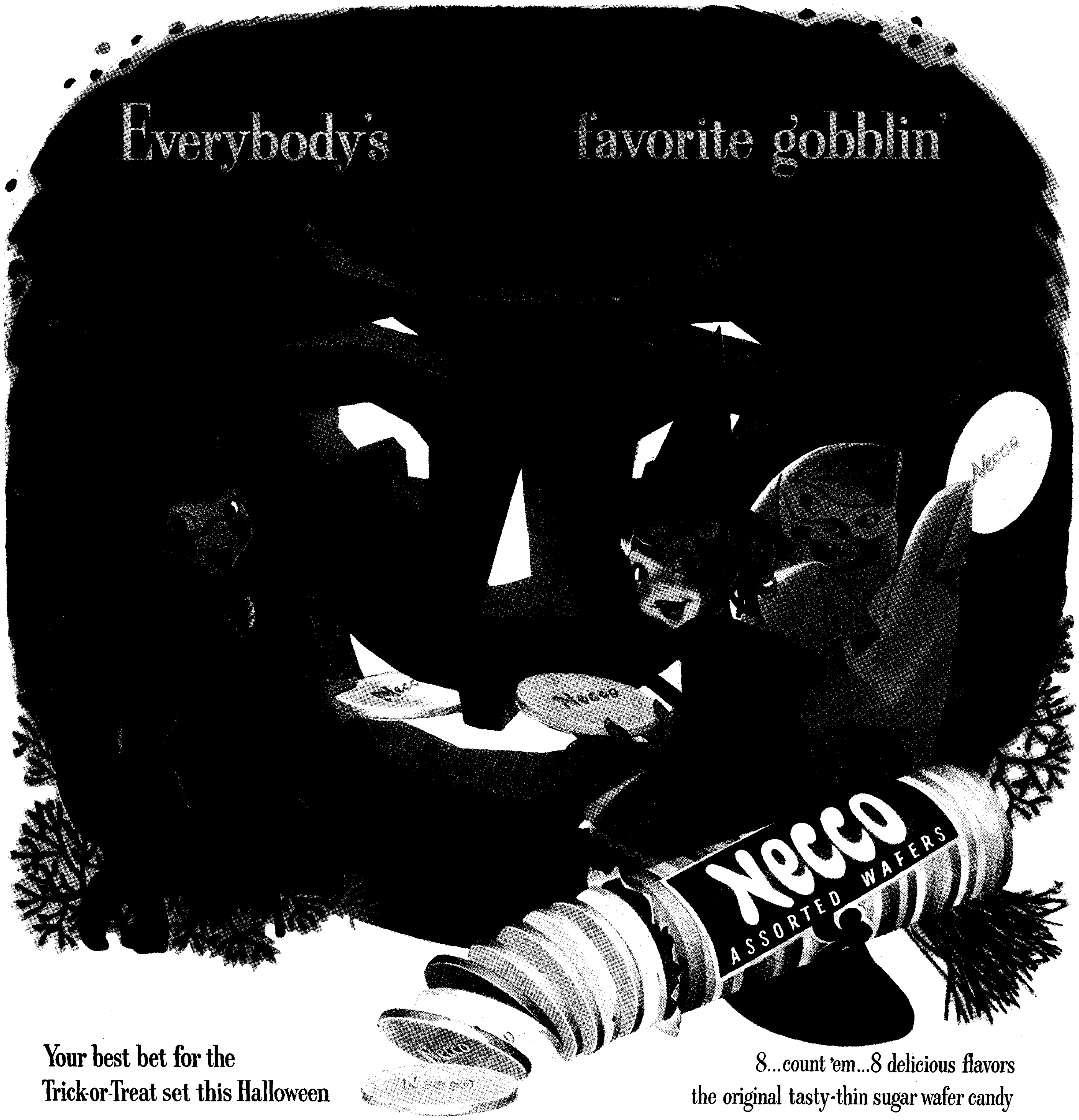
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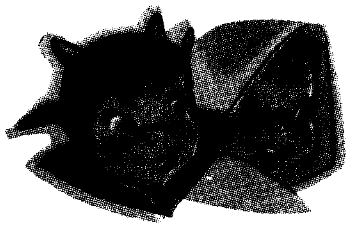
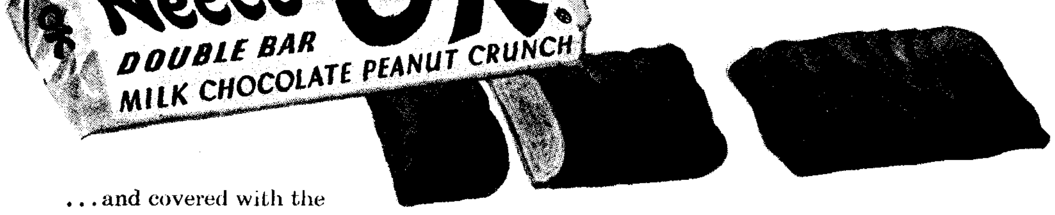
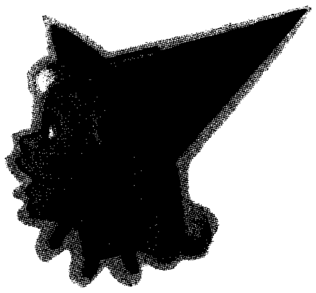



Necco
OK
DOUBLE BAR
MILK CHOCOLATE PEANUT CRUNCH



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Three days after the first radio communication had been received by UN headquarters, the first mission of UNIHOPE landed at the airport of Magadan. It was headed by Brigadier General Sir Robert Manningham-Ward, D.S.O., C.B.E., who had looked at this mission with some misgivings, and was agreeably surprised by the reception he met. In his first letter to Lady Manningham-Ward, he wrote:

"These convict leaders are not only eminently reasonable, but some of them, like Professor Hsiao, are delightful chaps. What's more, Hsiao has been to Eton and has managed to preserve his tie, but had to use it, I am sorry to say, for foot rags. He says it saved his remaining six toes."

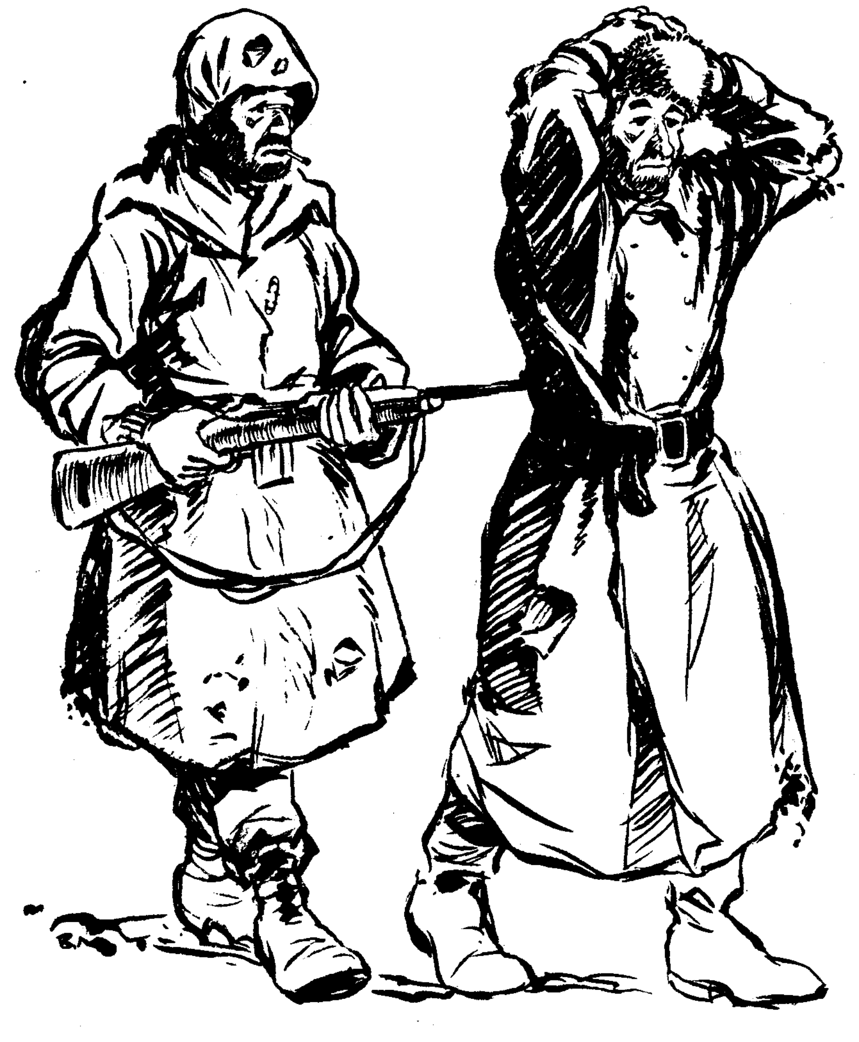
Kolyma, August 5th

Berzin's reputation was originally based on the fact that he was one of the handful of inmates of Elgen camp really guilty of the charge which led to his conviction. He was convicted at the age of sixteen under Articles 7, 10 and 11 of Paragraph 58 of the Soviet Criminal Code: Sedition; Counterrevolutionary Agitation and Propaganda; and Organization of Counterrevolutionary Groups. As a schoolboy in Odessa he had participated in the short-lived activity of a group of adolescents whose parents had fallen victims to the purge. The group called itself "Revenge for our Parents" and was promptly rounded up after issuing its first stenciled leaflet. He got 15 years which, after he had served them, were automatically extended by another 10.

The irony of Berzin's story is that his own parents had not been purged; he had joined the organization for the sake of his girl friend, Masha. After he was caught, his parents, both respected party members, were, of course, arrested too; he has never heard of them since. He is now forty-one years old, 25 of which were spent in the camp; an unparalleled record of longevity in Kolyma which made him into a legendary figure. He is short, stocky, has immense physical strength and a masklike face in which the only expression is caused by the discrepancy between the paralyzed half and the other. He speaks little and listens impassively to others; it is quite impossible to form an idea of the mental world in which he lives—the private universe of a man who for a quarter century has been a galley slave and has yet preserved his dignity and remained a man.

They say he is an "anarchist" though he himself never talks about politics. In this respect Berzin is not an exception. Hardly anyone among the ex-convicts to whom I talked is interested in politics, and most of them confess somewhat dubiously that they are "anarchists" and "followers of Tolstoi and Prince Kropotkin." If pressed for an explanation, they will say hesitantly that the source of all evil and the main enemy of man is the state; if the state were abolished, all would be well and all men become brothers. If you try to argue with them, they become confused and subside into silence.

The reason for this is, I believe, that their knowledge of "anarchism," as they understand it, is entirely vague and based on nebulous hearsay. The Chinese majority is mostly illiterate; those who come from the former Soviet Empire never had an op-



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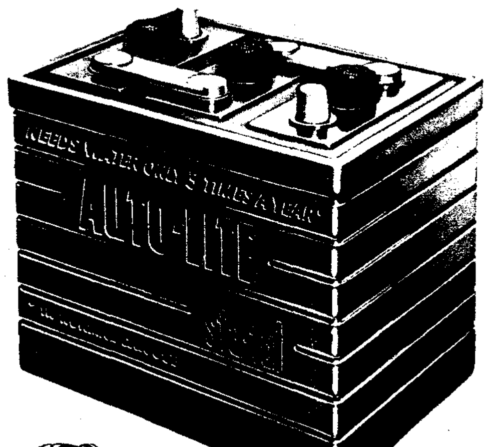

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portunity to read about anarchism—or any other "ism" except the official version of Communism. And from the moment of their arrest they were not allowed any reading matter at all—in Berzin's case since the age of sixteen. Thus, it is impossible for them to have any clear political ideas; politics, like most questions beyond their narrowed horizon, makes them feel bored and mentally helpless. Their minds, starved of reading, entertainment and contact with the outside world, have become sluggish; the amazing thing is that the intellect has not completely atrophied for lack of exercise.

Those who have spent more than 10 years here are afraid of going back into the world from which they have become estranged. Before their liberation, they worked 12 to 14 hours a day on starvation rations and under unimaginable conditions of hardship. Now they work six to seven hours, are well fed, clad and housed in a manner which seems to them undreamed luxury. But their physical and mental rehabilitation is a slow process, and many are past recovery in one way or another.

Immediately after the liberation, as food, medication and warm clothing began to pour in, the death rate, for a few weeks, rose steeply. Thousands of slaves who previously had kept a precarious hold on life by sheer instinct of survival died when the tension in them snapped and their will relaxed. A short while later, a wave of alcoholism swept Kolyma, until Berzin and his colleagues were forced to resort to prohibition. Other fashions and crazes followed. To be constantly hurried by the guards and *urki* had become second nature to the *kontry,* so that they did not know what to do with the long hours of leisure which were suddenly theirs.

Boredom and restlessness, particularly during the months of the polar night, led to a mania for gambling, knitting and embroidery; the men also took to keeping many animal pets and to the preparation of complicated culinary inventions—the longer it took to prepare these dishes, the better.

Kolyma, August 6th

One of the curiosities of Kolyma is the immense popularity of the "storytellers" who, in the absence of books, had become a standing institution in all Soviet prisons and labor camps. The storyteller rarely invented his yarn; mostly he gave his own version of novels and stories which he had read in bygone days. Thus, the age of slavery had led to a revival of the ancient bards.

In the camps, the storyteller was the only person whose life and possessions were safe even from criminals. In the free Convicts' Republic he has become a highly paid professional. Having lost the reading habit, large numbers of the workers prefer to gather in the evenings in the recreation room to listen to the bard's condensed, but all the more colorful, version of Anna Karenina, Hamlet or The Arabian Nights.

Kolyma, August 8th

The main problem, and an unsolved one, which prevents return to full normality is the absence of women. The proportion of female to male prisoners in the camps was about one to a hundred. This led to certain developments otherwise only found in primitive societies. One of them is polyandry—several husbands sharing one woman —and a cult of womanhood that has all the earmarks of an emergent matriarchy.

Kolyma, August 9th

Five years have passed since the mutiny of Elgen brought liberation to the slaves of Kolyma. Even this sketchy report may convey an idea of the deep injuries which the bodies and souls of these men have suffered, of the slowness of the process of recovery, and the great number of those in whom the human substance has deteriorated beyond repair. If one considers the total of over 20,000,000 former slaves, and the mental deformation of the so-called "free citizens"—then one wonders what another two or three generations of this regime would have done to the human species.

But there is a certain comfort in the thought that although we wanted to avoid this war at almost any price, it was the Soviet regime itself which, by running amuck, forced us to destroy it; that apparently there is a law which compels such regimes to commit suicide in their insatiable lust for power. All tyrannies carry the seed of their own destruction—but at what price, at what terrible price for humanity . . .

Kolyma, August 10th

Hsiao gave a small party in his house; Berzin was there and two other members of the Temporary Administration. One was a tall, fidgety man, a former schoolteacher from Latvia, who is in charge of the public re-education program; he made a somewhat dispirited impression.

The other was Mother Seraphimova, an old Russian peasant woman with a wrinkled face and young eyes, who hardly said a word during the whole evening and probably understood little of what was said, but whose presence radiated a strange feeling of peace and quietude. Seraphimova is illiterate and has no particular function in the government, but she was unanimously elected because of this undefinable quality which seems to have a purifying effect on everybody who comes in contact with her. In short, she is perhaps as nearly a saint as people can be at this time and in this place. I ought to mention here that every slave camp seemed to have its "saint" just as it had its storyteller.

We drank tea and talked; the conversation was rather halting. Toward the end of the evening I asked Hsiao what the main lesson was which Kolyma had taught him. He smiled embarrassedly; it was then that Seraphimova spoke for the first time. She said:

"Show him your pictures."

Hsiao rose and came back after a little while with some ink drawings which he had made. They were landscapes in the classic Chinese tradition: a few of the sad, sparse larch trees of Kolyma; tattered men being marched to work; in the background the monotonous sky line of the *taiga,* and the desolate cliffs which close in the harbor of Magadan.

"They are quite unworthy," said Hsiao, actually blushing. "But this is what Kolyma taught me."

He pointed a thin, narrow finger at the figures in the foreground, and then I saw what he meant. The men and the trees in the landscape had shadows. From time immemorial, Chinese painters had made their pictures without shadows in them.

"You see," he explained, "for three months in summer the sun never sets in Kolyma. The light is almost horizontal; so the objects throw very long shadows. One day I suddenly *saw* these shadows and I discovered that my picture would not be complete without them; so I put them in. For a painter grown up in the classic Chinese tradition, this is a very daring and revolutionary thing to do. All real revolutions happen in the eyes and minds of people. They will happen as long as there are men—even in Kolyma. Everything else is of little importance."

Moscow, August 15th

Back from Kolyma.

I must have caught some kind of fever in the gnat-infested swamps, for last night I was plagued by a recurrent nightmare. I dreamed that UNIHOPE, and the free Convicts' Republic, and the rescue of the children, and the Great Lottery, only existed in my own imagination—a dream born out of frustration and despair; and that, in reality, vengefulness, rapacious greed and blindness of the heart have made the victors repeat the blunders of the past and throw away humanity's last chance of salvation. I woke up, drenched in cold sweat, among the crawling bedbugs.

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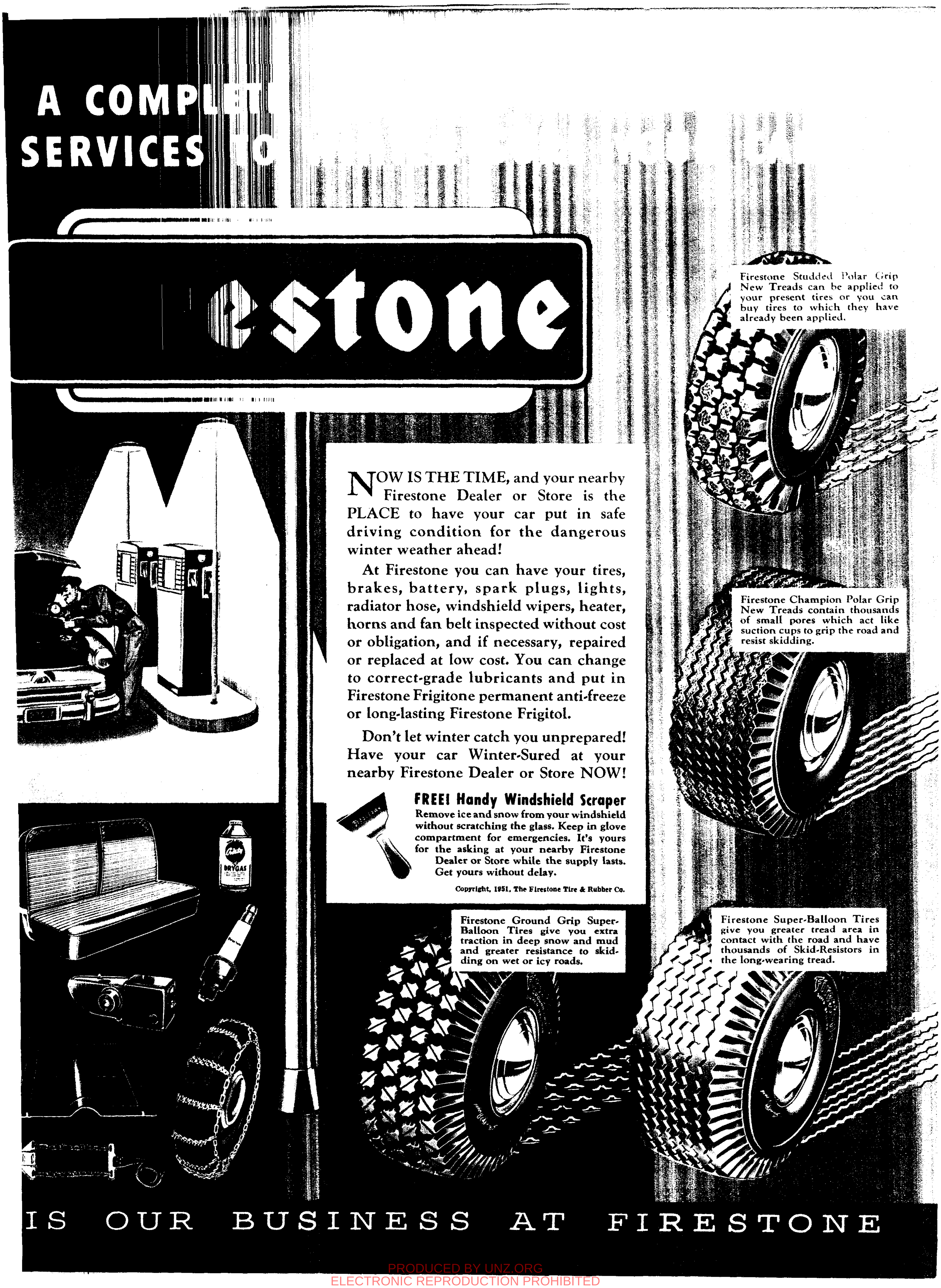

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The Curtain Rises . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

products previously imposed upon these people. This was inevitable, although it astonished those Western commentators who had imagined that the Russians, and especially the younger generation, had been completely conditioned by Stalinism. (They had forgotten how comparatively small the party was, and how deeply resistant the human mind and spirit—and not least the Russian—are to such mechanical devices.)

Many Russian writers and artists, feeling themselves in danger of being neglected, made haste to follow this fashion. Some of them tried to be more American than Hollywood itself. These still exist, and are frequently referred to as the "Hot Dog Group." But they are no longer taken seriously by the critics or the more thoughtful folk here, who may now be said to be divided between two later groups, strongly and even bitterly opposed.

To understand these two groups it is necessary to remember Russian history and the unique situation and character of the Russian people. The Russians are neither ordinary Europeans nor (and this is a commoner mistake) Orientals. They are Russians, the people of the harsh Eastern plain, a folk cut off for centuries from the main stream of European history, a race of introverts, tough and yet dreamy, who often realized their backwardness as a nation and yet believed themselves to have a unique and perhaps mystical destiny. (A people totally unfitted for a Marxist revolution, but easily persuaded into believing that they might save the world.)

As their great nineteenth-century literature shows us, Russian intellectuals have always been divided between those who felt that Russia should make haste to learn from the West, and those who held that Russia, by being true to herself, could create a way of life richer and deeper, altogether more satisfying, than anything the West knew. This division could be found even among the Communists themselves. And with the disappearance of the Communists, this division plays the most important part in Russian intellectual and artistic life.

Both these large groups could be subdivided, and I have heard great argument about these subdivisions at the Writers' Club today. But here I propose to ignore them, otherwise the picture becomes too confusing; and I will lump together those who look to the West and will call them the European Group, reserving the title of the Slavs for the opposing group, who believe that Russia must work out her own special salvation. Both groups were well represented at the club today, although some of the most important members of the Slavs were absent, chiefly because they are suspicious of Moscow and prefer to remain in the provinces. But then, some of the best-known Europeans avoid Moscow too, and regard Petrograd, as it is now called, as their capital city.

The Europeans must not be confused with those writers and artists who made haste, after the war, to follow the fashion for everything American. They do not despise Anglo-Saxon culture, as the Slavs tend to do; but they have returned to the nineteenth-century Russian habit of looking toward Central Europe and France. Superficially, these Europeans seem the most revolutionary group here, and it is they who have given us the New Expressionism and so much of the recent work, especially in fiction and the drama and opera, that has startled and sometimes fascinated us in New York and London. They have created an atmosphere like that of Berlin and Moscow 40 years ago, when everything was wildly experimental, dazzling and bold, but not profound.

After being so long confined to the official themes and narrowly conventional techniques of Socialist Realism, many middle-aged writers, painters and composers have gone romping in their new freedom toward sheer grotesque absurdity, and of course they have been followed by a large proportion of the younger artists. Among these are a surprising number of women. Perhaps one ought not to be surprised, remembering the great vitality of Russian women, but there were so few feminine writers of any reputation in Soviet Russia, that one tends to forget that many women of great talent must have been only waiting for freedom.

There are, however, more women of distinction in the opposite group, the Slavs. Indeed, in my opinion, this is the group that will soon produce the most work of the highest quality (already seen in Urnov's new book, The Steel Forest) and will return Russia to the high place it held in the latter half of the nineteenth century. These Slavs are not imitating anybody or anything from outside Russia. Their contribution to the world's culture is unique, like that of Gogol, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Chekhov, Musorgski, Tchaikovsky. At the moment much of their work may be too obscure, self-tormented, dubiously mystical, for our taste.

The fact that they reject with disdain our whole Western way of life may leave us suspicious or offended. (Those I met today were pleasant enough, but made it all too clear that my plays and novels were not for them.) Some of them would seem to most of us fantastic and laughable, like the more foolish characters in Dostoevski and Chekhov. But slowly, often painfully, they are searching the great deep of the Russian spirit—that famous Soul which was not even to be mentioned when the Communists were in power, but which came rushing into the talk, even in those days, when the hour was late, the police spies had gone, and the last bottle of vodka had been opened.

And though they will have none of me and my kind—and I do not blame them, for now they must preserve their independence, their essential Russianness—I pin my faith on these Slavs, and prophesy here and now that in the final quarter of this century Russian fiction, drama, music, will dazzle and delight the world as they did a hundred years before.

Moscow, July 6th

Too many performances in the newly improvised theaters, too many late nights with directors and actors, too much talk. The actors, of course, are superb, as they were even during the worst days of the Soviet regime, which, however, banished or imprisoned many fine directors, like Meyerhold, who would not follow the party line.

The Moscow Art Theater still runs its two companies—thank Heaven, for it is the best in the world—and one of them is doing repertory Chekhov, and the other is alternating between Wilder's Our Town and Sheridan's School for Scandal. The huge Red Army Theater Company, now called the New World, has a surprisingly good production of Guys and Dolls, which I enjoyed almost as much as I did the original show in New York years ago. Incidentally, the Russian title is *Bezdelniki i Zhenshchiny*, which literally translated means "Idlers and Women." The gigantic Bolshoi Theater, home of opera and ballet, is still being rebuilt; and the production of Eugen Onegin which I looked in at, in a converted trade-union hall, had not the old size and splendor.

There seem to be far more small moving-picture theaters than there used to be; and more of them are showing old copies of American, British and French films—I noticed among them Olivier's Henry the Fifth and Danny Kaye's The Secret Life of Walter Mitty. Yesterday morning I managed to see a new Russian film made at Tashkent and, although it moved rather too ponderously for my taste, it had a strange exciting quality, rather like that of a clear dream. It fulfilled all the promises made to me

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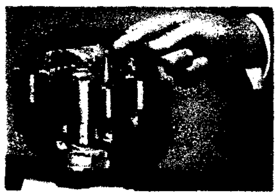

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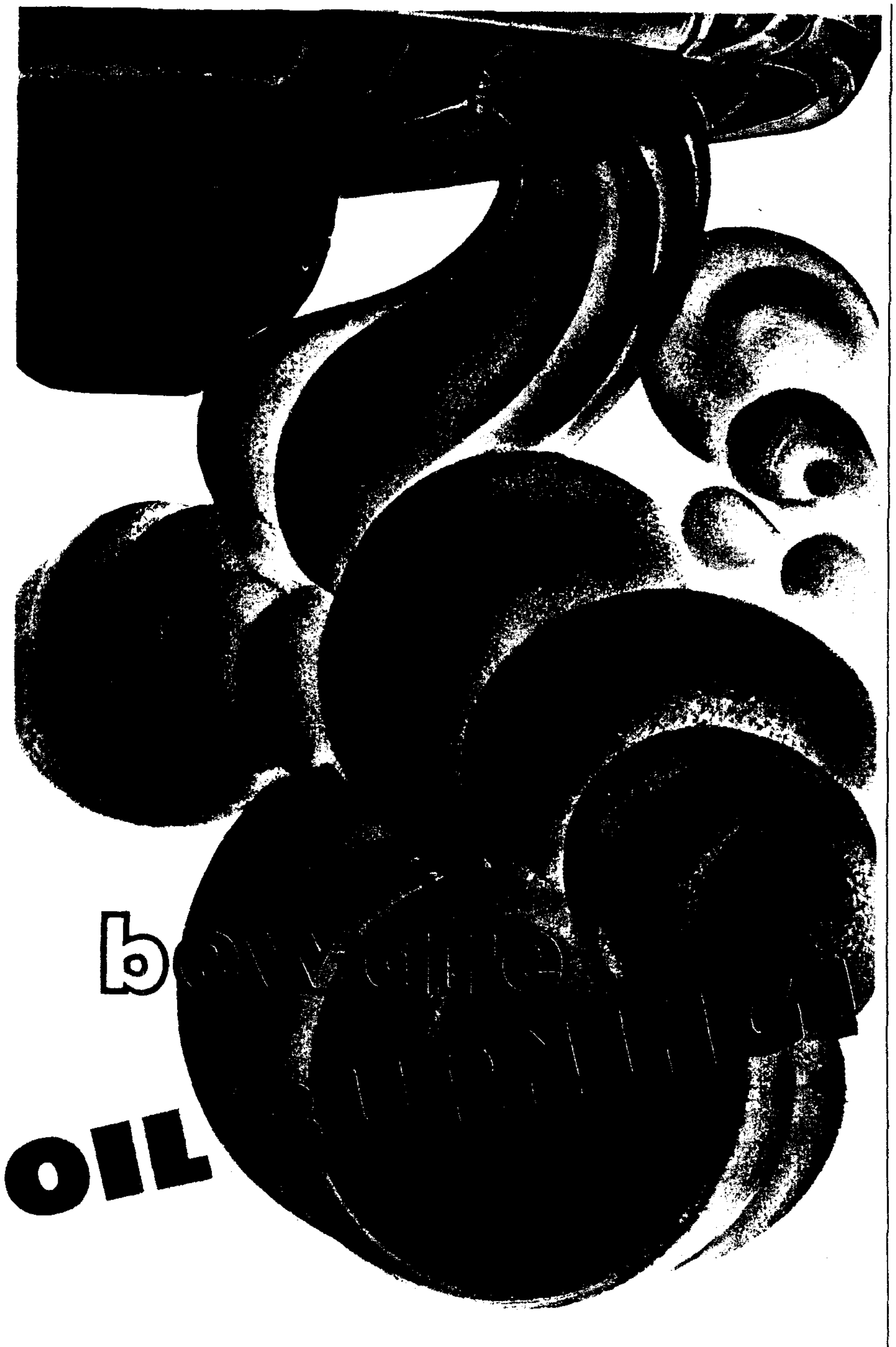

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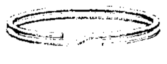

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last week by some script writers at the club.

But the theater is still the big thing here. I have seen five new plays, three of them by Russian dramatists (two of them belonging to the European Group, the other to the Slavs), one by an Armenian woman and one by a young Siberian of great talent, Vsevolod Ivanovich Babushkin, an enthusiastic Slav, with whom I had supper. He is a fantastic youth; and he made me feel about two hundred years old; but if within these next 10 years he is not regarded as one of the world's leading dramatists, then I no longer understand the theater.

I could not help remembering how, when I was here 15 years ago, Eisenstein told me I ought to be kept in Russia to teach their playwrights the elements of play construction. He would not say such a thing now. These new plays are very different from the clumsy and diffuse things he and I saw.

The trouble with the Soviet playwrights was that they had too few mental resources in their theater and too many physical resources. So long as they clamped themselves to the party platform, writing with a superficial optimism quite foreign to the Russian character, these playwrights could have as many actors, sets, fancy effects as they wanted, with the result that they spent little or no time aiming at the dramatic economy that the theater demands. (There were exceptions, of course, especially among the few writers of comedy.)

Now the Moscow playwrights have learned to be economical with characters and sets, and have taught themselves construction. Two of the theaters I have visited were theaters-in-the-round, with arena stages, following the New York and London fashions; but although this method of staging suits most Russian actors, who welcome a close, intimate audience, most playgoers here prefer the picture-frame stage with its elaborate sets. There are some very fine stage designers here, bold and imaginative, like Bakst at his best.

On the whole, stage people have come through the difficulties and dangers of the last years better than any other professional folk, except perhaps musicians. Only those directors, actors, actresses and ballerinas who went out of their way to stand well with the Communists have been disgraced.

I had one late night with the musicians, hearing the New Moscow Philharmonic give the first performance of a Rhapsody for Two Pianos and Full Orchestra, by a young man called Panfilov from Odessa. A dashing work, scored with great brilliance, but to my mind falling well below those astonishingly massive symphonies (as Russian as Musorgski was but with an architectural quality he never knew) that Mozhukin has been giving the world. I talked to Mozhukin for a few minutes—he is one of those truncated giants, with a leonine head, who so often turn up as composers or conductors—and he told me he was at work now on his Fifth Symphony, in D Major.

"It has no agony, no sadness," he said. "That is finished. It is full of morning light, the beginning of a happy hot day, children running out into the sunlight." The great conductor, Charles Münch of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is here, and confirmed my opinion that the strings of these orchestras have an incredibly rich warm tone, but that the brass and wood winds, especially the latter, are still inferior to those in our chief Western orchestras. But what was exciting him was the combination of folk music and dancing in what are still called the Ensembles; and it was he who said I must go down to Kiev.

Kiev, July 9th

The Ukraine has its own atmosphere, and it is quite different from that of Russia. It is more immediately appealing, being rich, like the soil, in fertility, splendid color, hearty living and humor, but lacks the ultimate strange glamor, like that of some Snow Queen, of Russia herself. The city is not as badly knocked about as it was in World War II, and most of the villages I saw seemed to be intact.

There is a tremendous amount of creative energy being released here. Novels, critical works, poems, plays, operas and ballets seem to come swelling out of the very earth like pumpkins. Nothing first-rate yet, perhaps; but I have always believed that when a whole community takes to the arts, sooner or later the great stuff arrives, nourished by the communal spirit.

Some of the work is still on American-*cum*-European lines, following the immediate postwar fashion; but the bulk of it, and the best, is folk-nationalist art, which has found an enormous release after the Soviet debacle. It is true that some superficial encouragement was given by the Communists to folk music and dancing here; but, as one of their oldest and most distinguished poets said to me, "The Ukraine found itself in a cold prison built by those gloomy conspirators in power; and the very sunlight outside looked different. Now we are ourselves again."

There have been times, during these last three days, when I have felt that I have wandered into a huge ballet, bursting with color and clanging sound. How Rabelais would have enjoyed himself here! Perhaps they will produce a new Rabelais. Anyhow, I will gladly bet that some earthy, humorous giant will soon emerge, to startle and delight us all. But I feel that I am at least twenty years too old for this dazzling and uproarious scene; and tomorrow I will fly to Petrograd and the cool quiet North, with a feeling of relief that I must take care not to show—bless their hearts!

Petrograd, July 14th

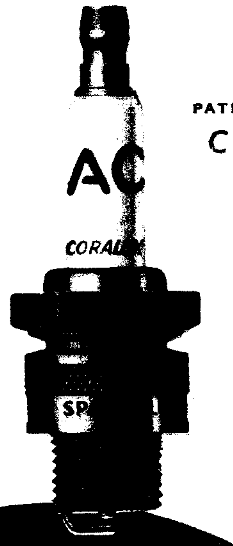
Thank the Lord this city, to my mind one of the most beautiful cities in the world, was not destroyed. All the pale-tinted palaces glimmering above the Neva are still here. So are the old Savoy Hotel, where I am staying, and the university with its immense corridor, where the students crowded to greet me. There are some good men and women teaching in this university, and I have had much valuable talk with them.

The Slav Group, centered as it always was on Moscow or the distant provincial capitals, is not well represented here. This city was always the doorway to the West. But the European Group is not the same here as it is in Moscow. They do not look to Central Europe or try the same wild experiments in writing, stagecraft, painting (still the least satisfying of the arts in Russia, although I saw some fascinating new work from the South, influenced by old Armenian and Byzantine models) that we find in Vienna and Budapest and Prague.

They are searching for a new Northern manner, of which I had some glimpses. Perhaps the only way to describe it is to say that it is roughly the equivalent in writing, the theater and music, of the Swedish style in architecture and furnishing. It is cool and clean-cut, without being too severely functional, and is essentially Northern in feeling. But of course these people are still Russians, and they will give this style their own twist, their own dark warmth.

And this must be my last word for the present: that the Russians are Russians, the people of the great Eastern plain. Clearly, we were wise not to "re-educate" them on Western democratic lines. They are not people trying to catch up with us. Their whole history and outlook are too wildly different. The best of them, from whom most may be expected, have already rejected much of what we offer them. They must go their own way.

It is far removed from the Marx-Lenin-Stalin way, which was never really theirs, which indeed was the reverse of what they have always wanted. They want to search their own souls, whereas under the Communists they were forbidden to search and were told they had no souls. They want to express what they find in those depths, as they did a century ago; and it is my confident belief that when these Slavs, now so conscious of themselves, do find their most characteristic forms of expression, forms that will be at once strange and delightful to us, they will enrich the whole wondering world. THE END



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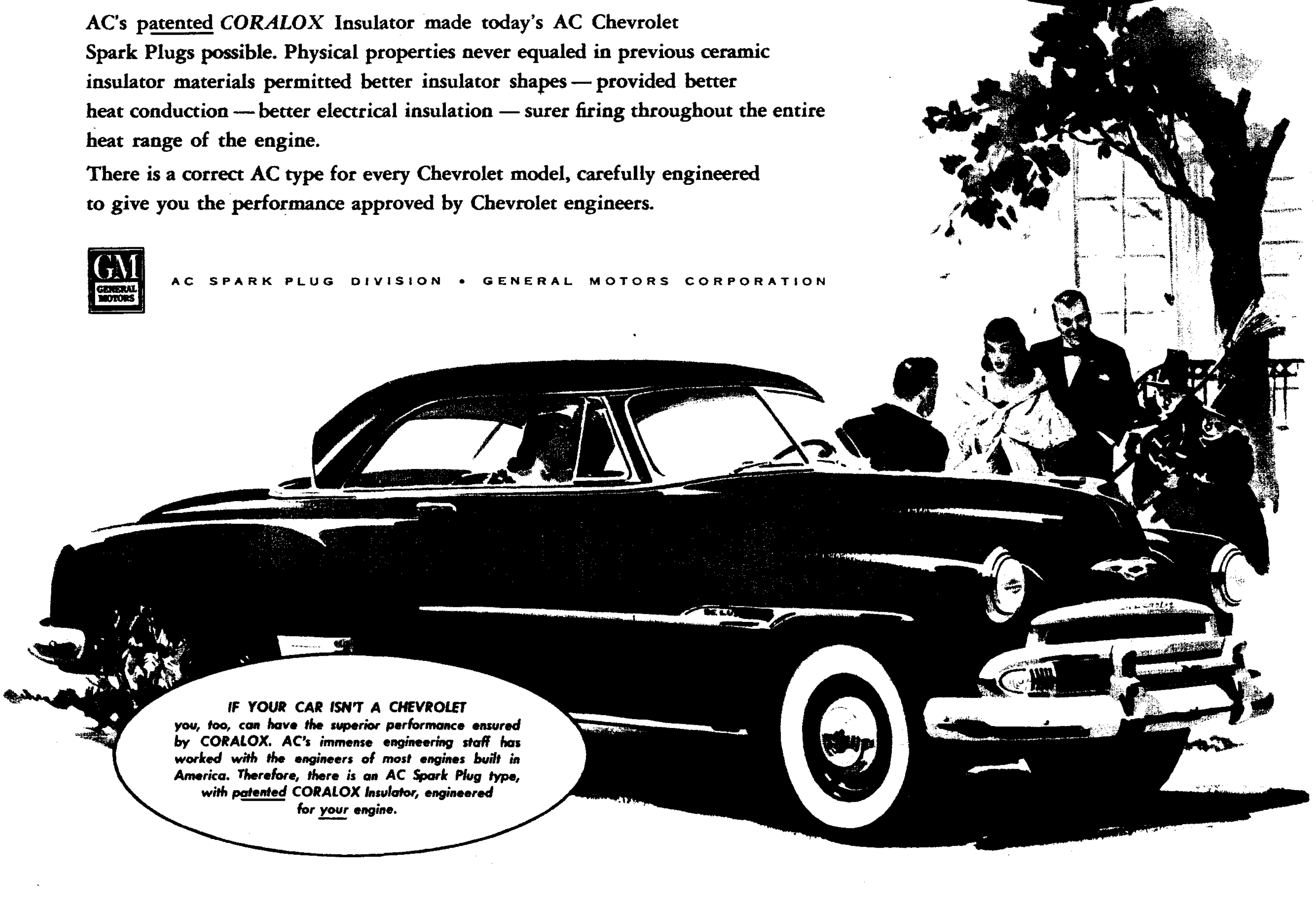

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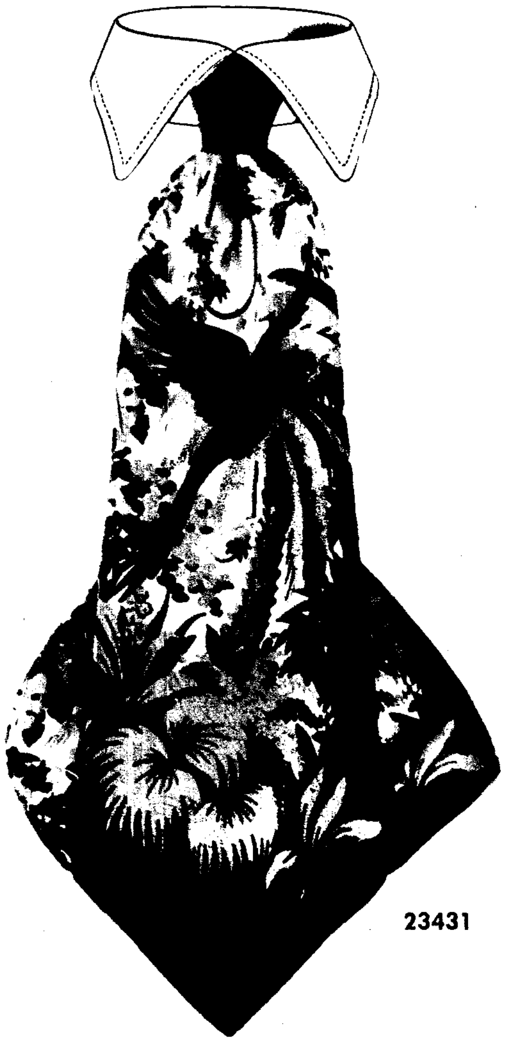

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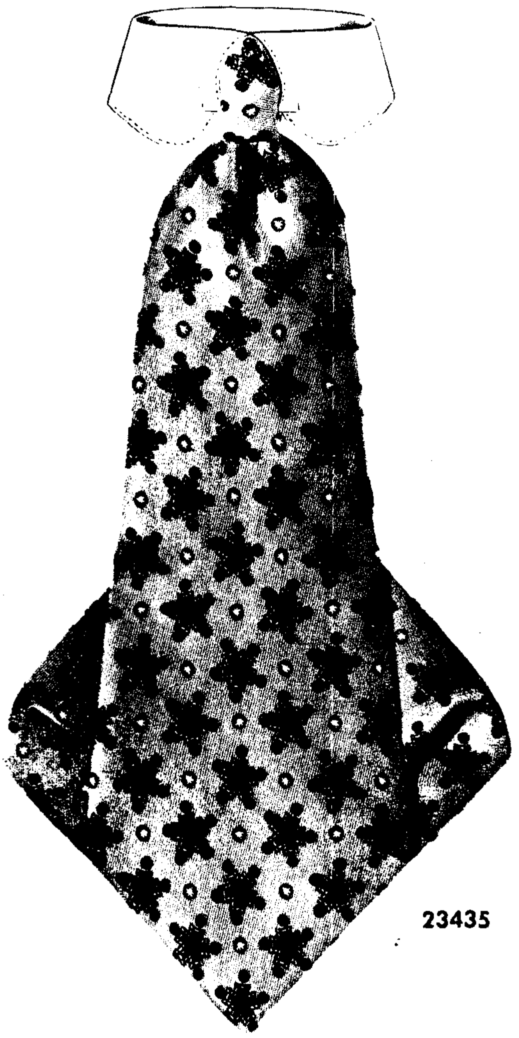

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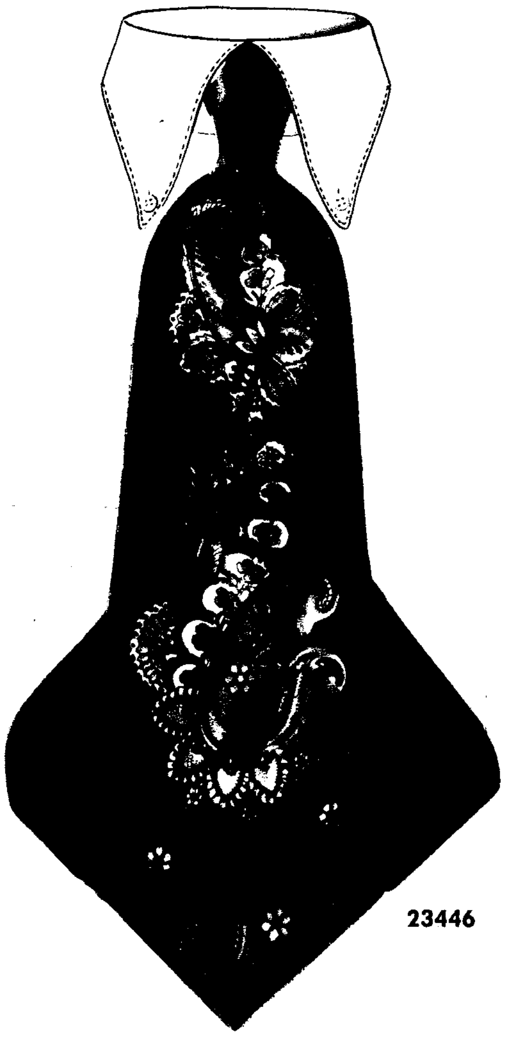

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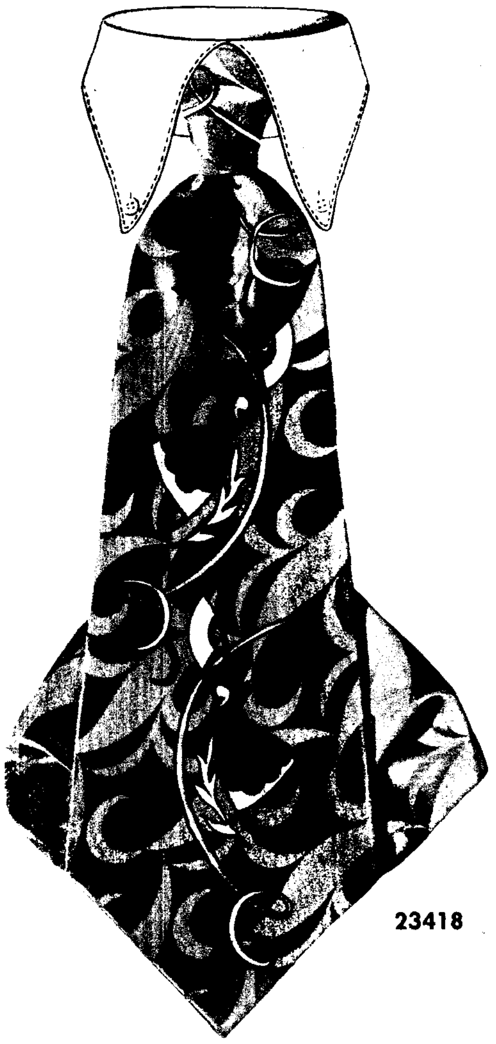

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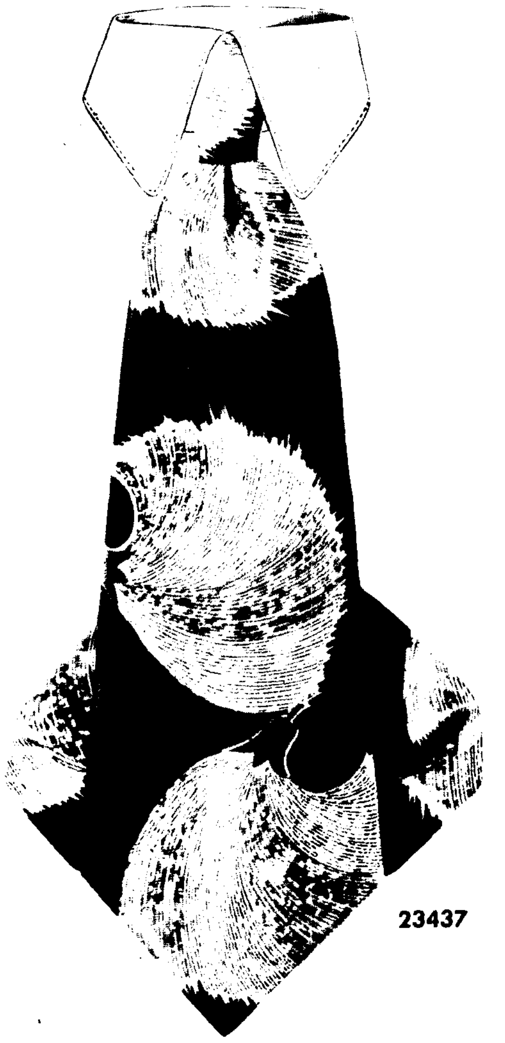

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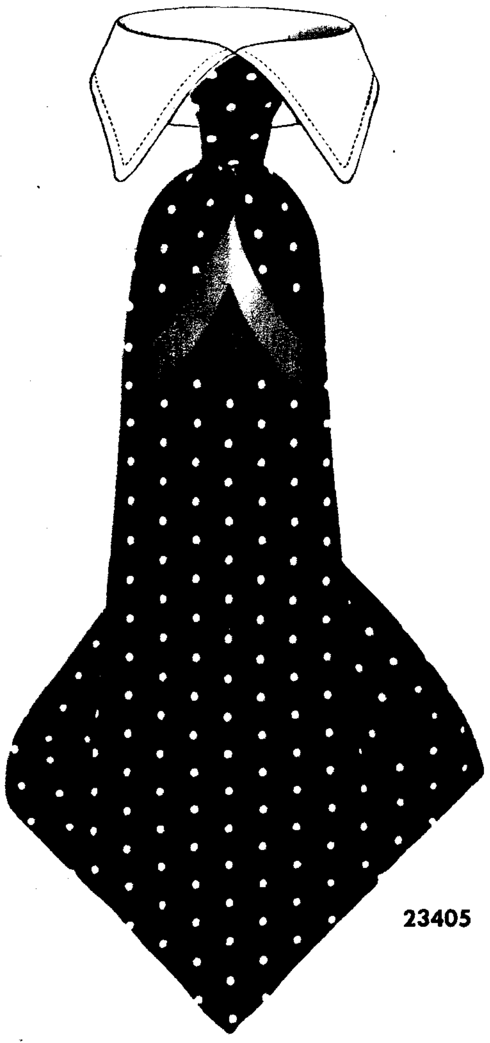

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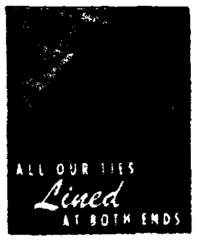

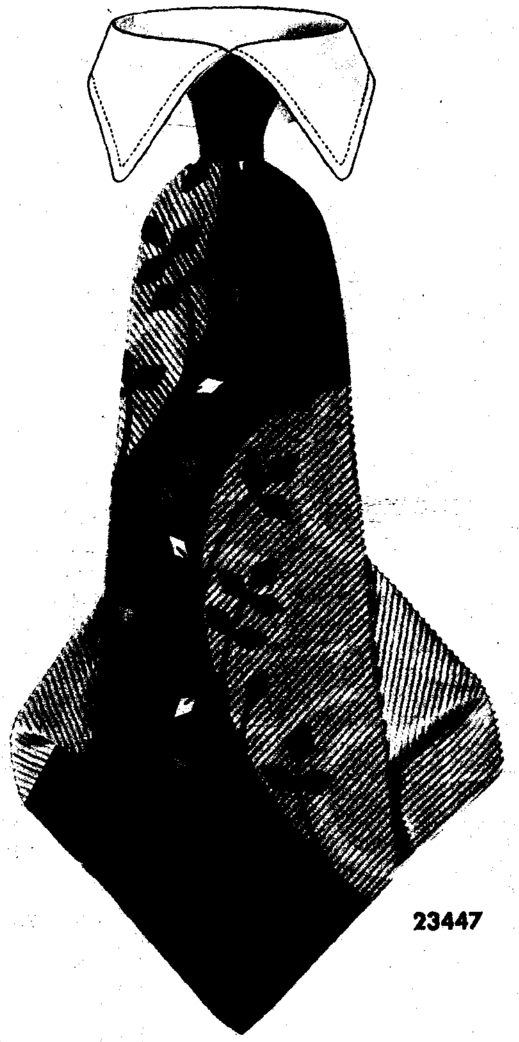
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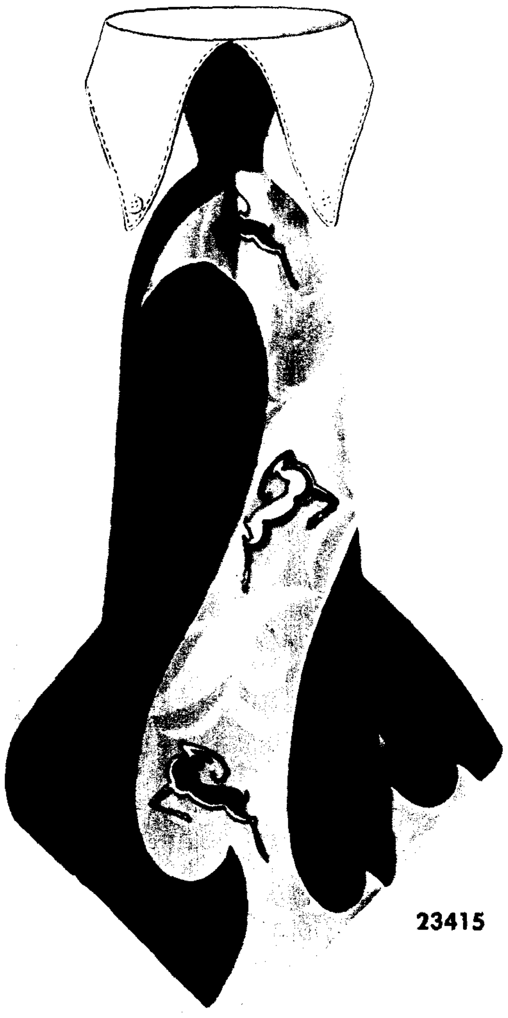
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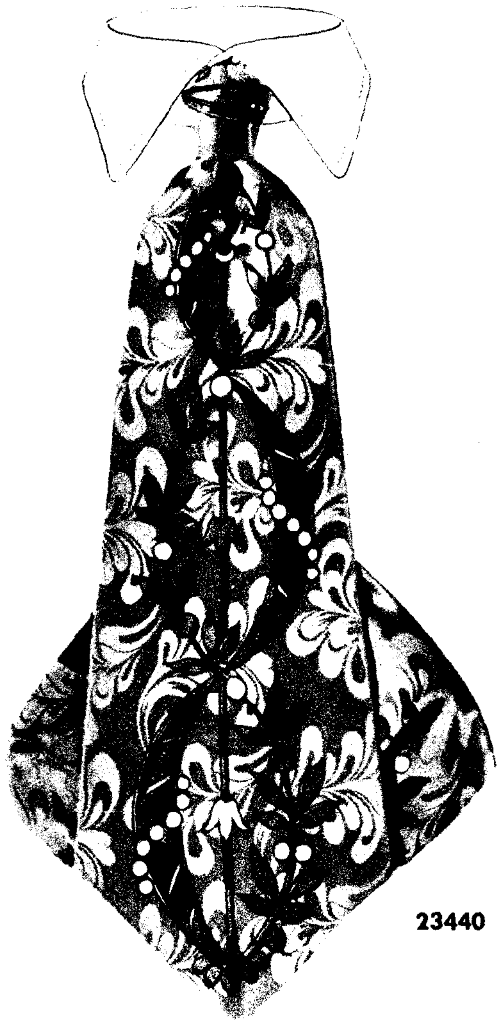
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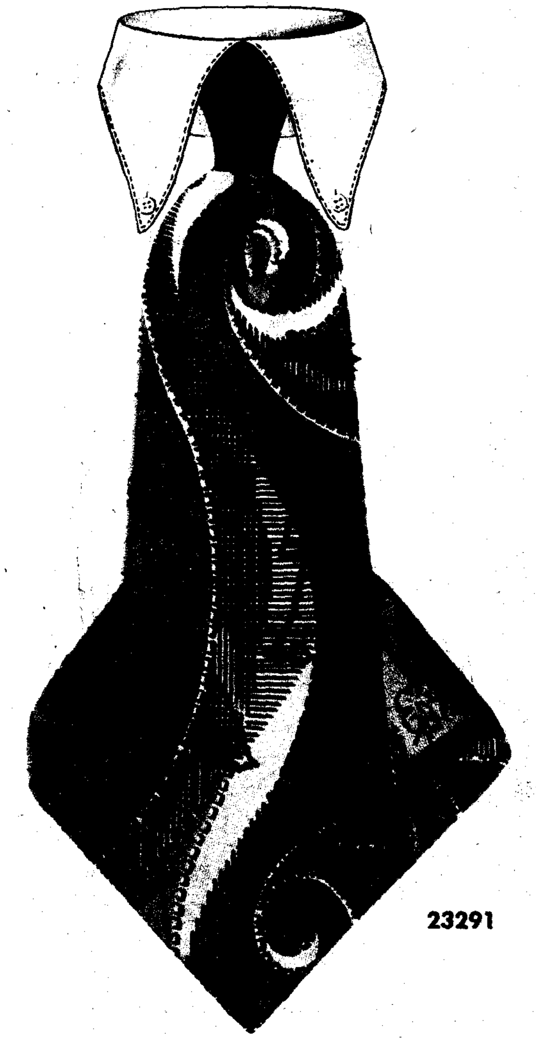
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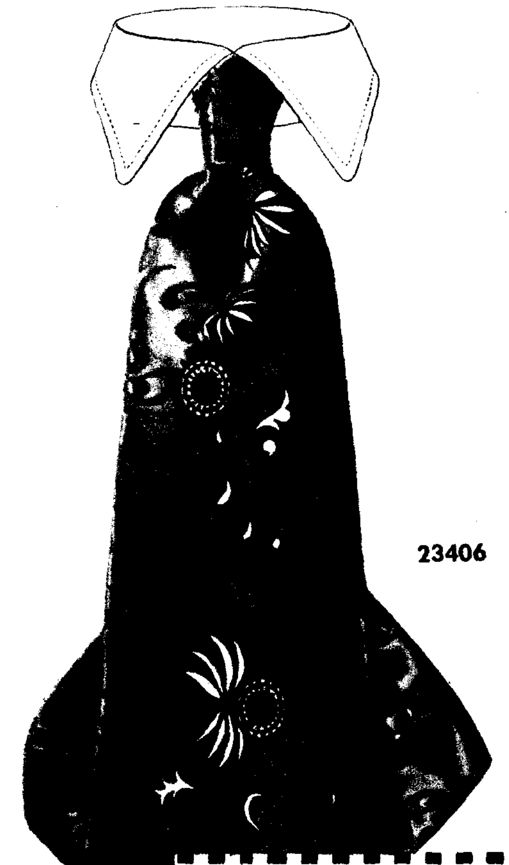
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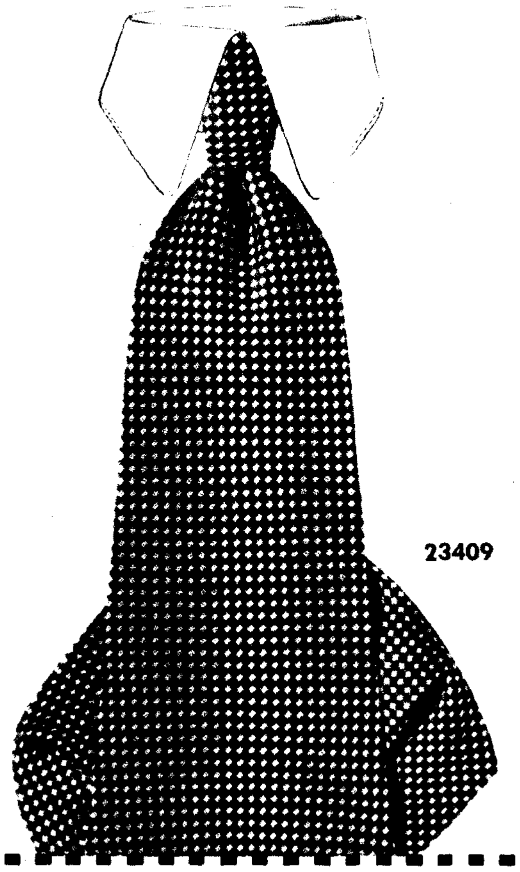
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The Third World War

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Here was another historic instance of propaganda acting as a boomerang; the Soviet troops had been so stuffed with word pictures of the unutterable horrors of the atomic bombs with which the peace of the world was being "menaced by war-mongering imperialists" that when these simple soldiers had atomic energy hurled at them from close range they believed they were involved in the ultimate calamity, the end of the life of mankind here on earth.

The Red Armies were stopped, at least temporarily, on the ground in Western Europe. However, the mounting optimism in the U.S. was blasted in April, 1953, when it became apparent that the Reds had produced a new stockpile of atomic bombs and were ready to use them with increased fury against American targets. New York, Chicago, Detroit, and Hanford, Washington, were hit again; Philadelphia was hit with disastrous damage to the Navy Yard across the river in Camden and the obliteration of Independence Hall—"the Cradle of Liberty."

Albany, New York, was hit by a bomb which we learned later was intended for the General Electric plant at Schenectady.

The atomic bomb that was earmarked for delivery on Pittsburgh actually hit the tiny village of Unity five miles away, a community of 513 souls, 472 of whom were killed. A few days later the few survivors had put up a crudely lettered signboard on Route 80 which proudly told passing military convoys, *"Nobody ran out of Unity in station wagons."*

After the second atomic bombing of New York (this time the bomb hit the lower part of the city between the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges), Moscow exultantly announced that the crew of the lead bomber had been returned safely to the U.S.S.R. This statement seemed incredible at the time, but it was later proved to be true. The Red pilot had flown 50 miles to sea, successfully ditched his aircraft, and he and four others of the crew of 12 were picked up by a U.S.S.R. submarine. The Soviets evidently attempted to repeat this stunt at other points, but they soon realized that the lives of their airmen were of far less importance than the risks run by their submarines.

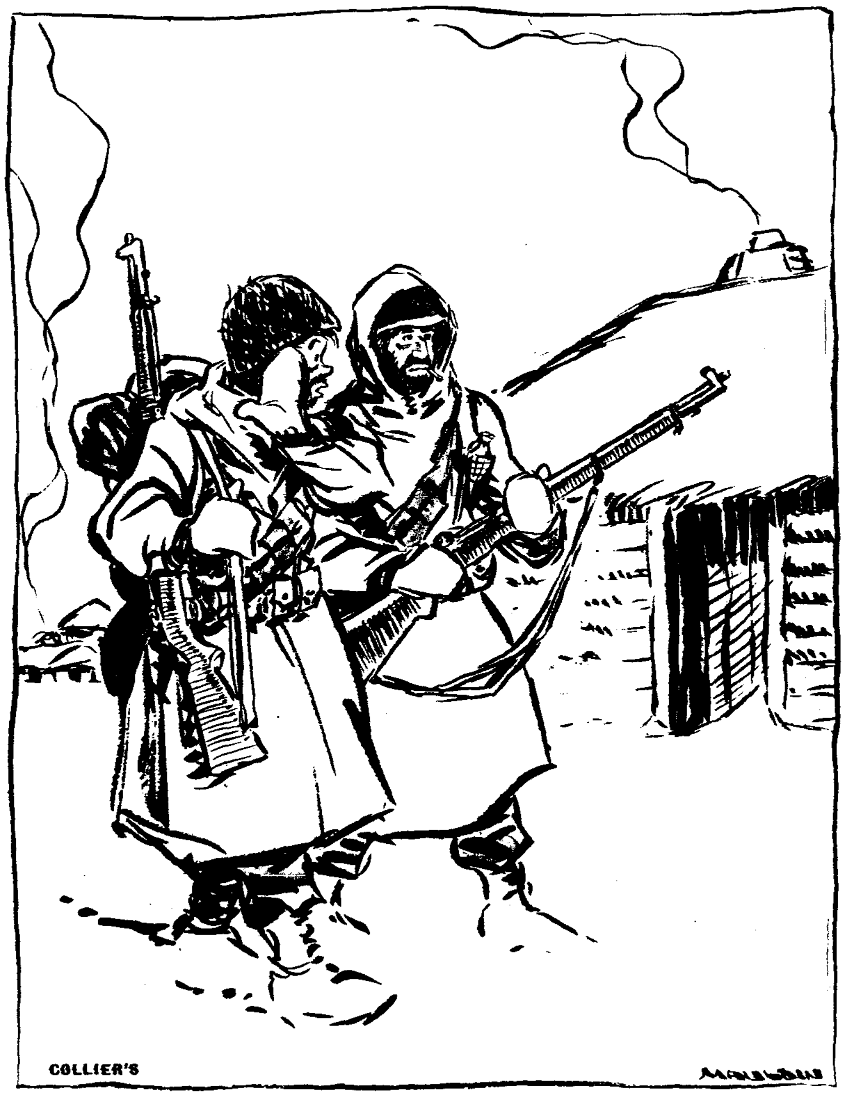
* * *

On May 10, 1953, the first anniversary of the start of the third World War, a Soviet atomic bomb was detonated over Washington. Originally aimed for the Capitol, the A-bomb exploded approximately one mile away at 11th and D Streets, S.W.

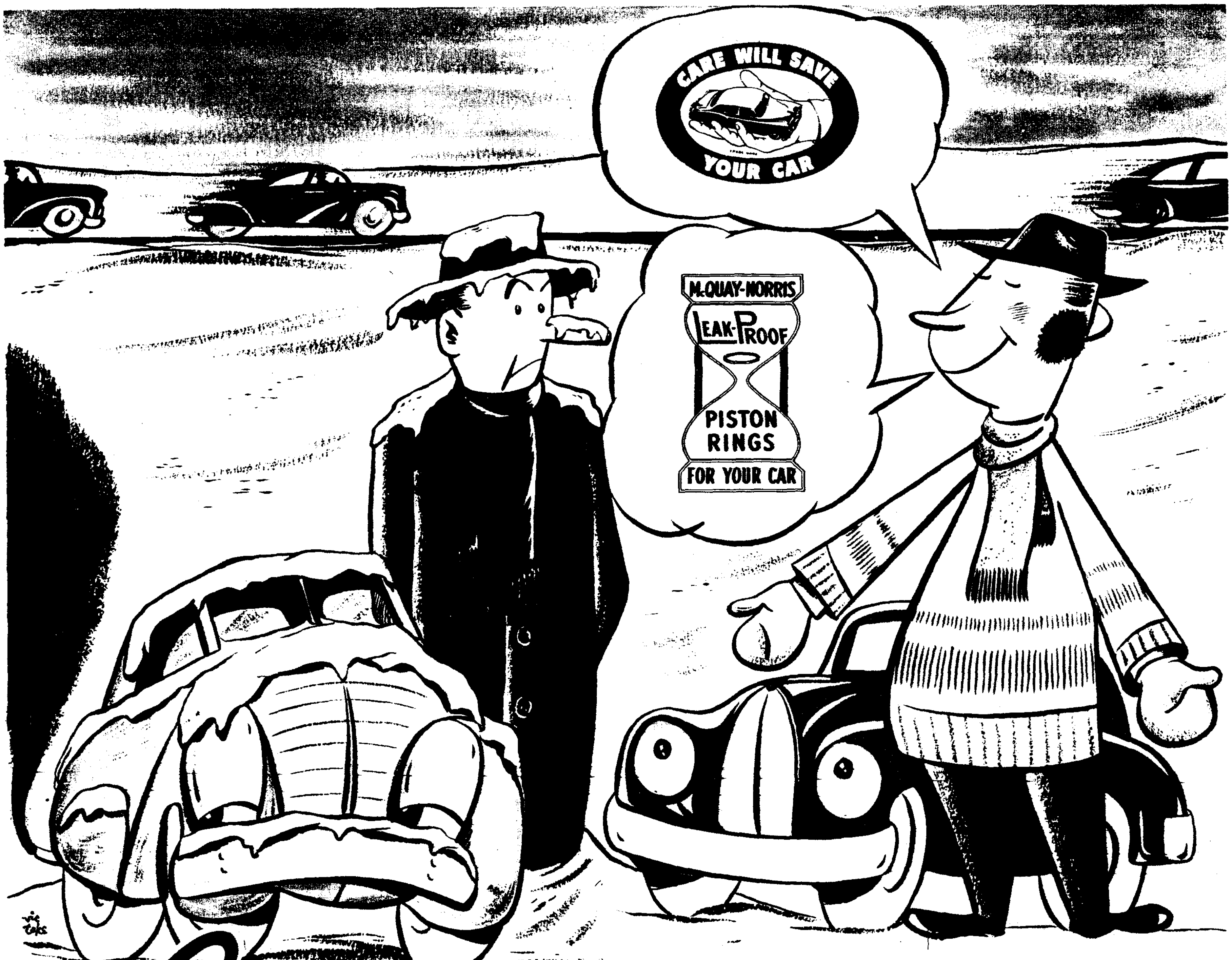
The Capitol, the Senate and House office buildings, the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian Institution, among many other buildings in the center of Washington, were shattered. The White House, the reconstruction of which had only recently been completed, was a scorched shell. So was the National Gallery; but of course its priceless art treasures had long since been removed to points of safety, as had the contents of all the great galleries and museums of the Western World and of the U.S.S.R.

It is needless now to enumerate the details of the appalling destruction of our national monuments. It is impossible to appraise the profundity of the insult thus conveyed to American national pride.

The sense of outrage that swept over the entire nation of 150,000,000 people—and through the American armed forces in combat on every sea and every continent—



"Th' joint is crawlin' wit' subversives"


CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR
McQUAY-NORRIS
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PISTON RINGS
FOR YOUR CAR

Care will save your car!

GIVE IT THE CARE IT NEEDS WITH

DO YOU KNOW... a major tune-up includes a compression test, ignition test and a carburetor test. All of which are very important to satisfactory winter motoring.

DID YOU KNOW... a major tune-up is the only way to tell whether your car needs new piston rings.

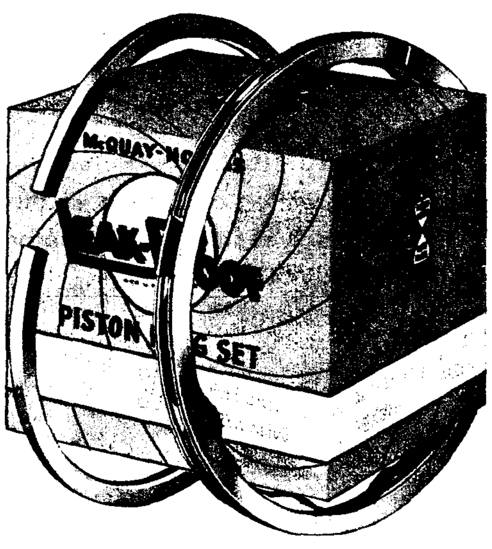
LEAK-PROOF

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PISTON RINGS

Now is the time to get your winter tune-up. You may find adjustments are all that is necessary, but if the winter tune-up shows that your piston rings are worn, be sure to replace them with LEAK-PROOF—the rings that are guaranteed four ways. Good repairmen everywhere sell them. Ask for them.

McQUAY-NORRIS MANUFACTURING CO. • ST. LOUIS 10, MO.


McQUAY-NO
LEAK-PROOF
PISTON
SET

PLAY IT SAFE THIS WINTER

N
NOR'WAY
CSC
ANTI·FREEZE
Anti·Rust
Economical·Efficient

SAFE FROM FREEZING . . . NOR'WAY® guards your car from winter's coldest blasts. Quart for quart it's more efficient than any other type anti-freeze.

SAFE FROM RUST . . . NOR'WAY gives trouble-free protection. Exclusive blend of anti-rust ingredients prevent corrosion and clogging . . . keep the cooling system clean.

ECONOMICAL . . . NOR'WAY gives maximum winter protection at the lowest cost. That's why millions of motorists insist on NOR'WAY every year.

$1.50 GAL.

NOR'WAY
CSC
ANTI·FREEZE
Anti·Rust
Economical·Efficient

WINTER PROTECTION AT LOW COST

A PRODUCT OF COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION

was most eloquently expressed by one photograph: it was a picture of the statue of Abraham Lincoln catapulted forward so that Lincoln's stone face was lying on the crumbled steps of the Lincoln Memorial and, in the shattered background, were legible the remnants of an inscription: ". . . for the people, shall not perish from the earth." The bomb on Washington destroyed 18 square miles.

One of the gigantic mistakes made by the late Adolf Hitler was the pathologically vicious bombing of London, the "cathedral cities" such as Canterbury and Coventry, and most particularly, the attacks on Buckingham Palace. These were attacks on the centers of the unity of the British Commonwealth: they served no military purpose, except to solidify and perpetuate that unity in the face of the enemy who inflicted them.

It must be remembered that at this time, a full year after the start of World War III, the UN had dropped no atomic bombs on or near Moscow. The Kremlin, the Museum of the Church of St. Basil the Blessed—all of the historic buildings treasured by the Russian spirit long before Stalin was born—were still completely intact. The UN grand strategy had been firmly fixed; we were not making war on the Russian people, our limitless destructive powers were to be directed at the centers and the instruments of Soviet militaristic aggression and not against the humble, simple, peace-loving Russian peasants and workers whom we wanted eternally to be our friends.

For six months past there had been chalked on walls in the ruins of New York, London, Chicago, Detroit and other targets of the Soviet atom bombs the ominous demand, "BOMB MOSCOW!" Now, with Washington in ruins, the popular clamor for violent retaliation against the Soviet capital was far more vociferous.

At this point in the second phase of the war American morale was at its lowest ebb. Rationing and controls of all conceivable items from clothing to cosmetics had far exceeded the worst restrictions of World War II. There was little in the news to indicate that the war could be won within the foreseeable future. Even though the advance of the ponderous Red Army ground forces had been halted in Western Europe, the UN had not yet been able to mount forces of sufficient strength to launch any appreciable counteroffensives.

* * *

The Soviets introduced a new weapon, which had more propaganda value than military destructiveness. They propelled atomic-headed missiles from submarines against San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, and the naval bases at Norfolk, Virginia, and Bremerton, Washington—and on the other side of the Atlantic, at Brest, Cherbourg and Southampton. The destructive area of these missiles was limited to approximately 1.5 square miles and the attacks were inaccurate and mainly ineffective. The submarines had to stand offshore at a distance of 30 miles and to expose themselves by surfacing.

By now the civil defense training had improved so greatly in the U.S. that casualties were measurably reduced, and so was the attendant damage by fire.

The peak of Red submarine warfare was passed in the middle of the summer of 1953 when the UN carrier-based atomic bombings of Soviet submarine bases began to take full effect. At this same time the UN achieved superiority in the air.

The UN bombing offensive against European and Asiatic Russia had been sustained from the outset, gaining in power as aircraft production increased. Atom bombs were used on the larger installations, such as hydroelectric plants.

Factories, marshaling yards in or near Moscow and other large cities and the smaller installations in more remote areas had been attacked with what were known as "conventional bombs." This strange use of words led one young American pilot to ask, as he watched a 20,000-pounder being loaded into his aircraft, "Just how 'conventional' can a bomb get?"

The widespread demands for the atomic bombing of Moscow could no longer be ignored. On the night of July 18, 1953, a flight of B-36s flew over Moscow dropping leaflets which warned that between July 21st and 26th more B-36s—*flying from bases in the United States*—would drop an atomic bomb on the Kremlin. The people of Moscow were urged to evacuate the city so as to reduce the toll in human life. During the next four days this same message was broadcast to Russia every hour on the hour from all the transmitters of the Voice of America, Radio Free Europe, the British Broadcasting Corporation and every other available United Nations facility.

The emphasis on the fact that these B-36 bombers would fly from American bases was of utmost psychological importance. It informed our Allies as well as our enemies that the President of the United States was taking full responsibility before history for this action.

The bomb was dropped at midnight on July 22d. More flights of B-36s were ready with more bombs in the event that the first bomb missed the Kremlin.

* * *

Of course, Moscow had not been evacuated, except by some of the upper echelons of the Soviet hierarchy, who, as we now know, had left for the Urals at the outbreak of war. The people, terrified by the warnings of the leaflets, would have surged out of the city immediately and gone as far from the Kremlin as their legs could carry them, but every street was heavily patrolled by the armored cars of the police. And not one individual who was not on authorized government business was allowed to leave The area of destruction covered 20 square miles, from the Kerzhinsky district in the north, to the Kirovsky district in the south and from the Pervomaisky district in the east to the Krassnopressninsky district in the west.

The Lubianka Prison, the grim monument to long years of tyranny and injustice under the czars and the Soviets, stood within a few hundred yards of the dead center of the area of utter annihilation Very little of it was left visible above the level of the ground. But as the towering column of radioactive dust which had been Moscow was blown eastward toward Siberia, wretched figures began to crawl from the Lubianka Prison, political prisoner who had never expected again to see th light of day.

One of them was Professor Nikola Orloff, a biologist who had made the mistake of disagreeing with the Lysenko theor of inherited characteristics. He told u recently: "As I looked about me with m weak eyes I did not know what had happened. I did not know why. Strangel enough it did not even occur to me fo some time to wonder what had become o the Kremlin. All I knew was that, for som inexplicable reason, for one moment, I wa free . . . It is an ironic thought that the onl reason I am alive today is that I was one o the few fortunates in the underground dungeons of the Lubianka."

It was at this time that psychologic warfare began to be a potent factor. Th mounting UN air superiority made it possible to drop millions of leaflets a day o U.S.S.R. *and satellite territory. In* Wor War II the dropping of leaflets on Europ achieved a total of 11,000,000 a day. I World War III this figure was more tha quadrupled.

The emphasis in these leaflets was not o fabricated propaganda but on straight new —and now the news from the United Nations point of view was getting more an more favorable.

Not only leaflets were dropped. Thousands of agents were parachuted into th satellite countries for purposes of sabotag propaganda and general disruption of th Soviet system of communications. Th great majority of these agents had be

BASED ON THE ACTUAL CASE of Edward L. Martin, now living at 408 Olivier St., Algiers, Louisiana. As of July 1, 1951, Mutual of Omaha had paid Mr. Martin monthly benefits totaling $24,144.33.

"In a split second my earning days were over..."

In the damp blackness of a June night in the bayou country, the train whistled past a crossroads town. I was Pullman conductor on that run from Baton Rouge to New Orleans . . . had stretched out in an upper until I was due back on the job. I lay there, thinking about my kids and the fishing we'd do on my next day off. I must have dozed off, because suddenly I awoke with a start. I scrambled out of the berth and onto the ladder. It slipped. I crashed to the aisle.

That was on June 27, 1931 . . . THE LAST DAY I EVER WORKED! The injury to my spine could have meant the end of every dream I'd had for my family . . . *except for one thing.*

In October, 1930, I'd started a Mutual of Omaha insurance plan that would pay me $100 a month if ever I got sick or hurt and couldn't work. Mutual of Omaha started paying me from the day of my accident. They've paid me $100 a month ever since! They'll continue to pay me as long as I'm totally disabled, even if it's for the rest of my life.

That $100 a month has meant plenty to me. I was able to give all three children a high school education, and now they're all on good jobs. When you've got a family to raise, it's tough to be laid up. Without some kind of income, you'd be crazy with worry. If it hadn't been for my monthly benefits, I doubt if I'd be alive today.

YOU CAN HAVE THIS PROTECTION UP TO $300 A MONTH!

Here's what your Mutual of Omaha Sickness and Accident Insurance offers you when you're totally disabled by accident or confining sickness:

- ✓ **Pays up to $300 a month.**
- ✓ **Pays from the first day you see your doctor . . . even for life.**
- ✓ **Pays you whether you're in the hospital or at home.**
- ✓ **Pays regardless of any other compensation you may receive.**
- ✓ **You use the money for any purpose you desire.**
- ✓ **No medical examination required for membership.**
- ✓ **Hospital and Surgical Benefits can be included if desired.**
- ✓ **Costs only pennies a day.**

WRITE YOUR OWN CHECK

Fill in the amount of monthly income you'll need when you are sick or hurt and can't work. We will furnish full information on Mutual of Omaha Sickness and Accident Insurance. No cost, no obligation.

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Mutual of Omaha is the world's largest exclusive health and accident company. It has paid more than $355,000,000 in benefits. Wherever you live, wherever you move, Mutual of Omaha is licensed to serve you . . . in all 48 states, District of Columbia, Canada, Alaska, and Hawaii. More than 10,000 representatives assure you quick, personal service.

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Mail this Coupon TODAY!

I want details on Sickness and Accident Insurance that will pay me ☐ $75 ☐ $100 ☐ $200 ☐ $300 a month.

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COL 1051

Automatic driving is out of this whirl

*"**We must remove the consciousness of a transmission from the driving habits of GM car owners.**"*

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.—1929

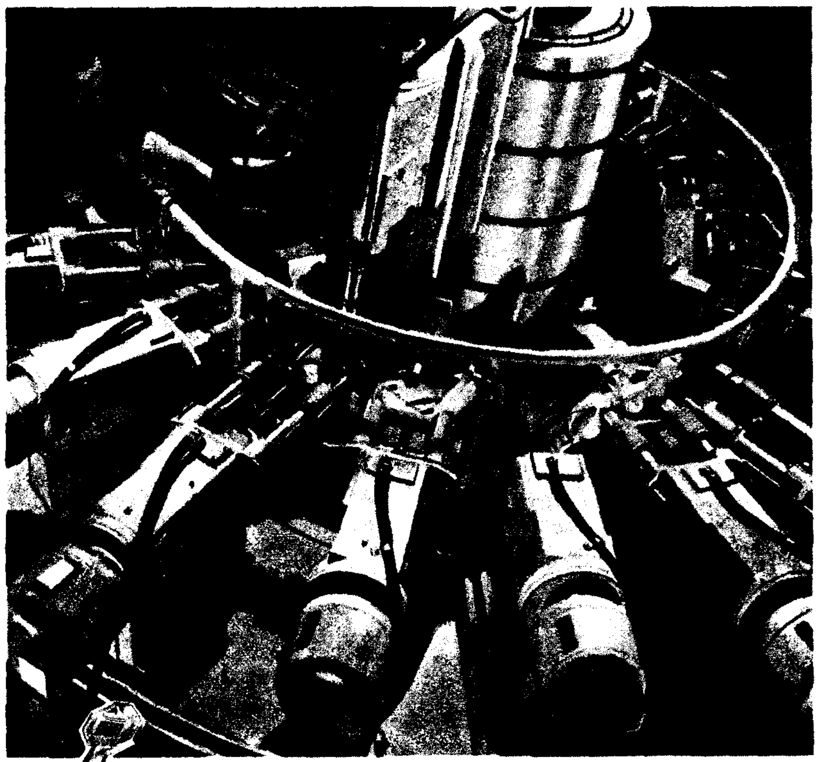
Few car owners realize how long it takes to develop an idea from the dream stage to a working reality.

The automatic drive is a typical example. More than 25 years ago General Motors began to seek a new, simpler, smoother way of transmitting power from engine to wheels.

First it was a subject of long research in which new discoveries were made about the behavior of liquids in motion.

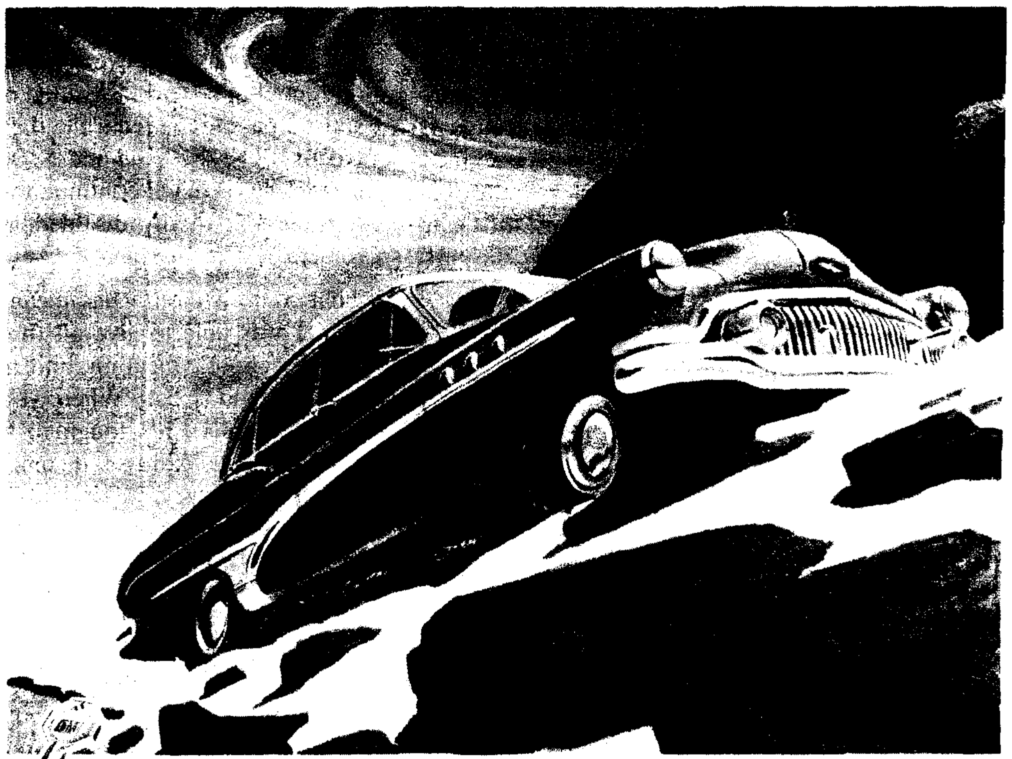
Then GM engineering took over, translated laboratory developments into scores of working models, weeded them out by many brutal tests to find the most practical. Finally, GM production units worked out ways to manufacture them at low cost, to give you the automatic drives available on all GM cars—Powerglide, Dynaflow, and Hydra-Matic — plus heavy torque-converter drives for buses, military vehicles, and construction machinery.

This is a cycle that never stops at General Motors—on every phase of automotive advancement, from fuels to finishes. That is why the key to any General Motors car is your key to greater value.



Key to better manufacturing

ACHIEVING VOLUME THAT MEANS VALUE. Getting a precision assembly like an automatic drive from laboratory to production line calls for high-speed methods of making them at low cost. Typical solution: this automatic 18-station drilling machine whose infallible electric fingers help form 108 transmission parts an hour with super-precision. Such equipment brings automatic driving to GM car owners at reasonable cost. Beyond that —it gives GM vital skills needed in tooling up for defense.



Key to better engineering

TESTING ON THE TOUGHEST HILL OF ALL. A lot of engineering is done far from the drawing board. For example, before a new automatic drive is put into production, GM's top engineers test it on Pikes Peak—almost 14 miles of relentless 10% grade, hairpin turns, the toughest highway hill in the world. The summit is 14,110 feet above sea level — which cuts horsepower in half. Here they test the newest automatic drives—in trials more wicked than you could meet in usual motoring—and make design changes before manufacturing takes over. The Peak is just part of engineering's program of proving—and improving—automatic drives.

Key to better research

WHIRLING OIL TO MAKE BETTER DRIVES. Here advanced studies are conducted in hydraulics. Inside this transparent model of an automatic transmission, oil is pumped at high speed against various types of vanes and the action recorded in motion pictures taken at 7,000 frames a second! This speed had to be reached to reveal surprising truths about hydraulic flow. The photographs show exactly how much turbulence and eddying are created by the flow of oil around the vanes, making it possible to determine the most efficient design. Out of countless tests on scores of different vanes have come GM's super-smooth automatic transmissions for cars, trucks and even tanks.

Your Key to Greater Value— the Key to a General Motors Car

You get a smoother, surer, completely automatic drive—whether you choose Powerglide on Chevrolet, Hydra-Matic on Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Cadillac, or Dynaflow on Buick. All torque-converter transmissions on America's fighting tanks are GM-designed under Army Ordnance contract.

DEFENSE IS
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS
★
TRANSPORTATION IS
EVERYBODY'S NECESSITY

GENERAL MOTORS

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK
CADILLAC · BODY BY FISHER · GMC TRUCK & COACH

Hear HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.

TOUGH..but oh so gentle

TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING • GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

When your car first starts using too much oil, look out for worn-out piston rings. They cause oil-pumping . . . loss of power . . . destructive engine wear.

Fortunately, it's comparatively easy and inexpensive to replace worn-out piston rings—but the more you delay, the more you pay.

At the first sign of oil-pumping, replace your rings with Hastings piston rings. They're engineered for *replacement* service. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance.

It's the best money you can spend on your car.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO., HASTINGS, MICH. • HASTINGS LTD., TORONTO

PISTON RINGS • SPARK PLUGS • OIL FILTERS • CASITE • DROUT

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

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STEEL VENT SET

refugees from the countries to which they were now returned.

It was not until late in 1954 that adequate co-ordination of UN psychological warfare was achieved; before then, listeners to the radio in Poland might hear one version of a story from British sources, another version from the Americans and still another from Italy. But the major events spoke for themselves and the most eloquent of all was the bomb on the Kremlin.

* * *

Another event of gigantic psychological impact was the historic exploit of "Task Force Victory," the most daring and imaginative airborne operation of this or any war, in which more than 10,000 American and British paratroopers, Rangers and Commandos attacked and destroyed the Soviet underground atom-bomb storage facilities in the Ural Mountains.

The bases from which this operation was launched were in the Middle East, 1,800 to 2,000 miles from the target. These were the types of planes used: Douglas C-124 Globemaster, Boeing C-97A Stratofreighter, Chase C-122 and C-123 Avitruc, Fairchild C-120 Packplane, Fairchild C-119B Packet, B-47 and B-50 bombers, jet fighters and converted B-29 aerial tankers from which planes were refueled in midair.

Participating, apart from the Air Force personnel, were two airborne regimental combat teams which totaled about 8,000 men, two airborne infantry battalions of 1,600 men and a special task force of about 500 experts and technicians.

The first attacks immediately followed intensive atomic bombing of the area, which cleared it of Red troops except those in heavily protected defenses around the perimeter. The first objective was the airstrip. The Fairchild and Chase planes did not have range enough without aerial refueling to fly back to their bases, but these planes, particularly the Packet, were required for lifting the initial paratroopers and advance elements.

The proportion of paratroopers in the task force was relatively small. The rest of the airborne forces were air-landed by Avitrucs, specially designed to land on short, rough runways.

The first paratroopers were dropped 11 minutes after the last A-bomb burst, the transport planes avoiding the atomic clouds. They were followed closely by the air-landed troops and engineers to improve the airstrip. Then the heavy four-engined Globemasters and Stratofreighters came in to disgorge heavy equipment. Several of these heavy aircraft were assigned to wait to fly back any Soviet A-bomb material that could be seized.

Another drop was made near the underground storage depots some miles away in the foothills of the mountains. This, too, followed hard on atomic bombing. The immediate casualties were considerably heavier here as strong Red detachments had remained safe from the bombing in the deep concrete shelters. The objective was to seize the entrance to the storage depots and hold them until the main forces from the airfield could come up.

This objective was successfully achieved. It required speed in every phase of the operation—tremendous speed and perfect timing.

During the entire, furious fight, there were incessant battles between jet fighters in the air.

Of the task force of more than 10,000 men, 38 specialists, including nuclear physicists, technicians (and six press correspondents who later filed their breath-taking stories from Tel Aviv), were returned safely to the Middle Eastern bases. They carried with them some Soviet fissionable material.

Otherwise, of the entire task force there were less than 1,000 survivors. The final achievement of "Task Force Victory" was the detonation of the underground A-bomb stockpiles, an act of suicidal defiance.

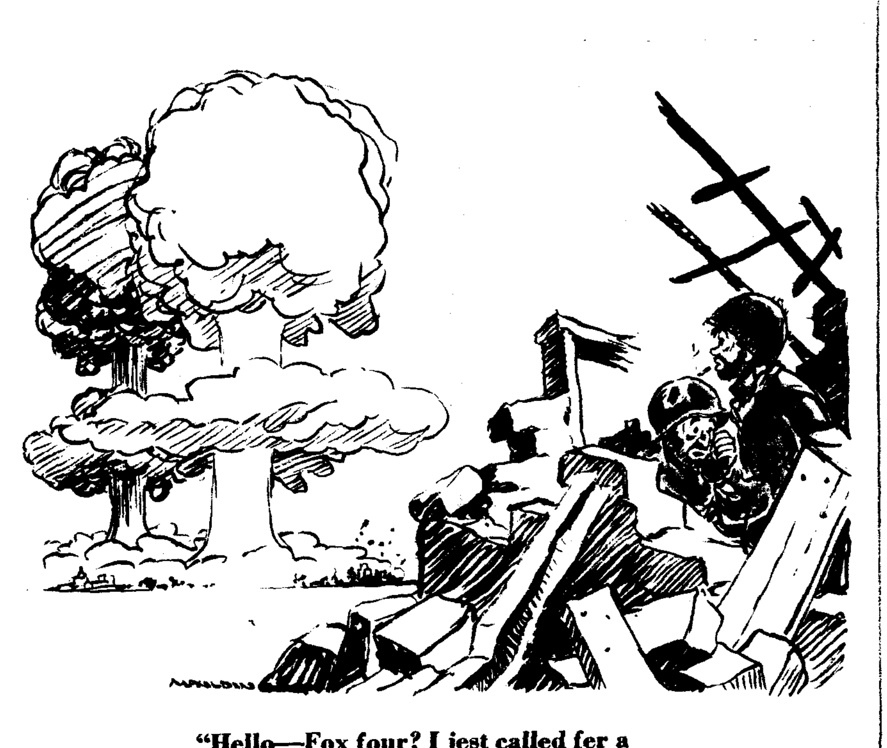
General Eisenhower expressed the virtually unanimous sentiment of the United Nations when he said, "Each and every one of these valiant men deserves the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Victoria Cross and the gratitude of history."

There was no more atomic bombing by the Reds in World War III—nor, we may now believe, will there ever be.

* * *

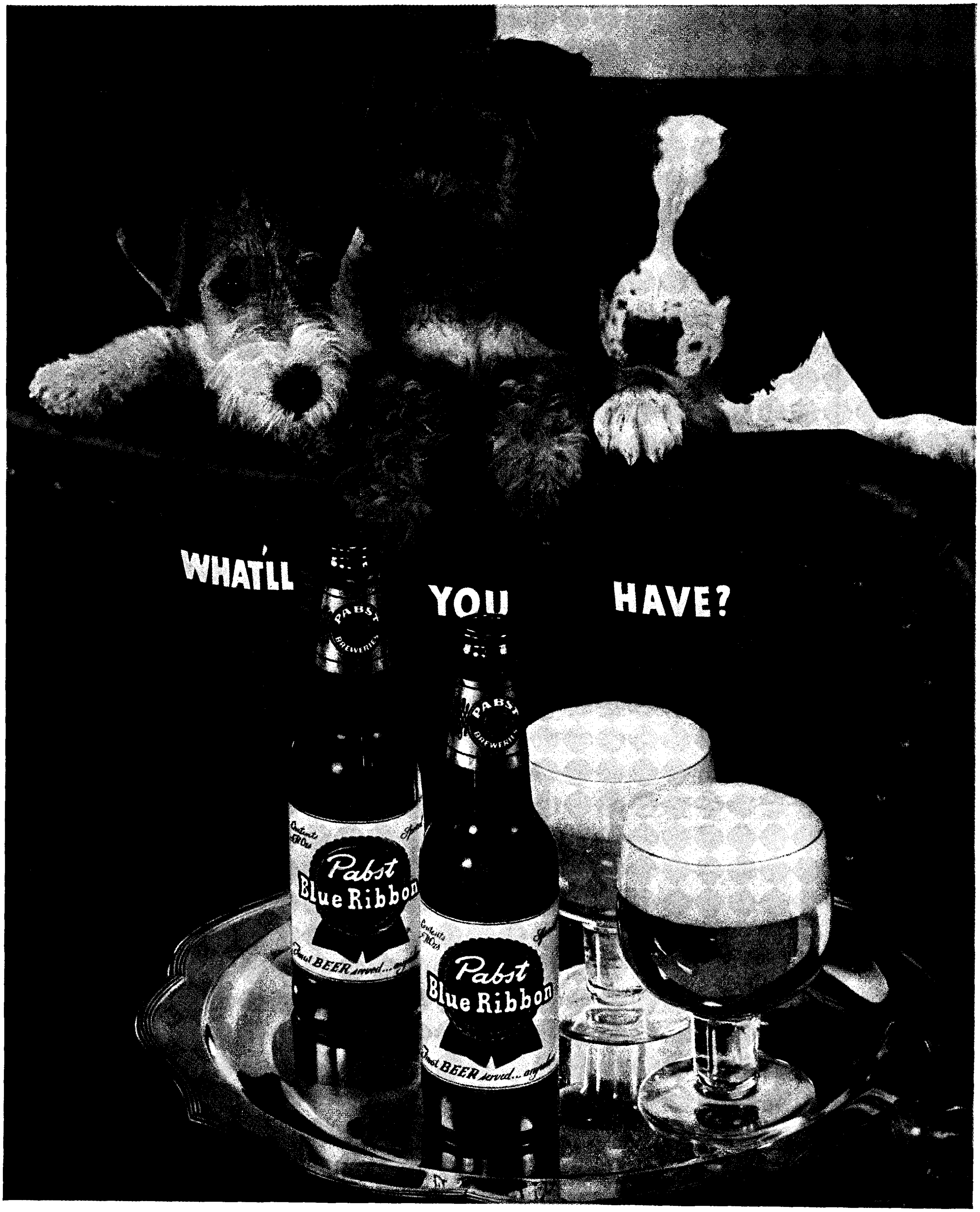
Early in September, 1953—one month after the astonishing exploit of "Task Force Victory"—the General Assembly of the United Nations convened in Denver, Colorado, and produced its momentous Statement of War Aims, usually known as the "Denver Declaration." Where Wilson's Fourteen Points and the Roosevelt-Churchill Atlantic Charter had dealt in noble but broad generalities, this document, subscribed to by 49 nations, provided in detail the pattern of the postwar world.

The Denver Declaration stated that the primary war aim of the United Nations was, simply, "the establishment and per-



"Hello—Fox four? I jest called fer a couple little ol' rounds of artillery. I didn't ask fer no catastrophes"

COLLIER'S BILL MAULDIN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Pabst Blue Ribbon
Finest BEER served... anywhere

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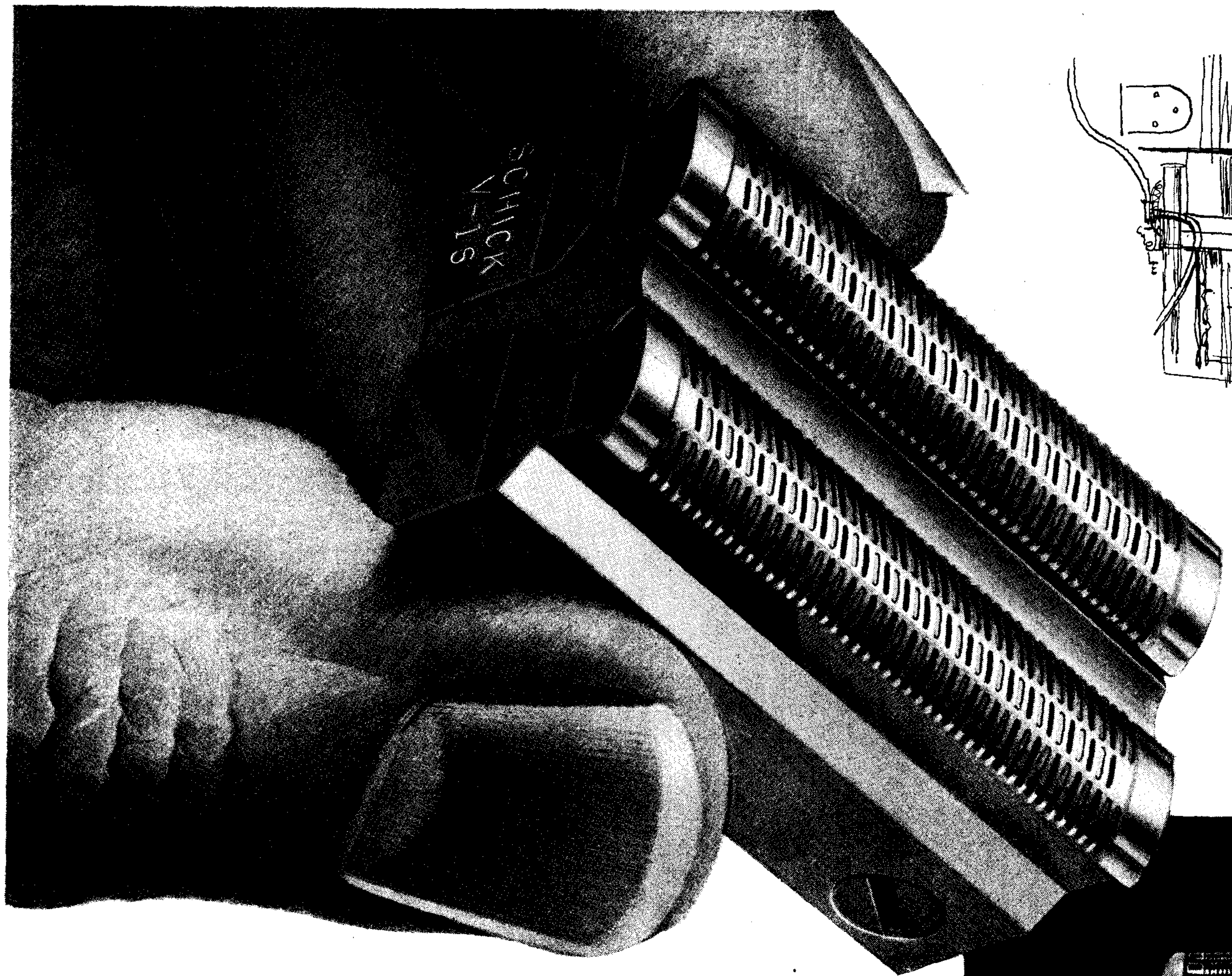
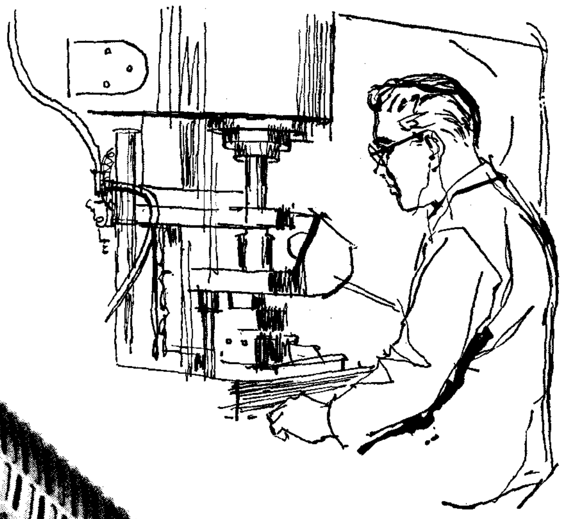
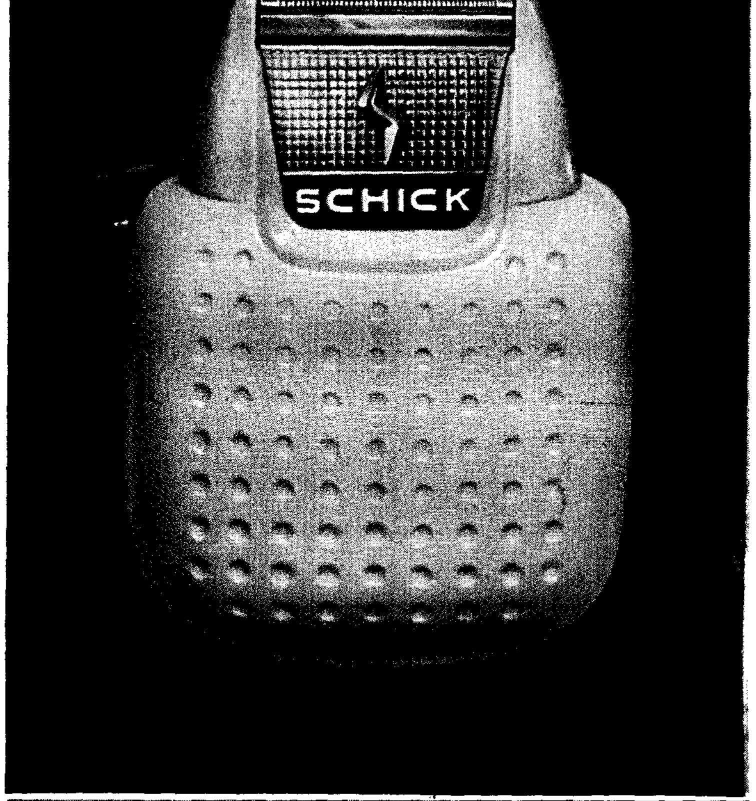




We Swage the Edge of the Inner Cutter—to make it self-sharpening, and to give you skin-close shaving. These Hi-Velocity Heads are of exclusive Schick design. Precision-made. Sharpened and honed. Comb edges guide whiskers into slots. Curved interceptor bars pick up stubble.

For styling the Schick "20," Carl Otto won the 1951 Industrial Designers' Institute Award.



A head like no other for skin-line shaves

How close can a shave be?

That's the question we asked ourselves when we set out to make the Schick "20" the finest shaving instrument of all time.

And here's the answer we found: skin-line shaves are possible, *but only with a better, more precisely built shaver-head than any yet developed.*

You see the result above, in those gleaming Hi-Velocity Heads that only Schick provides—the only business end of a shaver so precisely engineered to shear every whisker skin-close at its base.

We swage the edge of the inner cutter for extra-close shaving—extra-weight the heads where weight counts—curve the interceptor bars to ease each whisker into place—and individually examine every head under microscopes to insure a precision fit.

What's more, we go to similar lengths in building Schick's real rotary motor. Here, we selectively hand-fit all shafts—grind them three times—and check this midget power plant at 8500 r.p.m., double the speed at which automotive power is rated.

Yessir, it's the mightiest motor of its size anywhere. You snap it on with Schick's exclusive Stop-Start Button—and feel it drive those Hi-Velocity Heads through the roughest, toughest crop of whiskers you can raise.

In a matter of moments—*you're shaved!* Your face is as smooth as a movie star's. You can't find a whisker from sideburn to sideburn—not a cut, scrape or burn.

See the Schick "20" at your nearest dealer's. Try its new shape and lightness. Note its handsome new Caddie Case, which also serves as a holder. Then—take it home and find out how fast, easy, and how skin-close shaving can be. Also—see the Schick Super and Colonel. Schick Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Service offices in principal cities.

Schick "20" $24.50 • Schick Super $22.50
Schick Colonel $17.50

Schick "20"

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

—better-built for better shaves

See Rudolph Halley in "Crime Syndicated," Schick's Big New Weekly TV Show petuation of world peace." It affirmed that "no peace can long endure unless it is firmly founded on universal friendship, respect for the rights of others, determination to rise above the interests of selfish nationalism in world-wide co-operation to enforce justice, secure equity and raise the standard of living for all peoples everywhere."

To expedite the achievement of genuine peace, the Declaration assured the peoples of Russia, China and the satellite states that there would be no demands for reparations, no war-crime trials, and immediate return for them to full and honorable membership in the United Nations, with no "probationary period" such as was imposed on the vanquished after World War II.

Above all, there would be no attempt to force any arbitrary systems of government or religion on any people, so long as all peoples accepted and respected the basic concepts of human rights and the brotherhood of man, with no Iron Curtains anywhere.

A passage in the Declaration relative to this was largely the contribution of one of the American delegates, George F. Kennan: "Forms of government are forged mainly in the fire of practice, not in the vacuum of theory. They respond to national character and to national realities. There is great good in the Russian character, and the realities of that country demand a form of administration more considerate of that good than the present imperialistic regime."

It was a vital principle of the Declaration that whereas the rights of the individual must be ensured, the rights of governments must be restricted to obedience to the common code of international morality, and the common code prohibited that form of tyranny known as "totalitarianism."

"Ancient concepts of national sovereignty," said the Denver Declaration, "must never again mislead any nation into the arrogant belief that it has the right to lower an Iron Curtain between itself and its neighbors. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of communications are essential to international understanding and world peace." Of historic importance was the fact that this was stated not as an expression of pious hope; it was laid down as a principle to be incorporated as *enforceable law*.

To the Chinese people were guaranteed the restoration of their rights in Manchuria, including Dairen and Port Arthur, and in Inner Mongolia. The future government of Korea would be determined by the free votes of all the Korean people.

* * *

The Declaration provided the blueprint for the United Nations Temporary Occupation Commission (UNITOC). The area of occupation of European Russia was limited to the Crimea, the Ukraine and Moscow—and, in the Far East, to the Primorsk, between Vladivostok and Khabarovsk.

UN forces would remain in the former satellite countries and the liberated Baltic States only for as long as they were needed to ensure law and order and the holding of free elections.

Provision was also made for the revival of UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) and the establishment of UNIHOPE (United Nations Housing and Providing Enterprise) and the other benevolent, unarmed agencies which have been in operation for the past five years.

The statement in the Denver Declaration which was probably of greatest interest to the peoples of the Western democracies was this:

"The United Nations will establish and maintain an international police force of land, sea and air components; the primary objective of this force will be the attainment of *total disarmament by all nations within a period of 10 years* from the cessation of hostilities."

The UN would maintain a commission for international control of atomic energy in accordance with the provisions of the Baruch-Acheson-Lilienthal Plan—which, it is melancholy to recall, would have been adopted many years previously had it not been for persistent, insistent Russian obstructionism at Lake Success.

"The progress made in nuclear fission," said the Declaration, "has been a closely guarded military secret. This condition will end. Full knowledge will be shared by scientists of all countries. Thus, we can greatly expedite the advance of atomic energy for industrial purposes, including a vast increase in the world's supply of food."

The new UN Atomic Energy Commission was described as "the cornerstone for the building of world federation for the safeguarding of peace!"

What was said in the Denver Declaration was what men of good will had been saying, and hoping and praying for, throughout all the centuries. It told the parents of little Maria Serdic, in Yugoslavia—and all the families of all those who had died since she went forward to give some spring flowers to Tito—that these lives had not been sacrificed in vain.

* * *

The Denver Declaration had an instantaneous and profound effect in all parts of the world, but most significantly, perhaps, in China, where the assurances relating to Manchuria and Inner Mongolia were received with surprise and delight.

The Chinese Communists had played their own devious game in World War III. They had driven the last of the United Nations forces out of Korea. They continued to foment internal strife in Burma, Malaya, Indochina, Indonesia and the Philippines. They had joined with the Soviets in only one actual operation: the seizure of the island of Hokkaido in northern Japan, in which they were aided by the Communist-trained Japanese insurgents.

The UN had wisely refrained from attacking Chinese population centers either with atomic or "conventional" bombs. But they expected the eventual delivery of these bombs upon their cities, and they had no means of retaliation. They made repeated demands on Moscow for bombs and bombers, but they were given the deaf ear. In fact, Soviet supplies of all kinds to China were steadily reduced to the vanishing point as Soviet desperation increased.

Late in November, 1953, the Red agents in Peiping reported to the Kremlin that Chinese leaders were holding secret meetings with the Swiss Minister, and then Stalin knew that Mao Tse-tung was hitting the trail to Titoism and negotiating with the UN. (It may be noted that this was 10 years after Stalin privately told Roosevelt, at Tehran, of his deep mistrust of the Chinese Communist leaders.)

The Chinese leaders throughout the war listened most attentively to the UN information services as broadcast from San Francisco and London. Thus, they got the true story of what was actually going on, as contrasted with the versions furnished them by Moscow—and the contrast was very great indeed.

The third and final phase of the war began at the end of April, 1954, when the UN had at last amassed sufficient strength to mount a counteroffensive on all fronts. This final phase depended—as do all final phases of all wars—on the brains of the generals and the feet and the guts of the infantrymen. Modern wars may start in the air, in the wild blue yonder, but they end like ancient wars in the bloody mud. They may start with the fission of uranium, but they end with bayonets fixed.

As the UN spearheads drove forward to the Pripet Marshes, to the Ukranian capital of Kiev, and into the Crimea, it was obvious that the monolithic Soviet state was disintegrating. Fierce revolt flared up in the satellite states.

On September 21st a Red Army general, captured near Warsaw, made the startling announcement that Joseph Stalin had disappeared and that Lavrenty Beria, the ruthless head of Russia's secret police, was now the dictator of the crumbling Soviet Union. UN intelligence officers assumed that this

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was one of the wild rumors that afflict all soldiers, even generals. But it was no rumor. Stalin had indeed disappeared—so completely that we do not even know today whether he died quietly in bed, of old age, or was murdered, or committed suicide, or is still alive in some obscure hide-out.

We have been given very complete information by the aged Andrei Vishinsky (he's now seventy-seven) after he escaped into Turkey before the final disintegration of Soviet power. Some of this evidence may be revealing, but all of it is necessarily suspect. We cannot forget that Vishinsky was once a right-wing Menshevik, militantly anti-Soviet who, after his forced conversion to Stalinism, attempted to seek atonement for previous ideological sins by being one of the most vehement and uncompromising exponents of Stalinism.

After his flight from Russia he tried to clear himself in the eyes of the civilized world; indeed, he offered to testify against his former Soviet colleagues at the trials of war criminals. (These trials, of course, were never held, but the people of Russia and the former satellites visited their own vengeance on the Communist leaders who survived.)

* * *

There were no records of importance left in the Kremlin at the time of its obliteration, and such official documents as have been discovered in the ruins of Moscow, or in the various points to which the government was dispersed in the Urals, have shed little light on the conferences held and decisions taken on the highest levels—and no lower levels mattered in the top-heavy Soviet state.

As one of the executive secretaries of the Party Central Committee told the commission when we were starting our investigations in 1955, "I was taught that it was safer to keep a nest of vipers in my desk than to keep a diary."

However, the record of Stalin's major miscalculations is clear. Its ultimate, disastrous phase began in 1945, immediately following V-E day in World War II.

Then the Soviets enjoyed unprecedented prestige. They had and deserved the admiration and gratitude of their allies in victory. The Western democracies wanted friendship and peace; they wanted to demobilize and disarm and they did so with almost frantic rapidity.

But then the Reds made the great shift to a policy of open hostility toward their former allies; they broke their pledges right down the line—they doggedly obstructed all attempts at amiable settlement of difficulties, either through the UN or other means—they steadily sabotaged the UN with their vetoes and made it appear impotent—they lowered the Iron Curtain and did all in their power to make it more and more impenetrable. The results were the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Schuman Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty, Korea and World War III.

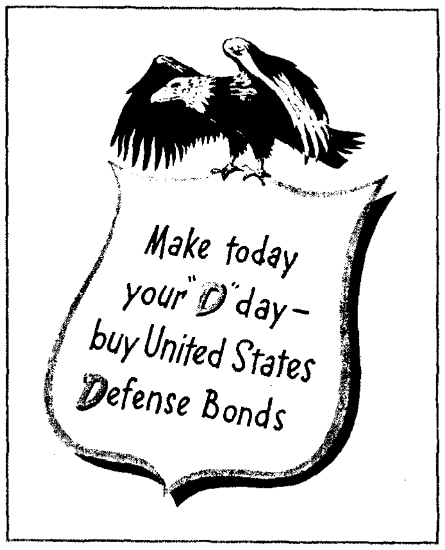
As one of my colleagues on the commission, Hamilton Fish Armstrong, has pointed out in Tito and Goliath, there is no doubt that Stalin was reluctant to kill Tito when the latter was at the summit of his glory. Stalin would greatly have preferred to have discredited and disgraced the Yugoslav "heretic" before putting him to death in the cellar of the Lubianka Prison. But this had proved impossible.

It was the mounting tension of discontent and disobedience in the satellite countries that finally forced Stalin to his fateful decision that Tito must die. The seeds of rebellion against the reactionary, imperialistic Soviet tyranny had sprouted and flourished in Yugoslav soil. They had been carried by the irrepressible winds across frontiers, particularly into Czechoslovakia and Poland, two countries with long experience in passionate devotion to freedom and defiance of tyranny. These same seeds had penetrated even into Russia itself, and were sprouting in the fertile soil of the Ukraine.

The plan for Tito's assassination seemed reasonably foolproof on paper, and with Tito dead it was extremely unlikely that the Western democracies would precipitate world war by rushing to the aid of a Yugoslav government which had ceased to exist. But the greatest miscalculation of all by Stalin was based on the fact that the intelligence which came to him from all over the world was made to fit the pattern of Communist propaganda, and Communist wishful thinking, as opposed to the real truth.

He completely misjudged the essential unity and determination of the United States and of the vast majority of free peoples everywhere. Like other dictators before him, he had been misled into believing his own propaganda. Again and again he had said, "The trouble with Hitler was that he did not know when to stop—he went too far. I will never go too far."

But the juggernaut that he had created ran away with him. Stalin in the beginning counted on the Yugoslav forces being leaderless and consequently disorganized. Now it was the forces of what had been the Soviet Union who were leaderless and disorganized. The result was widespread revolt and a whole series of civil wars across the entire expanse of Russia—civil wars in which the political prisoners in Siberia eventually played an important part.



The tragedy of 1952-'55 came to a confused conclusion. No over-all armistice was signed; there was no need of one; Russia had disintegrated into complete chaos. By January, 1955, formal hostilities had ceased. It was just as well: the U.S., after four years of intensive development, had just begun to mass-produce atomic-powered planes and submarines.

* * *

It is not within the province of the UN Historical Commission to delve into the events of the past five years since the war ended, so I shall not attempt to describe the chaos and anarchy that prevailed for so long in many parts of Russia and China, the relapses in some regions into a state of feudalism, and the gradual, wondering realization by the bewildered masses that a new day of civilization was dawning for all mankind.

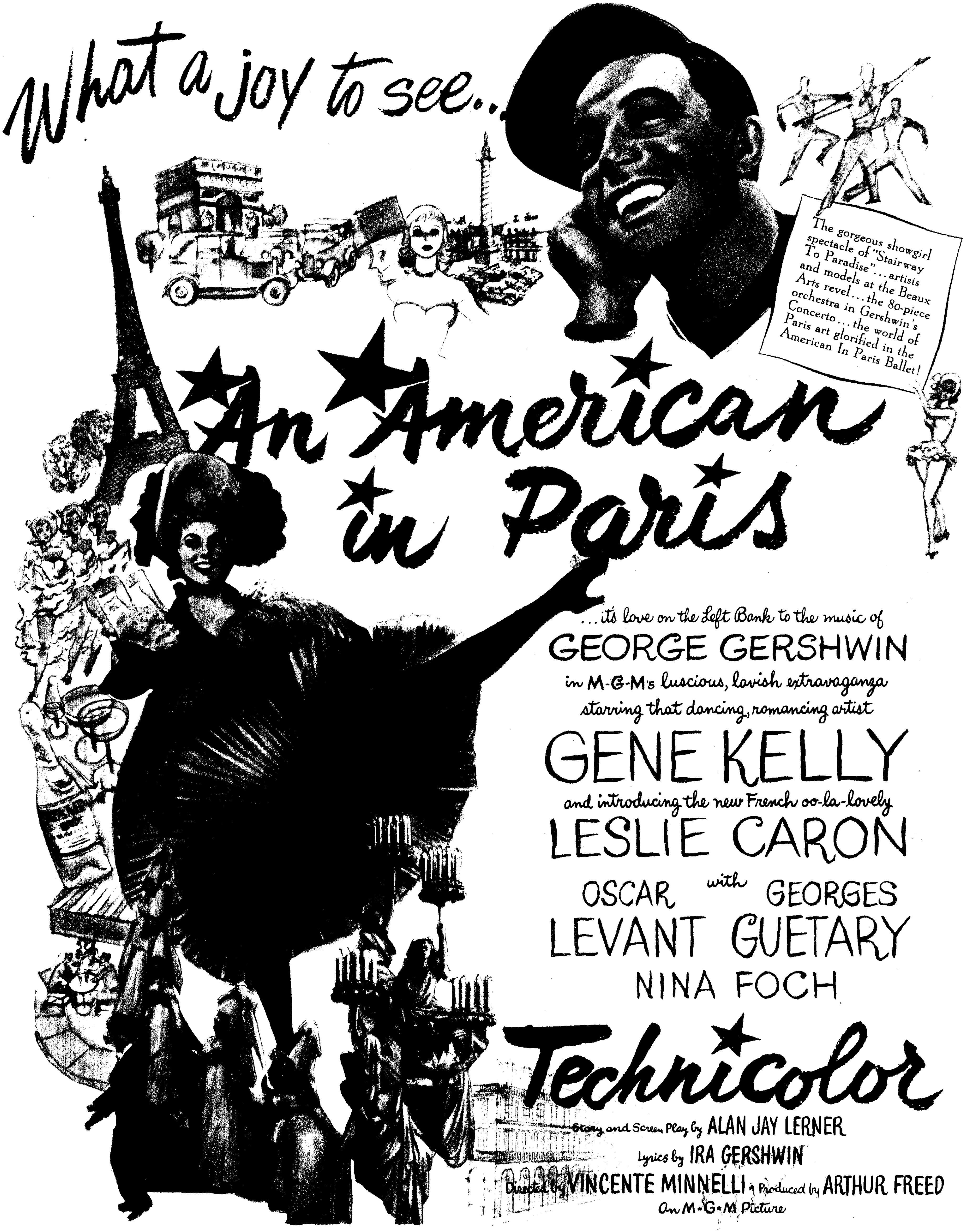
But I cannot close this summary without a word of admiration for the remarkable qualities of the Russian people, among whom I have been living and working these past five years. These people have been oppressed and enslaved, tortured and massacred, through countless centuries of barbarous tyranny; but all the czarist and Communist tyrants could not destroy the essential Russian spirit. Now this spirit is being given limitless opportunities to flourish in the climate of freedom and peace.

Thoreau once wrote: "There is no ill which may not be dissipated, like the dark, if you let in a stronger light upon it."

The light is now shining in Russia, and in all other darkened places of the earth.

It is the light of hope—and today, in the year 1960, hope surges not from man's wishful dreams, but from the reality of his God-given strength.

THE END



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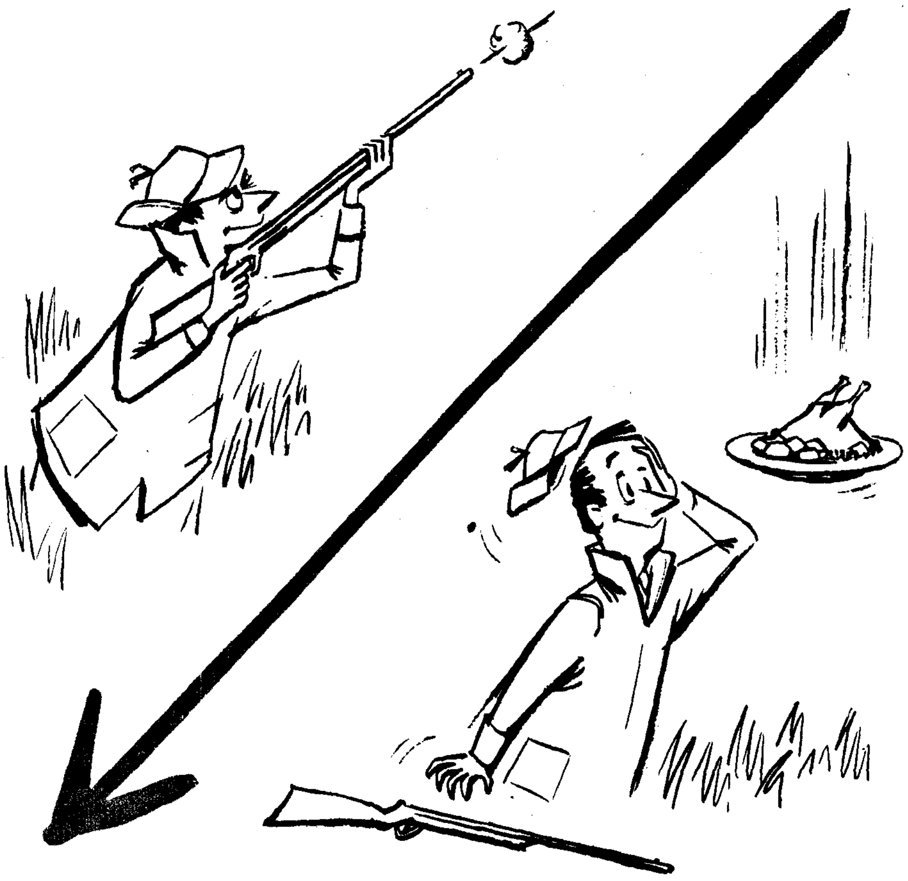

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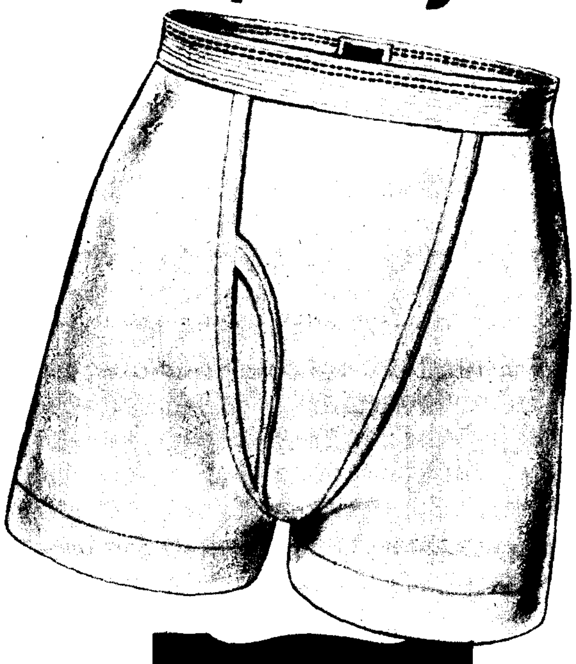

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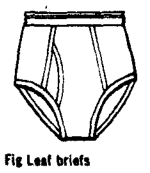

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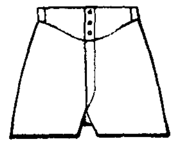

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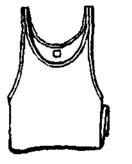

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Women of Russia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

everywhere by the stench of disease. It had not been the sudden death of atomic blitzing which had caused the worst casualties here in Moscow. It had been the ancient scourge of typhus, sweeping through the panic-stricken city in the last months of the war like the black plague of ancient times, which had taken the greatest toll.

When the war ended in 1955, I had been one of the correspondents who accompanied the elite units of United Nations troops flown in to secure the city for the arrival of UNITOC (United Nations Temporary Occupation Command).

* * *

To me, as we drove through the rubble of the city in convoy that crisp February morning, five years ago, there had come again the realization of the deadly sameness of war. Though we had fought this war as humanely as possible, I was filled with a bitter sense of sadness and futility; for I had seen all this before. In World War II, in Korea, and now here, on a scale much greater than anything I had seen before.

The children thronging the streets could have come straight out of scenes etched in my memory from Korea. Hundreds of them, their legs like drumsticks supporting little bellies, puffed grotesquely by hunger, swarmed around our jeeps begging, grabbing (if they had the strength) for rations and then scurrying away to devour their loot. It was usually an empty conquest, for their sick stomachs were unable to take the rich, high-caloric content of the canned goods.

In some cases, these waifs had been lost or abandoned by their parents; but the majority had been in the care of state nurseries. Most of the personnel of these nurseries fled Moscow early in the war when the Politburo and, indeed, most of the Communist hierarchy, high and low, moved the seat of government to the Urals.

That first night in Moscow, we correspondents had found—and adopted as a temporary mascot—a ragged five-year-old whom we discovered wailing in solitary sorrow on the snowy corner of a ruined street. The refugees stumbling by him in the dark were laden down with enormous bundles and were often themselves dragging a child on either hand. They were too inured to tragedy, too satiated with their own sorrows to bother with the little boy.

The scenes of death had the same awful quality of repetition. We received the full impact; until the troops arrived, there was no one with the energy, or the means, to bury the dead. The worst sight confronted us in the ruins of Severny station. There, the typhus-racked corpses of men and women had been piled up in cattle cars and left along the tracks. The bodies were frozen solid, some in attitudes of agony, some only sullen and resigned.

Most of these unfortunate creatures, we discovered, were the remnants of Moscow's political prisoners. In a last vindictive act, the Red leaders deprived these "enemies of the state" of their chances of liberation.

Despite the typhus raging in the prisons, the MVD chief, the notorious Lavrenty Beria, had given orders, prior to his own flight, for the immediate shipment of all Moscow political prisoners to Siberia. These unfortunates were never transported farther than the railway stations. It had been a completely unrealistic order; the transport system was already shattered by the daily attacks of our tactical air force upon all the main communications centers. The real irony was the fact that, had these prisoners actually reached Siberia, they might have survived in the uprisings which took place there. As it was, however, these miserable prisoners, sick and starving, had been herded into the stations, where for days they were kept locked up in the cars or in the station building, like so many beasts.

This disgusting parallel with the Nazi era was still evident several days after our arrival. At that time, bulldozers appeared—slightly more modern than those we had been forced to use at Dachau—to shovel the bodies collected from all over the city into mass graves dynamited out of the still frozen earth. Because of the overwhelming numbers, it was the only thing to do.

The pattern of previous wars applied to refugees also. Those who remember the humanity-clogged roads of World War II will have some idea of what we witnessed in 1955 in Russia. The Red dictatorship had practiced the mass deportations of peoples to a degree never before found in history; and, as a sequel, the liberation of Russia produced one of the most fantastic mass migrations of all times.

From political prisons everywhere in the Red world came Poles, Lithuanians, Finns, Germans, Czechs, Japanese, Chinese and Russians, all searching amidst the destruction for some remnants of home and family; all desperately seeking some close human contact to help them back into the almost forgotten reality beyond the barbed wires. This great search, which reached its peak in 1957, and is even now going on, was already engulfing Moscow when we reached it in those early postwar days.

Marina, in the process of bringing me up to date with the past, told me of the blood bath which Moscow experienced during the closing days of the Red regime. Just as in the 1917 Revolution, the innocent as well as the guilty died at the hands of the mob. At the state nurseries, for example, some of the personnel had remained; and even though they were not party members, they were summarily tried and shot.

* * *

The chaos which had reigned in Moscow was shrugged off by Marina with typical Russian stoicism.

"It is almost the same thing as in 1941, when the Nazis were approaching Moscow," Marina said. "At that time, too, the Politburo slipped out of Moscow. Only the people were left behind. Nobody bothered to evacuate us. In fact, nobody bothered to tell us officially that the government had gone. The big difference in this war was the typhus. We had small outbreaks in World War II, but nothing like this."

With the complete breakdown of all transport, citizens had tried to escape the diseased city by foot, by cart, and even by dog sled—in the very few cases where the dogs had not been eaten. In a few instances, citizens banded together to try to get the trains rolling. One group had actually managed to drive a train 12 miles westward to the first big break in the tracks.

"The panic began to ebb," Marina said, "when the United Nations began parachuting supplies. But the chaos—no water, no light—within the city continued, since all the key officials had deserted long before. The looting and the mobs were just about what you would expect."

The parachutings to which Marina referred began soon after the United Nations learned of the uprisings in the city. Huge flying boxcars flew over the snow-covered ruins of the city, dropping medicine, food and disinfectants in crates attached to brightly colored red, yellow and green silk parachutes. The tins of DDT carried instructions for the prevention of the historic scourge of the Russian people—lice. (The price of these tins skyrocketed on the black market and soon were as valuable as canned milk, cigarettes and chocolate bars.)

In Moscow, as in all Russia, the popula-

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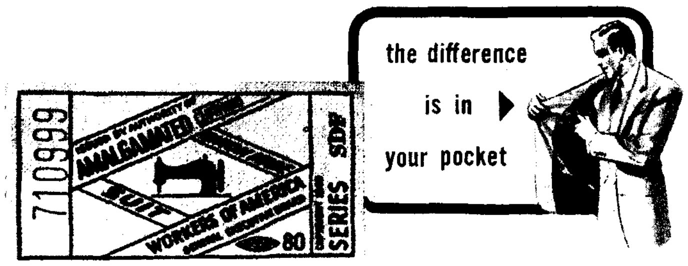

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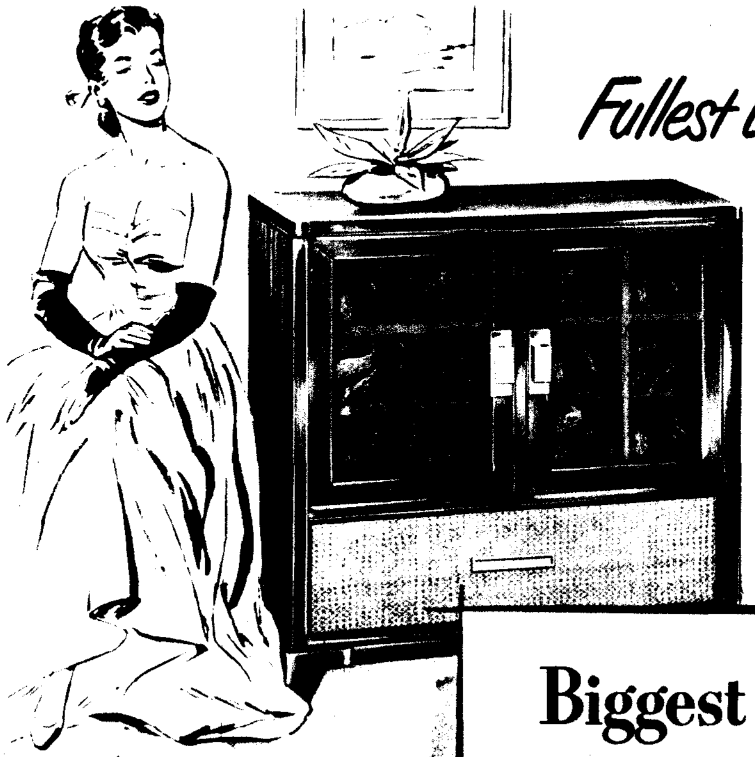

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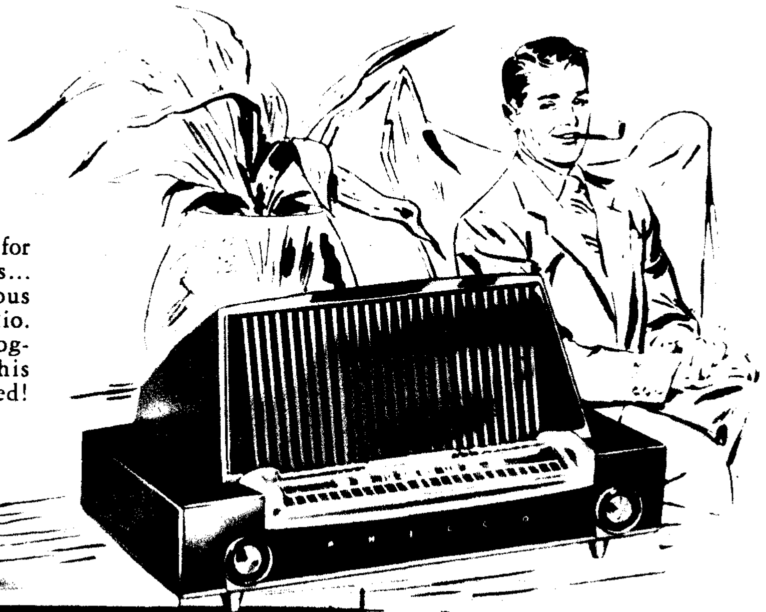

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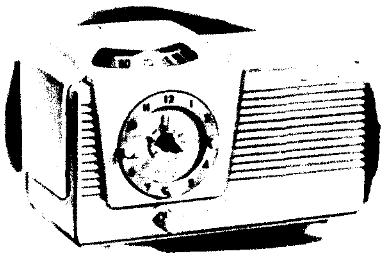

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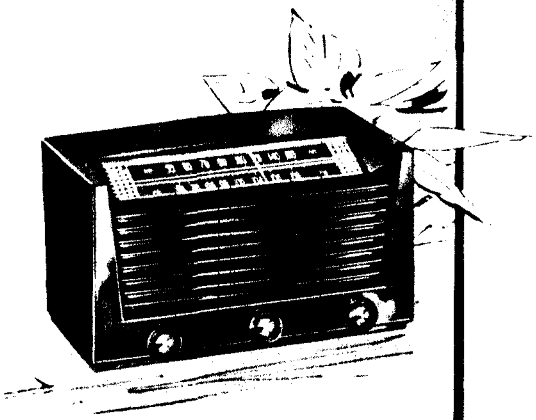

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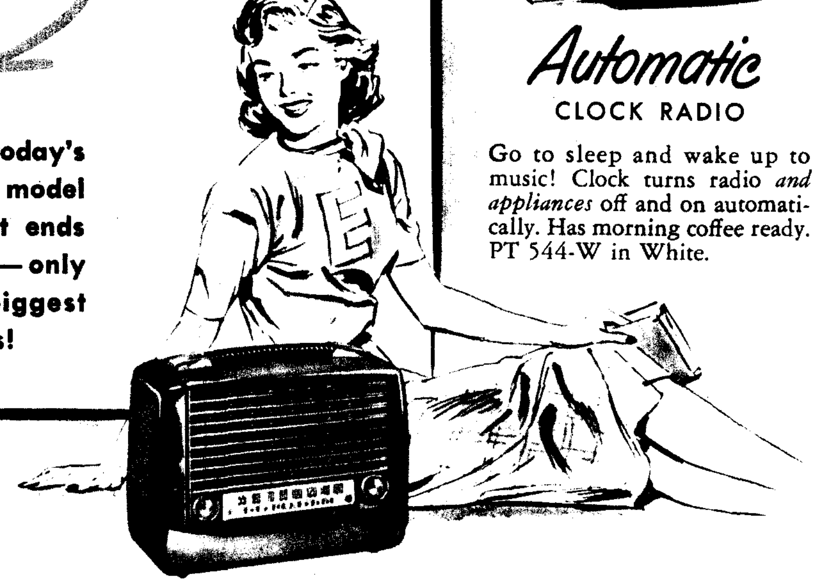

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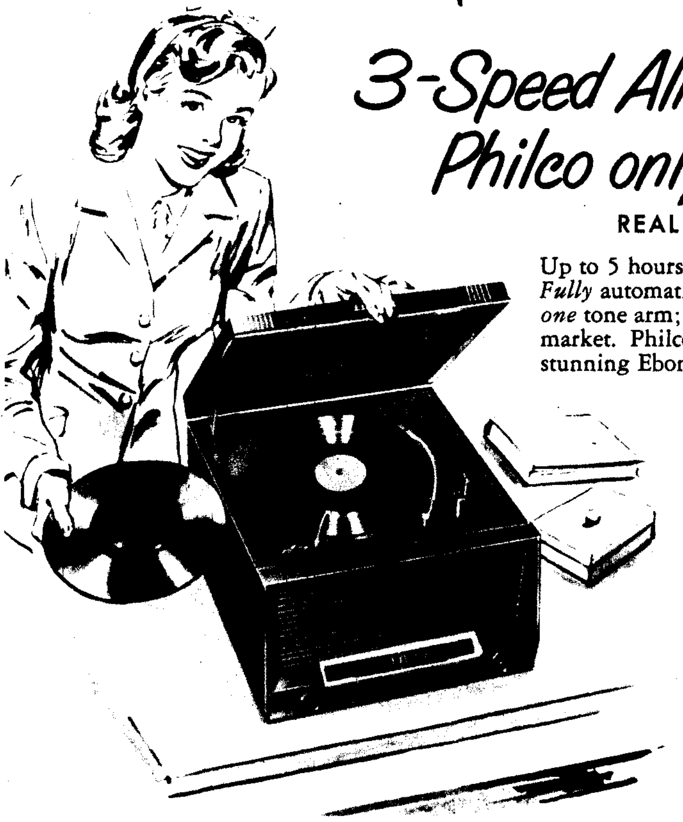

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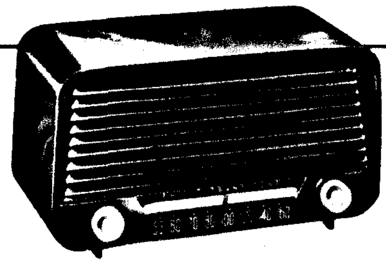

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tion indulged in an orgy of revenge, once it was clear that a Red comeback was impossible. According to Marina, the prime targets among women had been the wives of MVD officials and the women officials of the prisons. I personally had counted several-score naked female bodies hanging in the bombed desolation of Red Square.

The anger against the MVD women sprang not only out of hatred for the repression their positions represented, but also out of sheer envy. For the MVD families were at the top of the rigid caste system that developed in the latter days of the Soviet empire. I had already learned something about this during the early days of the Soviet occupation of East Germany and Berlin.

I remember vividly, for example, the day in 1946 that the wife of an MVD colonel came with her husband into the salon of Gehringer & Glupp, leading fashion designers of Germany, and ordered in one swoop two Persian-lamb coats, one gray and one black, one long mink with turned-back sleeves, and a fox jacket. I got myself in bad with the fashion salon by reporting this incident in a feature article. The result was that orders went out to Soviet families: they were not to venture into the Western sectors except on official business. This, of course, cut off the fashion houses from some of their best customers at a time when customers were scarce.

I remember visiting, in 1955, the apartment which had belonged to Moscow's top secret police officer. What remained of the furnishings indicated a lushness so overdone as to be ludicrous. There were quarters for servants, a luxury reserved for the Soviet hierarchy only. In the kitchen, which had otherwise been thoroughly looted, there remained in lonely splendor one of those American-made combinations of blender-mixer. It was a machine which could do almost everything except talk, if you just mastered the very simple mechanism. It had been left behind by the mob for the very good reason that, unschooled in such luxuries, they had no idea what the apparatus was for.

The second rank in the hierarchy of privileged women in Red Russia belonged to the artists. These included ballerinas, concert pianists, opera singers, actresses, painters and authors. Ballet dancers such as Ulanova and Semyonova drew as much as $800 a month—over and above their day-to-day expenses. These artists lived rent-free by courtesy of the Communist regime, and even their jewels and furs were gifts of the state. Although they were the envy of the masses, the women artists were not, as a class, harmed when the upheaval came. The Russian people retained their respect for the *kulturni* side of life and people of talent, even in times of crisis. But the artists did not escape robbery and looting.

The third general group was the professionals: the women doctors and lawyers, the lady scientists and engineers. These women, overworked though they were, could from time to time indulge in such luxuries as silk stockings, cosmetics and even perfume. If they were lucky, they might even be able to afford their own apartments. It would, to be sure, probably consist of only one room; but at least they could enjoy human privacy, a very rare privilege in Red Russia. Under the Reds, 60 per cent of the doctors in Russia were women. After the UN occupation began, Russian women continued to take great pride in having a profession. Indeed, because of the acute shortage of men, the number of professional women will undoubtedly continue growing for some time to come.

The lowest category in the female caste system had comprised the majority. These were the factory workers and the wives of factory workers. Families in this class lived, as a rule, eight and more to a room. Kitchens and bathrooms were shared by at least two and, more often, by five or six families. In ages, the families stretched from grandma to young babies. The lack of privacy was provocative of quarreling and bickering even for the most temperate of personalities, and Slavs, of course, are renowned for their temperament. Labor-saving devices, such as vacuum cleaners and refrigerators, were simply unheard-of among the masses.

Women at all levels of society generally held down some kind of job. Madame Molotov, the wife of the Soviet Foreign Minister, for example, was once head of the big Soviet cosmetic trust. Some women at the top of the caste system confined their activities to Communist party work or to running a household. But they were rare.

* * *

Women in Russia functioned as streetcar conductors, police, automobile mechanics, even as ditchdiggers. Marina told me that once, during the great famine that accompanied enforced collectivization in the early thirties (10,000,000 Russians died), she had had to substitute for a horse and draw a plow. All the horses in her area had been butchered by the hungry populace. And the Communists drafted the able-bodied—men, women and children—to serve as horsepower!

Because of long hours in the factories, women industrial workers had been forced to relegate care of their children to state nurseries. Marina claimed that it was a matter of course in a factory for the mother of a new baby to breast-feed her child while remaining at her machine. The child was "loaned" to her at specific times during the day. Thus the factory nursery system enabled the hard-driving Red regime to refuse all excuses a mother might put forward for interruption of work.

Actually, the much vaunted "equality" of Russian women amounted mainly to equal opportunity for backbreaking jobs. Russian women never held top policy-making spots in the Communist government; yet Lenin had promised that the Bolshevik Revolution would permit even a cook to run the country! The feminine sex was conspicuously absent from the Politburo.

Today the Russian females' willingness to do rough work is proving a boon to the country. The rebuilding of Moscow is being done chiefly by women. One sees them by the thousands, bandannas round their heads and rags round their feet, patiently scraping the bricks by hand, placing them in orderly piles, and sweeping away the rubble. German women were doing the same thing in Berlin in 1945.

Nobody knows at this time just how greatly the women outnumber the men in liberated Russia. United Nations experts estimate that the total Russian population

Russia's Rebirth

By SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH

(Statement by Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine after her tour of Russia in 1956)

FOR the past three months I have seen, touched and smelled indescribable destruction—the chaos and desolation that is Russia today. Yet in that destruction—the greatest in the world's history—I saw real assurance of a permanent peace.

Perhaps I can describe my feelings as a woman in this way: like a mother dying in childbirth, the last war has produced a sprawling, vigorous infant of peace; a child which has a better chance to grow into full maturity than his predecessors not only because the last of the evil dictatorships has disappeared, but also because Russia's women for the first time are free.

As the bearers of children, women are the producers of life, the inherent protectors of life and the greatest opponents of war and bloodshed. Today, with the man power of Russia drained by the demands of World War III, Russia's women, by sheer weight of numbers alone, can influence and help to shape the future of their great nation.

Everywhere I saw and felt a great sense of relief on the part of Russian women that this war was over. True, the bombs of the free forces destroyed many of their homes, killed many of their loved ones—but they also smashed the chains of slavery which bound Russia's womenfolk.

In every war, it has been said, women suffer most. In World War III, which has just ended, there is an exception to the rule. Certainly the women of Russia suffered during the years of the war. But they had suffered far worse during the 38 years under the Reds' regime. Indeed, it is safe to say that for many of them, the first great relief they experienced was when the conflict actually began; for it is abundantly clear now that they considered war inevitable, whereas the West did not.

The women of Russia no longer fear that revolver butts will hammer on their doors in the dead of night; they no longer live in terror that their menfolk will be arbitrarily snatched from them and sent to the frozen wastes of Siberia. Never again will their homes and lives be smashed by the cruel demands of a police state.

In Russia today, so far as the women are concerned, history is repeating itself. Ten years ago the women of another dictatorship—a police state which felt the searing impact of the world's first atomic bomb—gave the world a remarkable demonstration of their newly found freedom. In a defeated, prostrate Japan they thronged to the polls in the first general election to raise their voices for peace. Japanese women—some of them carrying their children on their backs—cast ballots for the first time in their nation's history and secured a voice in the future of their country.

No such general elections have yet been held in Russia; the country is still governed by a provisional government. But the day is not far distant when the women of Russia will have the right to cast their ballots in free elections to help give their nation a strong government, one which will guarantee them the same sort of freedom that we know in the Western World. In that way they can ensure that war will never again ravage their country.

Today the women of Russia are no longer slaves forced to work in the fields like animals; nor are they merely tolerated that they may bring children into the world, fulfilling the insatiable demands of the totalitarian state. Already they are free; they have a voice in the rebuilding of the New Russia. And I believe they can be counted on, for wherever you find *the woman's* voice granted even an approach to parity *with that of the man,* you will find a more peaceful nation. This is one of Russia's brightest hopes.

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fell during the third World War from 212,000,000 to 180,000,000 persons. At war's end, the experts estimated that at least 60 per cent of the adult population were women. Indeed, while this is a small point, the most popular song among the women here today is a lament for their lost menfolk, called *Propavshiye,* which literally translated means, "The Lost Ones." Since the occupation began, the population has increased at least 10,000,000 and, as the younger generation comes of age, the excess of women is being cut down.

* * *

There have been so many drastic upheavals in the family life of Russia since the 1917 Revolution that the current postwar emotional binge causes little surprise to someone like Marina. She has seen so much that she is beyond astonishment. We talked a lot about the teen-agers, who, after a generation of intensive antichurch propaganda, present one of the greatest problems in Russia today.

"The attitude of the young in some areas of Russia today reminds me of the years right after the Bolshevik Revolution," Marina said. "In those days my children mocked me because I balked at the current ideas of free love. It was a time when marriage was a signature on a piece of paper and divorce could be obtained by a post card sent from one mate to the other. Abortions were officially sanctioned by the state. Even in our village they were performed by the hundreds."

According to Marina, the Soviet State in the thirties suddenly and ruthlessly reversed its attitude toward marriage and the family. The new moral code was enforced with a stringency indicative of the urgency with which the Red dictator, like the Nazi and Fascist dictators, desired an increase in the population.

By 1936, abortions became a crime punished by as many as 10 years' slave labor in such infamous camps as Karaganda in Siberia. So it turned out that many women strong enough to survive the disease and cold of the camps passed years in slavery for an act that was once official policy.

In their zeal to foster the family unit, the Reds finally made divorce virtually impossible. Still the "scientific" state made plain its purely biological—as opposed to moral—considerations. Illegitimate children were given the same treatment as others. And no stigma was attached to an unwed mother. The state wanted babies and it was pleased to get them either in or out of wedlock. But once the formalities of marriage were entered into, they could not be ruptured, lest this slow the process of procreation and inject human complexities into the controlled pattern of society which the police state had established.

This summer of 1960 has seen notable improvements. For one thing the great black markets in stockings, sugar, butter and coffee are virtually gone. Oddly enough, there is a thriving black market in one commodity: high-heeled shoes.

Russian women, whose longing for perfumes and silks has been accentuated by the drab years under Stalin, are still by no means free from austerity. Just the same, in Moscow today it is possible to find some Russian women looking just as chic as those of New York. The fashion shows which were arranged here by New York's Hattie Carnegie, France's Christian Dior and Britain's Norman Hartnell have, of course, influenced Moscow fashion. Queues of women, many miles long, waited to see the showings which were held in the Dynamo Stadium, the huge arena built in 1927, on the outskirts of the city. They were as popular as a World Series back in America. It was the first time that the average Russian woman had seen a real fashion show, and about 50,000 women attended.

As a result of these showings, the industrious Russian women set to and made (if they could not buy the reasonably priced, practical clothes which were the only types shown) dresses, suits and overcoats based on the designs they had seen. Castoff army uniforms and burlap coats suddenly appeared with a definite modern line; some even used flour bags to make quite presentable two-piece summer suits. Their owners, the women who worked at the airfield unloading the flying freight cars during the days of Operation Flour, have proved most inventive and their "Pillsbury Suits" (as they are called) are the rage.

Russian designers took the cue after the first showings and six months later put on the first all-Russian fashion exhibition (I call it the first because the average Russian woman had never been given the opportunity under the Soviets). The designs shown were not sensational, but certainly better than anything Russian women had ever been offered under the Communist regime. The stadium was used again and just as many women turned up. There was one comical aspect: instead of the light music which generally accompanies fashion shows, the Russians employed a brass band, which opened the proceedings with a roll-out-the-barrel-type popular song which has been sweeping Russia. It's called *Stalin-Durak,* meaning "Stalin the Fool."

Hosiery is plentiful now, but silks and satins are still rationed; foundation garments, due to an acute shortage of elastic, are also in very short supply. Such items as soap and cosmetics, which were almost impossible to obtain in the early days, are just now beginning to come on the market and at reasonable prices. One brand of lipstick, the first to be made in Russia on a mass scale since the end of the war, is selling so well that the factory where it's produced is now working a 24-hour shift. The name of this cosmetic best seller is *Lyubit Vsegda* (To Love Forever); this is certainly an improvement over the efforts of Soviet publicists of 15 years ago, who once named a state-produced perfume "Tractor 815."

The nonfraternization rules of World War II were never imposed here, and in the last five years hundreds of marriages have taken place between UN troops and Russian girls. Americans from Texas and the Western states particularly were enamored by the volatile Slav women; especially the high-cheekboned, blonde descendants of the Varangian (Norse) invasion of Russia. The Russian women (the troops call them "Jennies," a derivation of the Russian word *Zhenshchina,* meaning woman; the Russians called all UN troops "Ikies") were, for their part, at first amazed, then delighted by the deference shown to them by American males. They have never been on such privileged perches before and they are sometimes baffled by the details of their new station in society.

One day, after describing the strange but pleasant attitude of American men toward their women, Marina observed with complete lack of originality: "You American women must live like queens." It was, of course, an observation I had heard all over liberated Russia, just as I had heard it in Germany after the second World War.

* * *

It is truly heartening to see the Herculean efforts made by the United Nations to assist this beaten nation. Some of the suffering, it is true, has been beyond our power to alleviate. But we have always tried. I was proud to show Marina the work of the sanitation squads, the food distribution centers, the hospitals and mobile medical units. More often than not, the operating rooms were in tents; but, nonetheless, the medicines and medical instruments were there and the people were being helped.

We are, in sum, doing our best to carry out wartime promises that we are here as liberators and not as imperialist conquerors. It seemed that we learned something from our experience in Germany. And as the palace—Marina's home—came into view I could not help but think that the reason why there is little resentment toward us and why the occupation has been a success so far is simply this: we are letting the Russian people find their own paths into the future. In short, we have not tried to punish them into being democratic. THE END

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Free Thoughts, Free Words

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

who rules the monastery in the name of the Metropolitan of Kiev, accustomed like almost countless predecessors to give hospitality to thousands of pilgrims, has offered shelter to many teachers and students. Others have established themselves in half-wrecked villas of the Petchersky quarter. We held our talk almost within a stone's throw of the ancient tomb of Nestor the Chronicler, born more than nine hundred years ago. With the memory of so many holy, patient, ascetic men hallowing the monastery walls, men here should be able to command philosophy.

"What do you think is the outlook?" I inquired of Antonov.

"I begin to hope!" he declared. "We must recapture the best elements of the Russian past, as you suggest. But our central aim must be more important than that. Our central achievement will be the establishment, for the first time in all Russian history, of the fundamental freedoms of thought, speech, publication and organization—freedoms on which all reforms in education, and all advances in science, letters, and art, must rest. Do you remember the words of the Hebrew propret, Jeremiah?—'A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely . . . and my people love to have it so.' With freedom of thought, freedom of speech and writing, we can banish the false prophets."

"The goal is easy to set," I commented. "But with a whole generation hopelessly miseducated, to realize it will be difficult. Have we even begun well?"

"Yes!" stoutly responded Antonov. "The United Nations has made a perfect beginning. It has decided that after helping free the Russian people from bondage, it will not force them back into chains and cells."

He pointed to the United Nations banner flying in the distance side by side with the newly adopted Russian tricolor, the old-time merchant marine flag.

"Your crucial decision to entrust re-education to mixed bodies of Russian and Western experts," he said, "is going to save us from the worst errors committed by the Great Powers in Germany and Japan after the second World War. Do you remember? At the Potsdam Conference the victorious Powers agreed that they would begin the systematic re-education of the whole German people, for Nazism represented not merely the triumph of physical force, but the ideological and spiritual coercion and enslavement of the German people. At the same time, they agreed by implication on a similar re-education of the Japanese. Good enough. But then this vital work of re-education was kept exclusively in the hands of the victors. A new system of thought was *imposed* upon the people—rammed down their throats as part of the settlement with the vanquished. Of course they gagged over it. It didn't work. Now you have learned better."

"We have," I assented. "The people of the West and the people of Russia are not victors and vanquished. We are partners."

* * *

The most striking proof that we are partners lies in the work of the International Atomic Commission. Dr. Ralph Bunche, head of that body, made a flying visit to Kiev the other day, accompanied by the venerable Albert Schweitzer, one of his advisers. Schweitzer, who is now eighty-five, is mentally as vigorous as ever. Dr. Bunche could hardly have a more brilliant assistant than this world-renowned humanitarian, doctor and theologist. Both refused to talk to reporters. But to a physicist at the university, Schweitzer was eloquent; eloquent over the possibilities now that we can move from experiments in atomic-powered submarines and airplanes, from atom bombs and rockets, to a free development of the peaceful potential of atomic energy.

"Our engineers turn my head today with their talk of what the world can now do *with atomic energy*," he said. "If we could leave this war-torn earth now, in this year of 1960, and not return until the year 2000, we would be astounded at the progress made. They tell me that we would hardly believe the fantastic additions to the wealth, comfort and general well-being of mankind made in the 40 years of our absence."

Among these engineers, Canadians and Australians are specially prominent. The three first uses planned for atomic energy here are the reconstruction of the cities—think of the saving now that steel mills can be run without coal; the supply of energy and heat to the settlements near and within the Arctic Circle, a subject on which the Ottawa experts have special competence; and the use of such energy to irrigate arid and semiarid regions in Central Asia, a kind of problem on which Australian technicians can speak with authority. The International Atomic Commission thinks that the Arctic zone and subarctic belt right around the world, through Siberia, Greenland and Alaska, can now be treated as a unit—and we are already learning a good deal from the Russians on the possibilities of developing it.

* * *

Physicists here say that the great atomic plants of the Red regime cost well over $10,000,000,000. The Soviet effort to make the plutonium bomb, which fortunately failed, cost billions more. Great as the recent destruction was, much of the Soviet installations still survive. Dr. Bunche states that scores of German engineers who had been literally compelled to work for the Soviet Union since World War II are overjoyed that they are now free men, able to join in a free world effort.

The editor of the *Vedomosti*, the newspaper that sprang up in Kiev a few months ago, is an emaciated, cynical, and highly intellectual man of middle age, brought up on liberal writers like Granovsky, Stankevich and Milyukov rather than on Marx and Kautsky. Long before the war, he was sent from Lubianka Prison to a detention camp near Tiflis. Now he assured me that Soviet education should be swept away almost completely, for it was a huge sham.

"Sham and lies," he said, "like nearly everything else in Communism. Just remember a few facts. Remember that the Stalin Constitution with all its guaranties of civil liberties was adopted in 1936 at the very time the merciless purges were being made. Just remember that the Supreme Soviet, the sham parliament, in which the Stalin Constitution vested the highest power, was a rubber stamp and nothing more. Why, that Supreme Soviet sat during World War II for only four brief sessions! So it was in Soviet education. It looked democratic; actually it was a system of lies to bolster up the dictatorship. What did your Thomas Carlyle say of the French Revolution?—it was 'truth clad in hell-fire.' We have had the hell-fire to burn away the accumulated shams and falsehoods, and now we must have the truth to rebuild."

No one who has not made the study of Soviet education that UNRUSCEP is making can realize the force of this angry statement. The editor's words reawakened an old echo. "The school apart from life, apart from politics, is a lie and a hypocrisy," Lenin had written. And then Leninist politics made the school itself full of lies and hypocrisy. "Education is a weapon whose effect depends on who holds it and against whom it is aimed," Stalin had told H. G. Wells. And Stalin, especially after the historic resolutions of the Communist Party Central Committee in 1946 on ideological activity, did far more than Lenin to pervert the schools.

Even in the kindergarten, the teachers used games and catchwords which indoctri-

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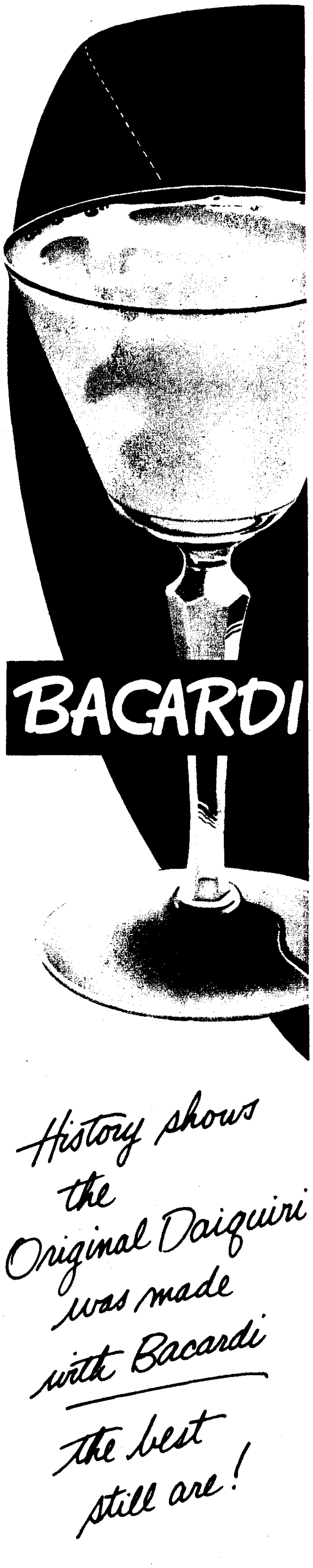
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nated the tots with unthinking admiration for the Soviet army, reverence for the Communist party, and worship of the portraits of Lenin ("Holiest of all Holinesses") and Stalin. From the first year to the tenth—for Soviet primary-secondary education had only a 10-year program as against the American and British 12-year plan—youngsters were taught that life must be shaped to the Communist pattern. Even in the first grades, they learned the old Iberian Gate inscription in Red Square, posted by the Soviet regime: "Religion is the opiate of the people." They learned to hate Western life and culture.

The children were drilled in a love of warfare. Their textbook taught addition by a picture of a tank reinforcement fighting capitalist enemies. They were filled with a distorted view of the free democracies. Thus, they learned that the United States was in the hands of arrogant billionaires, each heading a greedy trust of copper, steel, oil or meat-packing interests, and lording it over millions of impoverished wage slaves living in noisome slums. They were told that Englishmen habitually blew innocent natives from the mouths of cannon. In the higher schools they were given economics courses to prove that the United States and other powers had been brought to their knees by the Great Depression after 1930—"the world crisis of capitalist economy"—and that, ere long, a yet more fearful crisis would bring the West to destruction.

Now, as Antonov said, hope of a better day has awakened. In Petrograd (the very revival of the old names is a contribution to re-education) the university has been re-established as vigorously as in Kiev, Kharkov and Odessa. In Kazan, the university, with its valuable library and laboratories, was unharmed. Teachers and students in dozens of technical schools have flocked back to work. The lectures that T. S. Eliot is giving in Moscow on the spirit of modern American and British literature are being hugely attended, and are accurately reported in scores of newspapers. We feared that our scientists, and especially those who helped develop the atomic bomb, would be regarded with strong prejudice. It is therefore especially good news that next spring Niels Bohr's projected seminars in mathematical physics will draw to Moscow many of the best young scientists of the country.

* * *

Prejudice remains—prejudice against "decadent bourgeois ideas," against a "proto-Fascist" view of history, against "reactionary economics," and against what the old Soviet Minister of Education, Kalashnikov, called "rightist opportunism." Even with the aid of all the educated refugees who are returning home, it will take a generation to complete the reorientation. But Western books are being imported in great quantities for the millions of Russians who read English, French or German—in addition to the vast numbers of Russian translations, which also are being circulated. In the revolution-ravaged town of Romny near here, a schoolmistress proudly exhibited to me the first of the new texts.

New texts!—for just as in Germany after Hitler's downfall the occupation forces hastily adopted pre-Nazi textbooks, revising them down to date, so here our Russian subcommittee has simply adopted the best pre-Soviet texts, and has rapidly but skillfully revised them to suit the world of 1960. Moreover, despite all the ignorance, misinformation and mental distortion, we find a surprising supply of teachers.

"We were not so badly fooled as you think," said the aged head of the Romny secondary school when we discussed the screening of teachers. We were sitting on the battered wooden steps of what the Soviet authorities had boastfully called an "institute," and he pointed to a shabby one-armed associate going down the catalpa-shaded walk. "He was in Siberia—do you think he was fooled?" He touched a medal on his left breast. "I served in Germany and Czechoslovakia after the second World War. After what I saw there, do you think I was fooled? We had books, and the Voice." His jaw set.

"Do you think we didn't resent it—silently—when we saw Ivan Maisky, who had published our standard work on Outer Mongolia, forced to rewrite it in order to eliminate his 'racialist' and 'colonialist' errors? And go before the Pacific Institute of the Moscow Academy of Sciences, into the bargain, and grovel over his 'deviations,' and promise to write always in the spirit of 'Stalinite truth'?

"Do you think we didn't resent it when Eugene Tarlé was compelled to rewrite his classic history of Napoleon's invasion of Russia to give less credit for its defeat to the czar, the generals and the nobles, and more credit to the workers and peasants?"

The veteran schoolmaster threw back his head and shook his fist.

"You may say that people like myself are exceptional. But I tell you that there are countless peasant women, teaching their children at the knee, who were not fooled. The Russian people were honest. They wanted to think honestly, to feel sincerely, to act straightforwardly. Multitudes *were* fooled. But many were not. And you cannot realize the joy of these many in being once more treated like honest, adult, decent human beings—by leaders who appeal to our better natures, and our highest instincts, not our worst."

* * *

With the aid of Russians like Antonov, like the editor of *Vedomosti*, and like the old high-school preceptor, UNRUSCEP is carrying forward the regeneration of Russian education. Books and periodicals are being provided which furnish an accurate view of the world. Teachers, students and parents are being encouraged to discuss controversial subjects with the one aim of reaching objective truth. Education is being healthfully decentralized, for one defect of Soviet education was that all decisions—even to installing a school bus or buying laboratory apparatus—were made at the top. The trade schools that were often but another name for forced-labor schools, with youngsters alternating four hours of study with four hours of factory toil, are being reformed. In higher education tens of thousands of free scholarships will be established. Few outsiders realize how largely Soviet universities and polytechnic schools offered a caste education. Tuition fees weighted the attendance heavily in favor of the families of Communist party members—that is, the ruling class.

Above all, we are emphasizing freedom: freedom of speech, of press, of radio, of the pulpit; freedom of research, teaching and publication; freedom even to indulge in error. In no long time, so greatly do we value freedom, we hope to turn the system entirely over to the Russians. Nor do we fail to comprehend that Russian education must be different from ours, fitting Russian traditions, habits and environment.

The spirit of our work is an international spirit. Symbolic of its character is the scene which took place three weeks ago at Kharkov, when the bones of the great scientist Ilya Metchnikov, which had been rudely disentombed in the recent troubles, were reburied at his birthplace.

Metchnikov, who died in 1916, was one of Russia's greatest biologists and pathologists. He worked under Pasteur in Paris and eventually became a professor at the Pasteur Institute. Representatives of 20 nations came to attend the ceremony. The head of the Pathological Institute in Berlin, first directed by Rudolf Virchow, presided, for some of Metchnikov's most important discoveries were published in Virchow's *Archiv*. The director of the Pasteur Institute gave the principal address, and a representative of the Rockefeller Institute in New York also spoke.

Then the mayor of Kharkov closed the occasion. "Metchnikov," he said, "showed us the true way to conquer men's minds—through science and education. We must follow in his footsteps; we must apply his spirit to the great work before us." THE END

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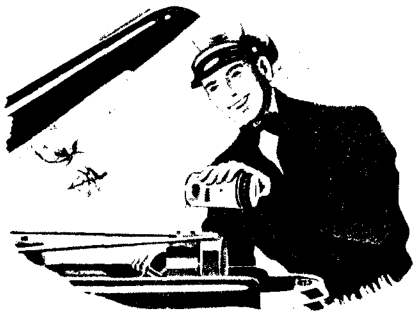
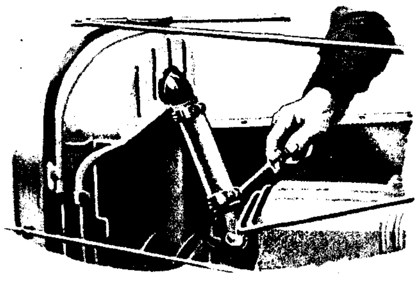
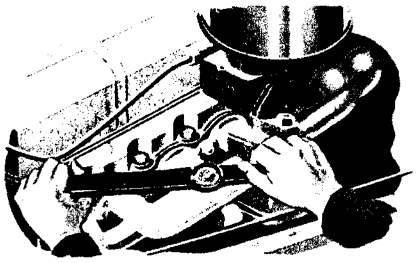


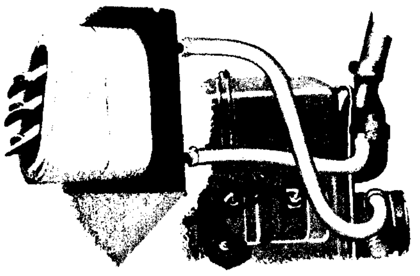
Your dealer will clean the radiator. He'll remove rust, scale and dirt that might slow up circulation and cause overheating . . . check the radiator for leaks so you won't lose anti-freeze.



He'll check hose connections and water pump. When hose is worn, he'll replace it. He'll see your thermostat works right and make sure hose clamps, water pump are tight.



Check head-gasket and cylinder-head bolts. In this way, he'll help protect you from costly engine damage that can be caused by exhaust gases leaking into the cooling system.



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Out of the Rubble—A New Russia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

it has endured two military invasions, by Hitler and by the Atlantic Allies, and a whole series of uprisings and civil violence. But the Russians are a very durable people.

They live here in the Ukraine on very durable soil. In some areas the rich black earth is said to be 30 feet deep, like Iowa. The surrounding fields have not changed—the vivid green of sugar beets, the rusty green of potatoes, the tall yellow stands of sunflowers. When the damage done the town saddens me too much, I walk out across the river on a makeshift bridge and admire the strength of the fields. There are few tractors, but plenty of horses and oxen. Presently the harvest will come, and it looks like a good one. When Russia has a good harvest, people breathe more freely; it has been so for centuries.

* * *

No sooner had I found a room in the inn near the plaza (the food is good but the plumbing has not advanced in a generation) than I presented my credentials to the area commander, a fine-looking man, well built and possessing a magnificent handle-bar mustache.

I told him of my eagerness to get on to Moscow, for it was there that I expected to get the best information to compile my report on the economic situation. But he told me that I was lucky to get to Poltava. Apparently there still are very few trains running north and occasional bandits make roads to the capital unsafe. Furthermore, the planes are all reserved for military and administrative personnel. He was at a loss to know how to help me and then he had an idea: that was how I met the fine Russian economist Alexis Maximovitch Petrov.

An hour later Alexis presented himself at the inn. He turned out to be a big, muscular chap in a plastic sun helmet, with thick black hair turning gray at the temples and a long white scar on his left cheek. His eyes are kind and very intelligent, and look right at you. He would have looked well in the Czar's Guards.

"The commandant said I might be of service to you," he said in excellent English, though with a Russian accent. "I had a job once in New York, and know about your work. I am glad you are here to take a look at us in Russia. We have had another revolution."

"I think you are the man I have been looking for," I said, "a Russian economist who has been around. I have many questions to ask you."

"Suppose we start by sitting down at one of the tables under the trees outside," Alexis said. "We have got the brewery going again, and you must try our Poltava beer." He led the way, and the beer when it came was good.

"My name is Alexis Maximovitch Petrov," he began. "I am forty-three and was born in Moscow, the son of a professor of mathematics, the year the first Revolution broke. I never lived under the czar, I am a product of the Politburo. I studied economics and statistics at the university, and worked for a time with the Sugar Trust. Then I was sent to Amtorg, the government trading company's branch in New York. Once I heard you speak at a college there. Then I went to London, fought in World War II, as your faithful ally, and then back to the Institute of Economics in Moscow where I served under economist Eugen Varga."

"I heard that he recanted his heretical views that capitalism would not collapse immediately after World War II. Is that true?" I asked.

"Yes. Officially, I recanted too; privately, no. I had seen too much of America and Britain to believe that capitalism was perishing from its inner contradictions, or that permanent depression was in the making. Capitalism was certainly changing very rapidly—especially under the impact of your graduated income tax—but only a person blinded by ideology could believe that the system was perishing."

"I understand," I said. "But how could a pure child of Communism be so skeptical? Americans believe that propaganda can do anything."

"I am afraid," Alexis said, "that Americans are not always very good observers. Propaganda is only effective when it makes people think they are achieving their goals—their private, human, personal goals. The best propaganda in the world is useless if the goals move no nearer. In Russia, after 1930, all our goals moved further and further away, and the propaganda rolled right off us. Those awful blown-up pictures of Stalin—how sick we got of them! Besides, I had been abroad and knew how to make comparisons. I take my social science seriously."

Alexis drank his beer and looked across the square. From where we sat, with the trees close about us, we could see almost no destruction. "When Varga was ordered to stop his talk about a hardy capitalism, and all those who worked with him likewise, I got out of Moscow as soon as I decently could, with an assignment checking the Fourth Five-Year Plan figures in the Vladivostok area. I got to Tokyo on official business, too."

"And then?" I asked.

"Then, in 1952, came the unfortunate miscalculation about Yugoslavia—and World War III was on. I fought your paratroopers in the course of it; that's where I got this scar." He touched his cheek.

"I knew we should be beaten in the end, failing a miracle. I knew the relative production figures on oil, steel and uranium. When our armies began to break up, a group of us took to the Siberian woods. They are rather large woods and very dense. We found plenty of game. I expected the usual unconditional surrender terms to be insisted on, despite your propaganda, and, on the whole, I preferred Siberian bears. But when we learned the shape of the actual peace terms, and how just and decent they were in anyone's language, our whole group of young officers made their way back to Moscow and offered their services to the provisional government and to the Central Allied Commission. They assigned me a job with UNIHOPE (United Nations Housing and Providing Enterprise), first along the Volga, then here."

"Do you have a staff?"

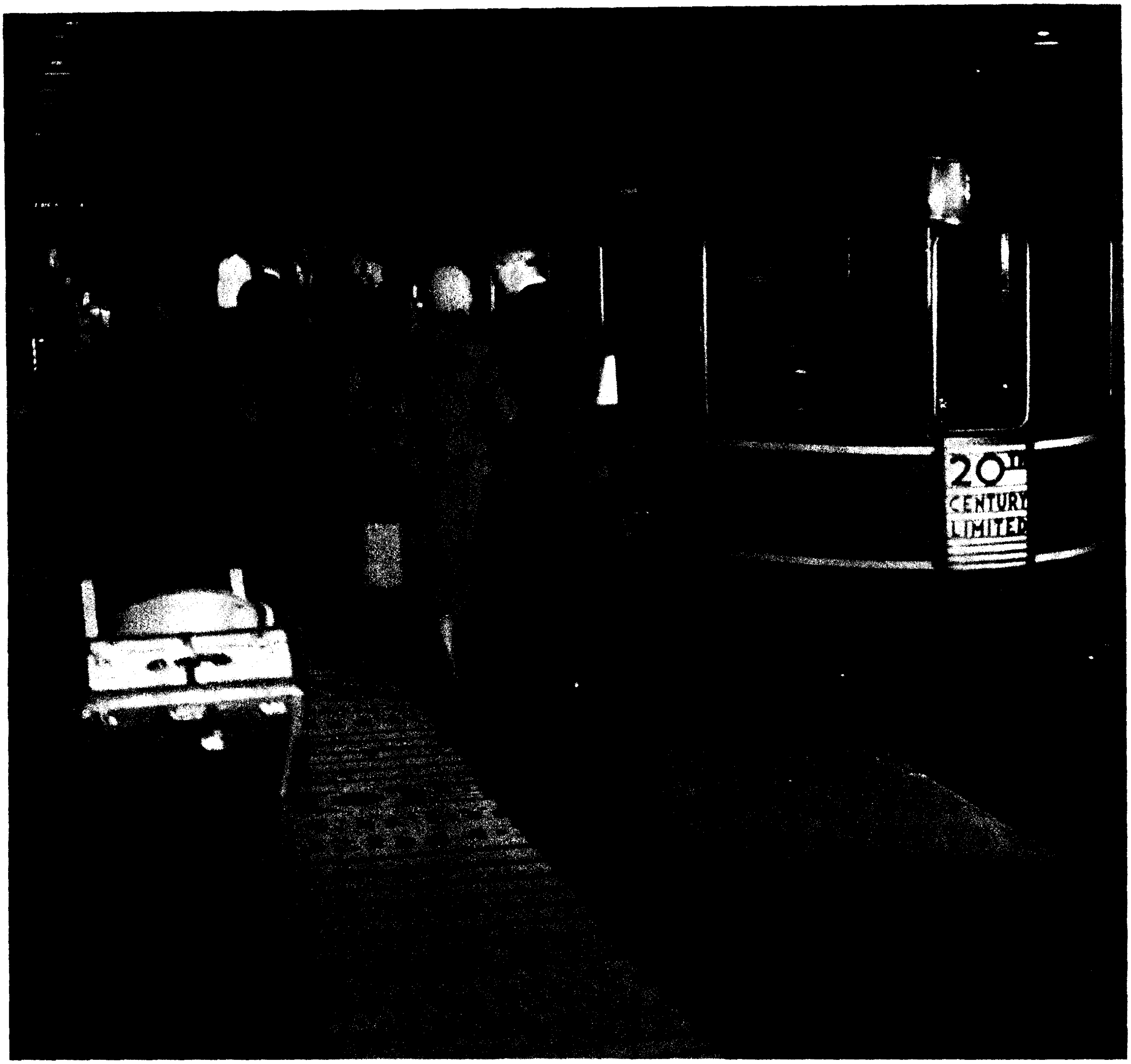
"Yes, a small one. You must come to our office tomorrow. You must meet my wife, too; her name is Vera. I am in charge of UN supplies shipped in to this region—drugs, penicillin, special foods, hospital equipment. We are working on housing, which is very bad in Poltava. And though great strides have been made, in some parts I can still show you whole families living in a single room. We are working on diet, especially for young children. I will show you our new synthetic vitamin plant. We are working on improving crop yields, too."

"It all sounds so familiar," I said, "agronomy, diets, housing, health, how they are all to be solved. I will be glad to go and see the experiments again, and to get your ideas about them, and whether they will succeed this time."

* * *

The following morning Alexis called for me in his jeep. We visited a factory that made fluorescent light bulbs, with rows of buxom girls working at long tables. I complimented the manager on his modern plant, and he said it had been entirely rebuilt since the war. I asked how it had been damaged.

"Strategic bombing," he said. "We had



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been making radar equipment. But they hit us on Sunday when we were closed. Two watchmen were killed. Look, there is part of the old wall." Alexis confirmed his story, and said it was not uncommon. The Atlantic Powers did not make war on the Russian people.

I asked Alexis to tell me what he knew about the effect of World War III on the Russian economy. So one day he put a big map of Eurasia on the table in his living room at home. Vera, his wife, cleared off the dinner things and laid out tea. As we talked, Alexis would point with his pencil to various locations on the map. In summary the story was something like this:

When the Politburo made its miscalculation about Yugoslavia in the spring of 1952, Russia and her satellites had enough military power to take the offensive on any land front. The West had more atomic bombs, but that was its chief military advantage.

The Soviet government, however, had two serious liabilities. The Russian people did not want to fight an offensive war. The peasants especially were disaffected after the devaluation of their savings in 1947. Secondly, the industrial plant of the U.S.S.R., while producing at an all-time high, was capable only of one sixth the output of the West.

Whatever the exact ratio, events soon proved that world wars are lost on the production line, and Russia did not have the production. Furthermore, her industries were highly concentrated, fine targets for bombing. The Baku oil fields were sitting ducks for Allied bases in the Near East.

* * *

When the Allies began to take the offensive in 1954, the Kremlin had no Lend-Lease program to fall back upon, as in 1943. This time Soviet armies and factories were on their own. What help they got from the satellites was more than offset by the munitions which had to be given to the satellites to keep them from caving in.

This time, too, the Allies used diplomacy as a weapon. There were no demands for unconditional surrender, no threats to occupy Russia and hammer democracy into the population. On the contrary, Operation Paper carried urgent appeals to the people of Russia to set up a government of their own choice, and join the United Nations without penalties, reparations or trials of "war criminals."

It was a devastating offensive, psychologically as well as militarily. Bombings caused great misery and resentment, but every effort was made to spare civilians. Atomic attacks were preceded by 10-day —sometimes 30-day—warnings.

Here is what happened to production:

Commodity	*Unit*	*1951*	*1956*
Steel	million metric tons	27	10
Petroleum	" " "	40	15
Coal	" " "	280	120
Grain	" " "	127	65
Electric power	billion K.W.H.	95	30

No modern armies, however brave, could fight very long with such an industrial vacuum behind them. But, strangely enough, the whole economy did not collapse. In the civil war after 1917, Russia survived because of her self-supporting villages. The same thing happened in 1954! Despite the efforts of the Politburo to destroy the ancient structure, the peasants somehow remembered their old handicraft patterns. They hoarded grain and livestock, sold some on the black market, resisted army requisitions, refused to pay the turnover tax, and murdered a good many government collectors. Most of the peasants survived, and helped the cities to survive. In effect, the villages once more saved Russia. They kept the country existing until the provisional government replaced the Politburo in 1955, and United Nations food and supplies began to come in—much of it in flying boxcars.

Recovery was slow from '56 to '58. It took time to resettle the returning soldiers, and to rebuild the 1,500 railroad bridges which had been bombed out (they are still repairing them around Poltava). For the past two years, recovery has moved more rapidly. Pig iron production in 1960 will be almost back to 1950, while grain, cotton cloth, soap, boots are ahead of 1950.

Consumers' goods are ahead! Alexis' eyes shine with satisfaction as he shows me on the map where the factories are now operating. "The iron formula which chained us is broken!" he exclaims. Capital is expected from the World Bank to help construct additional industry, but at no such frantic rate as the Politburo demanded in the 1930s. The bleak days of self-sufficiency, when the Russians built up heavy industry and armaments literally out of their own hides, have ended, it is to be hoped, forever.

The provisional government, with the help of UN advisers in Moscow, is linking the Russian economy to that of Europe, and of the world. For the first time in 40 years there is no fear of the West.

A new ruble backed by gold has replaced the 1947 ruble, which had inflated by 1955 to zero—the third great Communist inflation! Gold, Alexis and I agree, is not necessary in a modern economy, but in a period of uncertainty and readjustment it provides a certain confidence which is useful.

Housing conditions are still very serious. Poltava is bad enough, but other areas are indescribable. "You should see, Kuibyshev, the aircraft manufacturing center on the Volga," says Alexis. "A good cave is practically a penthouse."

The Politburo was particularly remiss in doing anything really adequate about housing. It was the most neglected of all consumers' goods.

We check over the map, while Vera brings more tea—dark red tea, sweetened with sugar from the beet fields. On the whole, things are looking up. Poltava is crowded, battered and torn, but the people see some hope. They can see tangible evidence in the markets, and one can feel it in the air.

We have been on many expeditions in the battered jeep. Alexis interprets as I interview peasants, machinists, managers, UN inspectors. With only an occasional freight train up from the south, food supplies have to come mostly from the neighborhood. The children appear quite well nourished, and I learn that this is due to UNIHOPE's school lunch program.

"Somebody once defined economics," said Alexis, "as the answer to the question, 'How and when do we eat?' Well, Soviet Russia could not answer it satisfactorily, and the system so painfully erected lies in ruins. What answer shall we try now?"

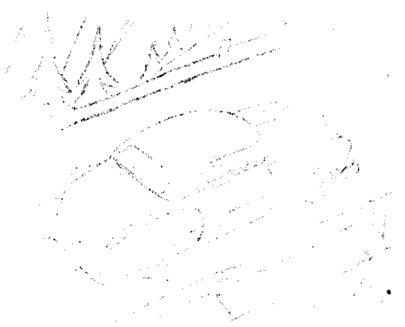
Before tackling the problem of where does Russia go in 1960, however, we felt that it was important to agree on where she had been since the Ten Days That Shook the World. As neither of us had any particular economic ideology, we found it not too hard to agree.

* * *

The story begins, of course, with the czars and their colorful, violent, uneasy people. The people's needs were seldom fulfilled. After the repulse of Napoleon and its heavy cost to Russia, Czar Alexander said piously: "The peasants, our loyal people, will be recompensed by God." That was the way the czars felt about it. God, unfortunately, seemed to be busy elsewhere. So when the Ten Days came in October, 1917, the peasants proceeded to settle their long score with the czar and the nobility, killed landowners wherever they could find them, and took their lands. Marxism they did not understand, and never have, but Lenin's slogan "land and peace" fitted the peasants' goals.

They took the land, but there was no peace. Civil war replaced World War I, with invading armies from Britain, France, the U.S., Japan, coming in to aid the White Russians. Three events are especially noteworthy during this period:

First, the ancient fear of the West became almost a mania because of the invasion. This fear was to last undiminished for another 40 years. Russia and her economy



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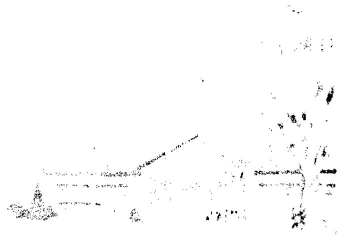

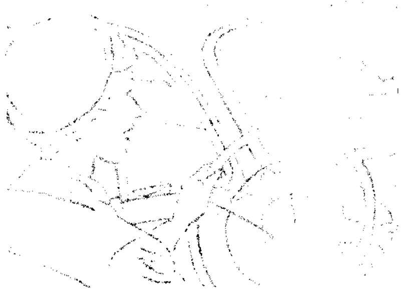

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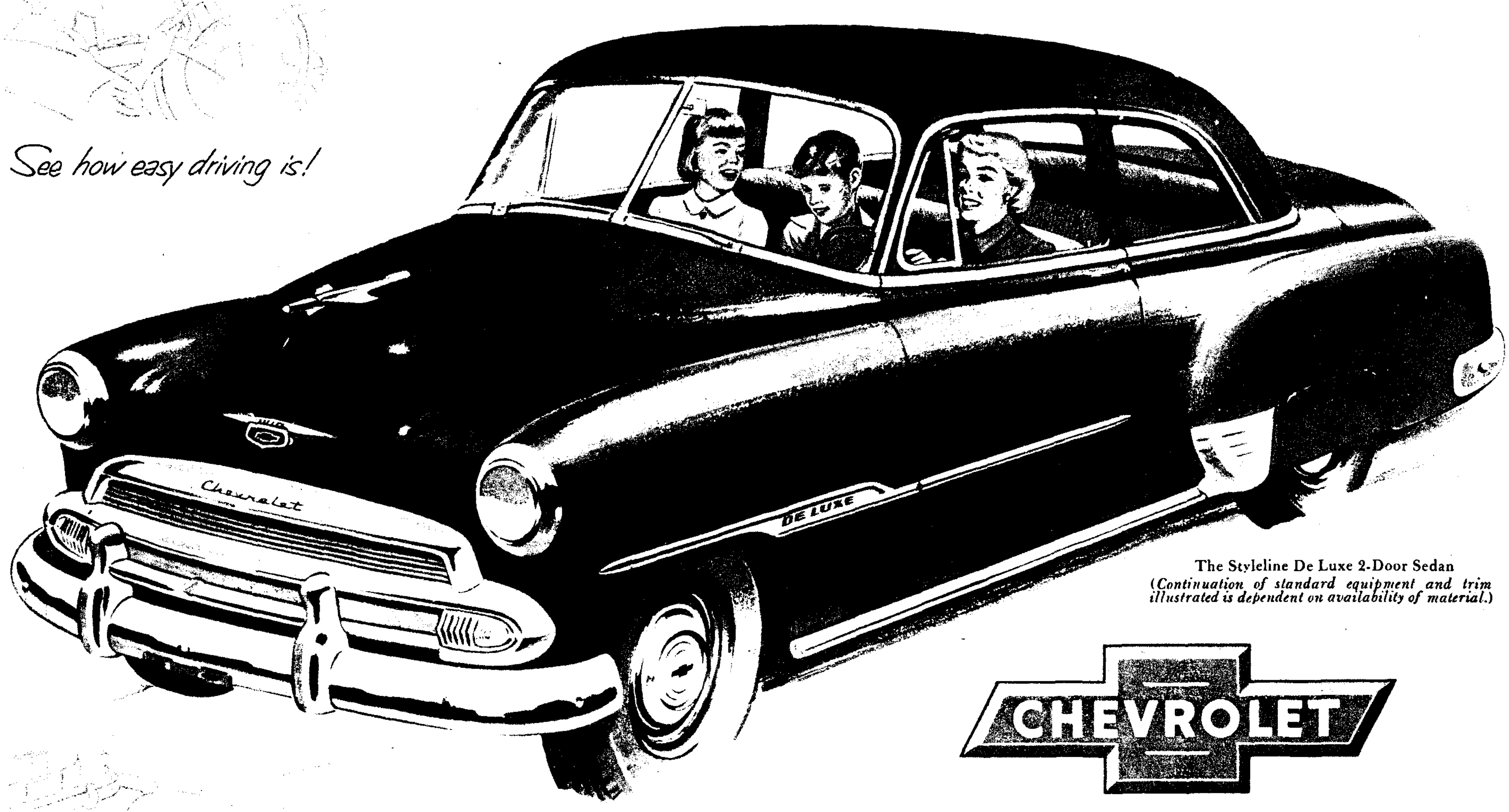

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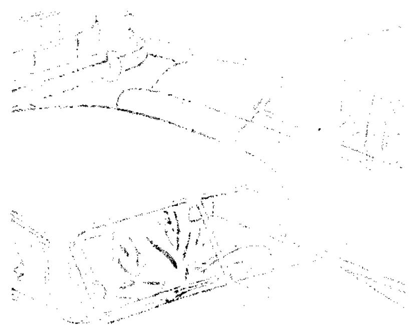

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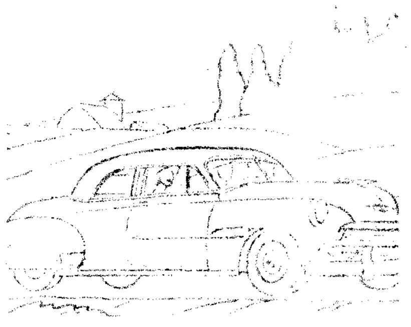

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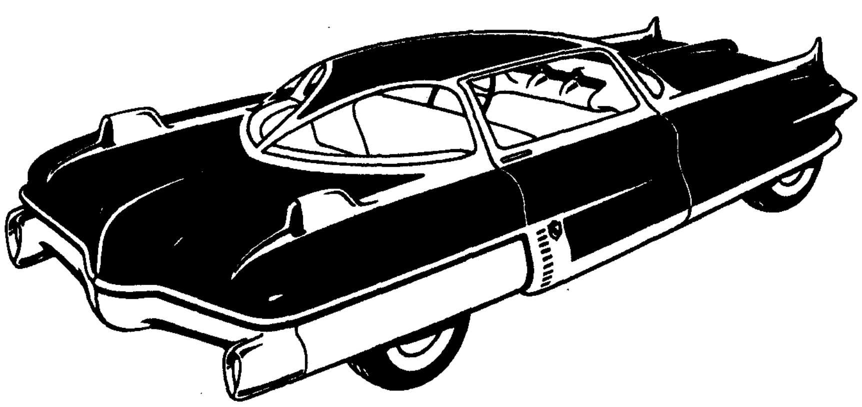

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cannot be understood without reference to it, for it was the basis of the Iron Curtain policy. Communist leaders felt their country must "go it alone," independent of the West, ready to defend itself against it.

Second, more or less pure Communism was tried when workers took over the factories and ran them. Production fell to less than 20 per cent of 1913. This unhappy experiment was never again attempted.

Third, the force which saved Russia from absolute collapse in this bloody period was the self-sufficient village. Even if railroads and power lines went out, the peasants, with their age-old pattern, could still carry on.

* * *

In 1921, Lenin ordered the New Economic Policy—the NEP. Alexis and I agreed that this was an important innovation, with lessons for 1960. It was a kind of Middle Road, or "mixed" economy. The government continued, via the state trusts, to own and operate most industry, but private businessmen took over much of the wholesale trade and 75 per cent of retail trade, while concessions for mining and manufacturing were granted to foreign capitalists.

The peasants were relatively free, and joined collectives or not as they wished.

Inflation, meanwhile, was carrying the old ruble off the map, and in 1924 a new gold ruble replaced it. This was no violation of economic history; but 1928 saw a startling monetary innovation, a portent of things to come. The ruble was cut off from the world's currency system, where dollars exchange at known rates for francs and pounds, and was made an *internal* currency only. Rubles were good only in Russia. The Iron Curtain was coming down.

The NEP gradually faded out behind the blueprint of the First Five-Year Plan, which tried to chart every detail for economic action. Planning replaced individual judgment and decisions over a vast field. A factory manager was given his quota of production, and told to fulfill it or else.

The handwriting was already on the wall in 1930. That year, Alexis and I agreed, was the year of decision, when the Russian economy took a fatal step, presently to reach the point of no return. Its logic was plain enough; the fatality lay in its psychological effect.

The Politburo, still haunted by fear of the West, decided to increase armaments. For this it was necessary to industrialize the country at a tremendous rate. Steel, coal, hydroelectric power and so on were given priorities in the Five-Year Plans. Furthermore, it was to be done internally, accepting no help from foreign capital and allowing foreign trade in only the starkest of necessities. Russia had the raw materials for such a program, but the labor had to be wrung from her people, and the production of consumers' goods severely limited. "Pull in your belts, my children," said Stalin in effect, "and when we have built heavy industry, we shall have not only guns for defense, but butter for you."

It was, you see, perfectly logical. The tragedy lay in the details of the belt-pulling—in fact, a double tragedy. First the peasants were deprived of their freedoms; then the industrial workers, the "proletariat" so favored by Marx, were partially or wholly enslaved. The well-being of the people was sacrificed by their rulers to build a mighty military machine, serviced by a mighty establishment of heavy industry.

"Did the Kremlin really expect a big flow of consumers' goods someday?" I asked Alexis.

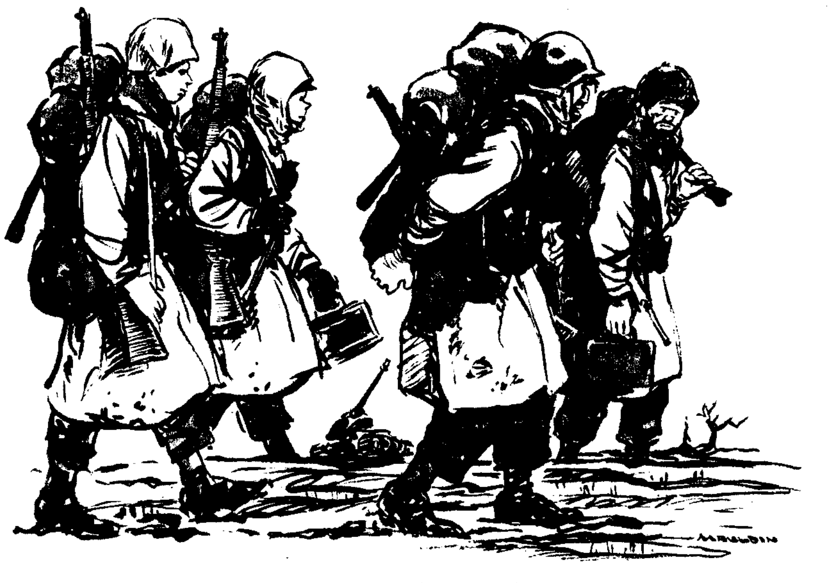
"I wasn't much in the Kremlin," he said, "but I think the Politburo hoped there would be enough new output for all. At least, at first they did; later I don't believe they cared. Every Five-Year Plan was to bring Utopia, and Utopia never came. Only more restrictions came. It took an awful lot of propaganda to overcome these recurring disappointments, and finally that awful lot was not enough."

Twenty-five thousand trained agents descended on the farms of Russia in 1930, and by promises, threats and violence, forced the villages into collectives, where the individual worked for the collective, and the government bought the crop at a fixed—and usually very low—price. The more enterprising peasants, called kulaks, were "liquidated"—a sinister term that meant confiscation, eviction, imprisonment, slave labor and often death. But the Politburo won its war against the peasants; by 1936, 90 per cent of them had been forced into 260,000 collectives.

The war against the industrial workers was vigorous too, but not so violent. First, the trade-unions were deprived of all independence, to become the largest company unions in the world and agencies of the secret police. Then piecework was introduced, and a savage speed-up, called the Stakhanov system, which was attributed to a coal miner of that name.

By 1940, food prices had increased tenfold over 1928. A new decree forbade any hired worker to leave his job without permission of the manager. Boys of 14 were conscripted into industrial service; while graduates of universities and technical schools had to go where the Kremlin assigned them.

All during the decade of the 1930s, slave labor in prison camps was growing more ominous. It was composed of ordinary criminals, purged officials and political and military prisoners, mostly people innocent of any crime. They built roads and canals, worked in mines and forests under hard, brutal conditions. For millions of workers Russia had gone back to something worse than serfdom. Production nevertheless increased all through the 1930s, and the new mines, mills, refineries, powerhouses, railroads were built. The output of heavy in-



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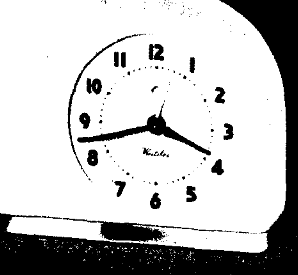

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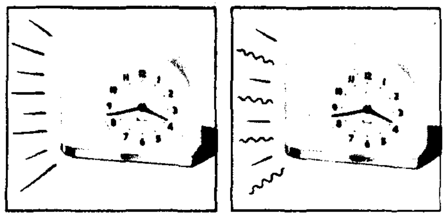

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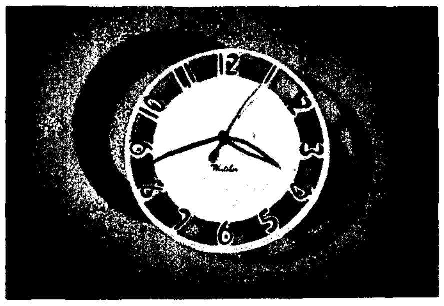

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dustry was far above 1913, perhaps as much as fourfold.

In June, 1941, Hitler's Panzer divisions crossed the Russian frontier. In a few months they had flattened most of the new industrial establishment, which was located largely in the Donets basin and the Ukraine. Production dropped alarmingly, but one thing kept the Russian armies fighting, and literally saved the country: *$13,000,000,000 of Lend-Lease supplies from the Allies.* For instance, the U.S. delivered 475,000 trucks to keep the armies rolling.

"Failing Lend-Lease, would you have made peace with Hitler and got out of the war?" I asked.

"We would have been forced to," answered Alexis. "You don't fight panzers with bare hands. But suppose we had got out, releasing millions of elite German troops for the West. How long would it have taken the Allies to get to Berlin?"

During the war, the printing presses started up again as in 1918, adding more fuel to the inflationary fire. Peasants had a little more economic freedom for a time, but after V-J day, the old formula came back—building industry out of the muscle and bone of the people. Fear of the West mounted, especially fear of a rearmed Germany.

Reconstruction in Russia was aided by Lend-Lease supplies still on hand, and by the loot of Manchuria, Germany and Austria. Whole factories were picked up and moved inland. At this point Alexis remembered a story which had gone the rounds in the late forties, when the row over Marxist biology was at its height. Lysenko, it appeared, had bred a marvelous new animal. It had a neck like a giraffe, and it could be fed in Budapest and milked in Moscow!

By 1947 inflation was so bad that the ruble was devalued 10 to 1. As usual, the peasants got the worst of it, for their savings, so carefully hidden away, were in ruble notes. City people, with money in savings banks and war bonds, suffered a lower ratio of loss—3 to 1, 2 to 1 in some cases. The war of the Politburo against the Russian people was briskly going forward, as in the 1930s, except that now it had been expanded to include the people of the satellite states. They were getting collectivized, militarized, Stakhanovized, and nailed to their jobs, while living standards remained at bedrock.

* * *

The propaganda machine was employing thousands of printers, broadcasters, writers, clerks. When it connected with the goals of insecure and desperate people, like the Chinese, it made converts abroad. But for the people at home the words went in one ear and out the other.

Whatever else you may have learned from this brief summary of economic events in Russia from 1917 to 1950, *remember the year 1930!* That was the critical time, when the Politburo turned away from the goals of the people to a pursuit of forced industrialization, and forced rearmament.

Yes, hope is in the air. Alexis looks thoughtfully up into the green leaves and patches of deep blue sky above our table. "It's better," he says, "but still a good deal like that famous line of your philosopher, William James, when he described the world of a newborn baby as a 'big, blooming, buzzing confusion.' I read James in the hospital after I was wounded, defending the underground atomic bomb piles in the Urals."

Poltava is relatively orderly and we can see results. Other regions are simply holding their own; still others are going downhill. The UN has a kind of Marshall Plan operating, with pools of raw materials, machine tools, trucks, technicians. Workers are no longer bound to their jobs, but the novelty upsets many of them. Turnover figures are appalling! The ex-slave laborers are distinctly at loose ends. Russia needs a regiment of psychologists to stabilize them.

There are bandits, wild boys as in the early 1920s, black markets, and armed peasants who react like angry bees if anyone comes near their village. There is still some fighting between Communist splinter groups in the Urals. But this year's harvest looks excellent in most areas, consumers' goods are building up; fear and hate, like serfdom, are dying down.

"Well," I said, "perhaps we have done enough probing into the past and present. What about the future? Where does Russia go now?"

"Give me that map again," Alexis said. Again you must picture us discussing back and forth, trying this alternative and that. Once we borrowed a globe from the museum to help us. I was *persona grata* with the assistant director for remembering the Easter eggs. "There is only one old peasant left now who can paint them," he said, "but we are going to teach the young people."

* * *

We began our crystal-ball-gazing by listing all the mistaken assumptions of the late occupants of the Kremlin. It was quite a list; here is part of it:

That a whole economy can be planned in detail, and the plan not run away with the planners.

That eliminating private profit stops the exploitation of workers.

That autocratic factory management is best, with no participation by the workers. (Some big corporations in America were far ahead of the state trusts in labor-management relations.)

That slave labor is more efficient than free labor.

That communication lines between leaders and people can be manipulated indefinitely, and, as a corollary, that the Big Lie always pays off.

That propaganda can work without reference to personal goals.

That every human society is held together primarily by fear.

That thought control is a practical proposition for 212,000,000 people.

That leaders can be trusted without a checkrein on their power.

At certain levels, and for certain functions, every modern society must plan. But the Kremlin planners tried it on all levels, for nearly every function. At one point they *did* notice that a peasant will do better work on a collective farm if he is allowed at the same time to cultivate a plot of his own, and to sell his produce in the local market. But later even that gleam of light was lost when individual plots were drastically reduced.

So our first tentative principle for the future Russian economy—and it has worldwide application—is to *limit economic planning to essential functions* where over-all decisions make sense. They should plan for conservation, public health, education, the allocation of radio waves and the like, but allow private enterprisers and private groups to make as many decisions as are functionally possible.

The attempt of the Iranian government back in 1951 to nationalize their oil fields was followed by a wave of "nationalization" seizures later on. The disastrous economic outcome of most of these programs showed the futility of substituting dogma for intelligence. The British Labor government showed intelligence in nationalizing the coal industry in 1946, for there was no profit left in the mines to attract private owners; but the nationalization of the steel industry was almost pure dogma.

This brought Alexis and me to our second principle for the Russian economy: *never nationalize for the sake of nationalizing,* but only when private or local operation has broken down, and the community must have the service. Never take your eye off the goal of community well-being, and use any agency which helps achieve it. Sometimes a government agency is best, sometimes a co-operative association, or a business group, or a nonprofit organization like the Blue Cross.

Such an approach is rank heresy to Communists, rugged individualists and all economic ideologists, but it has been successfully used in the Scandinavian coun-

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tries, in New Zealand, Chile and elsewhere. The U.S. possession, Puerto Rico, has made a signal success of the Middle Way, in its ambitious program to shift from an agricultural base to an industrial one. Alexis also recalled that when Yugoslavia broke noisily out from the Iron Curtain in 1948, Tito began to decentralize his planning, halt the forced collectivization of the peasants, give factory workers a voice in management, and so move toward the Middle Way.

Lenin's New Economic Policy pointed in the same direction. Private businessmen returned to operate various sections of the economy, especially distribution. "But there's the rub," Alexis said, "That was back in 1921, when there were plenty of men in Russia accustomed to carry on a business. Now they are all gone. Russia has no class of enterprisers left. We could use a lot of them in Poltava right now!"

Until a class of enterprisers—they must be Russian—can be trained, the provisional government will have to continue operating industry. Later, plants could be sold to private enterprise—as in Puerto Rico. Some operations, however, could be leased or sold to foreign businessmen immediately, under proper safeguards, as in NEP days.

Farmers' co-operatives seemed to us to be the best agency for agriculture, with pools for tractors and other heavy machinery; but the private ownership of houses, animals, small tools and garden plots must be permitted.

* * *

Labor unions should come back as workers demanded them, with the right to strike as a guarantee of liberty. In industries where a strike would threaten community survival, however, some other guarantee may have to be worked out—perhaps a guaranteed annual wage.

The government would certainly use compensatory fiscal devices to keep inflation and mass unemployment from developing. The techniques for this were blueprinted by the famed British economist, Lord Keynes, and are now in 1960 very widely tested and approved.

Welfare provisions covering health, safety, protection of mothers and children, aids to housing, old-age pensions and the like would continue in Russia as heretofore. They are cardinal in a Middle Way economy. UN experts from Sweden are already in Moscow, showing the provisional government how to bring the Kremlin's antiquated welfare system up to date.

The new ruble will, of course, tie into world currencies under the fund; and Russia, like all other members of the UN, will become an integral part of the world economy.

For this is the great economic hope of the New Russia of 1960: joined with the West, Russia will co-operate in safeguarding world resources; the world food supply; world health; she will be a leader in promoting what used to be called "Point Four" programs to raise living standards in backward economic areas. Russia will become perhaps one of the great foundation stones upon which the prospects of all mankind will be built.

A rough enough sketch, perhaps, of the shape of things to come, but the best we could do. It geared roughly, too, with what had gone before. This was the note on which Alexis and I finally broke up our long seminar in Poltava.

He left this afternoon for Odessa to see about some medical supplies coming in by ship, and I at last have a seat on the Moscow plane tonight. He walked back to the hotel with me across the plaza under the trees. We shook hands; Russians love to shake hands.

"Keep up the good work," I said. "Many years ago I told the same thing to some good men right in this very square, and they said they would. But they couldn't; there was too much against them."

"This time we do not have so much against us," Alexis said. "This time we have the world with us." THE END

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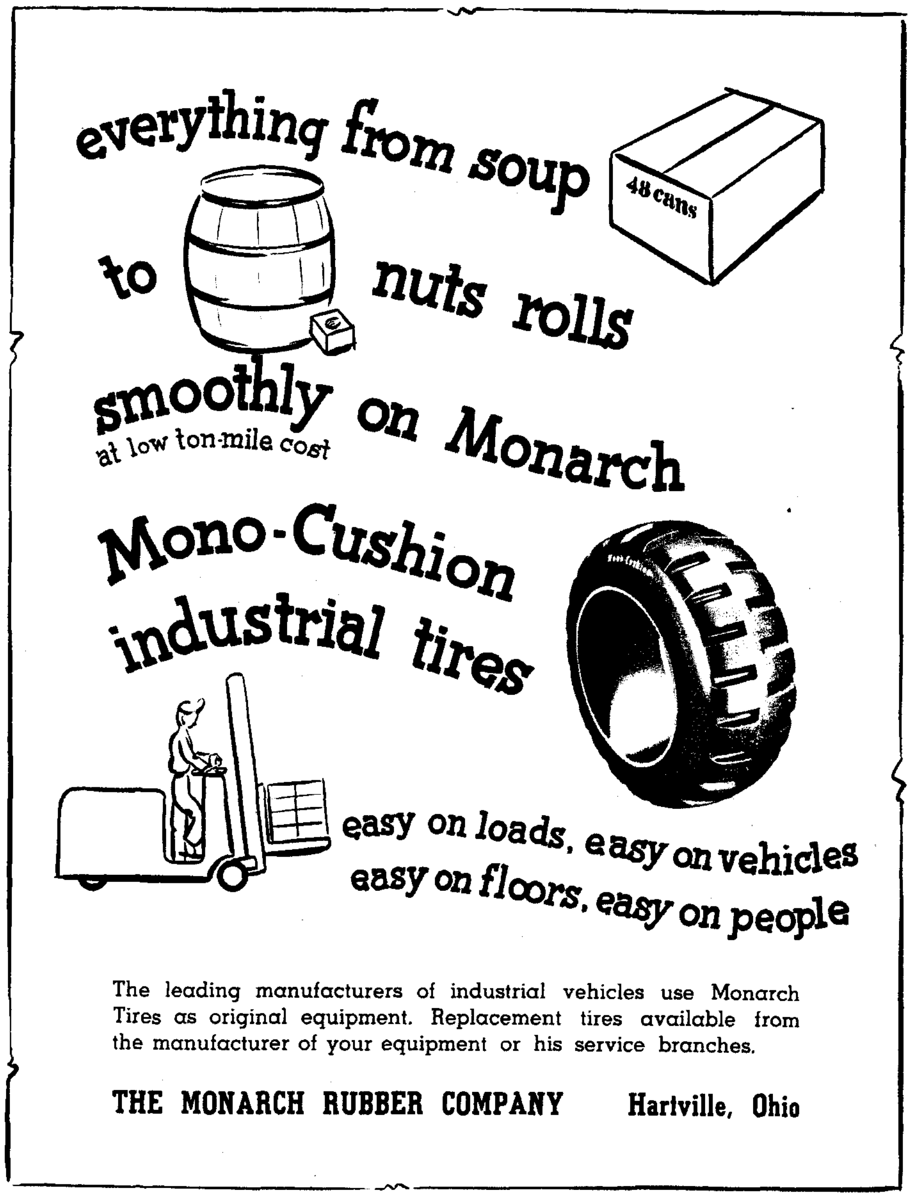

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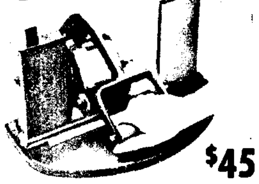

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Miracle of AMERICAN PRODUCTION

By DR. HARRY SCHWARTZ

Economist Harry Schwartz, specialist for the New York Times on Soviet affairs, has been working on a comparison report of U.S. and Russian economies during World War III. Here, in abbreviated form, is his report on the U.S.

EVERY analyst of World War III recognizes that the United States accomplished a production miracle. Put most simply, the nature of the miracle was this: American industry at the peak of the war produced more arms and munitions than at the height of World War II, enough to make possible the great offensives of 1954 and afterward which brought victory. American agriculture turned out enough food to feed our people, help our Allies, and provision a large fraction of the troops in combat. The feat was miraculous because it was accomplished under the most adverse of conditions, during a period when some of our greatest industrial cities—New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia—were severely damaged by atom bombs and when millions of men and women were drafted into military uniform.

Many factors made all this possible. But if we ignore details, the salient forces and circumstances involved can be stated briefly as follows:

1. The American economy was already largely on a war footing by May, 1952, when World War III broke out. In the earlier struggle, real conversion to military output had not taken place until after Pearl Harbor. One of Stalin's major mistakes was that, by permitting the Korean war to start and by encouraging the Chinese intervention, he alerted the American people and got them well started along the road to all-out war output before the main struggle actually began.

2. The civilian economy of the U.S. was in far better shape to meet the tests of war in May, 1952, than it had been in December, 1941. From 1946 well into 1951, consumers'-goods production had been at record levels, with automobiles, refrigerators and the like coming off production lines in incredible volume. Thus, the nation, when it was plunged into World War III, started from a well-stocked position—thanks to the War Production Board under Charles E. Wilson. It could, and did, stand deep cuts in civilian production without suffering serious hardship. Moreover, the insatiable volume of consumer demand during 1946-'51 had caused a substantial expansion of productive facilities and a sharp increase of productive efficiency; both factors played a major role when these plants were converted to armament production.

3. The sheer, overwhelming size of the American economy and its widespread dispersion was certainly a most decisive factor in the miracle. The atomic bombings caused great loss of life and much damage, but they never knocked out as much as 10 per cent of American industrial capacity. It must be remembered that even in a city so badly hit as Detroit, productive facilities were sufficiently dispersed in and around it so that many suffered no physical damage and worked with little interruption all through the war. Other major industrial centers—Cleveland, Houston, Topeka, Wilmington, Birmingham, Gary, and others—were never touched by enemy action at all.

4. The highly developed transport and communications facilities of this country, with the thick networks of railroad tracks, highways, telephone cables and the like, were never seriously interfered with. Though there were important sporadic crises, as when Chicago—that major rail hub—was bombed, the damage was quickly repaired. Goods, passengers and ideas were moved rapidly from place to place as needed all through the war.

5. Labor supply proved to be one of the knottiest problems, but a combination of measures provided an adequate work force for industry and farm. The five-day, 40-hour week became, as in World War II, only a memory as workers, realizing the gravity of the situation, went on a six-day, 54-hour week. To replace those called up, housewives, retired oldsters and teen-age youngsters flocked to work. "Rosie the Riveter," now a decade older but no less able, went back to the workbench with a will, while a wide network of communal nurseries took care of her children. Those employers and unions who traditionally restricted certain minority groups cheerfully accepted all the workers they could get. And hundreds of thousands of Mexican agricultural workers, hired at decent wages, proved invaluable, particularly at harvesttime, on the farms over the country.

6. The managers of American industry, made flexible and alert by years of training to serve the ever-changing demands of the American public in competitive markets, applied that flexibility to the problems of war. When old sources of supply for parts and materials were destroyed, the managers found new sources, or instituted production of needed parts at their own plants. Small machine shops by the thousands became subcontractors for giant plants producing planes, tanks, guns and the like. Millions of hobbyists with well-equipped home workshops joined together into small co-operatives feeding needed wood and metal parts to the war plants.

7. The problem of raw materials, particularly those which had to be imported, would have been insoluble if it had not been for the stockpiles accumulated during the interwar years. These helped bridge the gap when submarine activity reduced receipts of such items as rubber, manganese and mercury.

In brief outline, these were the economic factors behind the production miracle. But behind that miracle was the spirit of the American people, the enthusiasm and determination of a nation which realized that its most precious heritage was in danger and could be saved only by all-out effort. Freedom was victorious because those who enjoyed it were willing to pay the high price required. THE END

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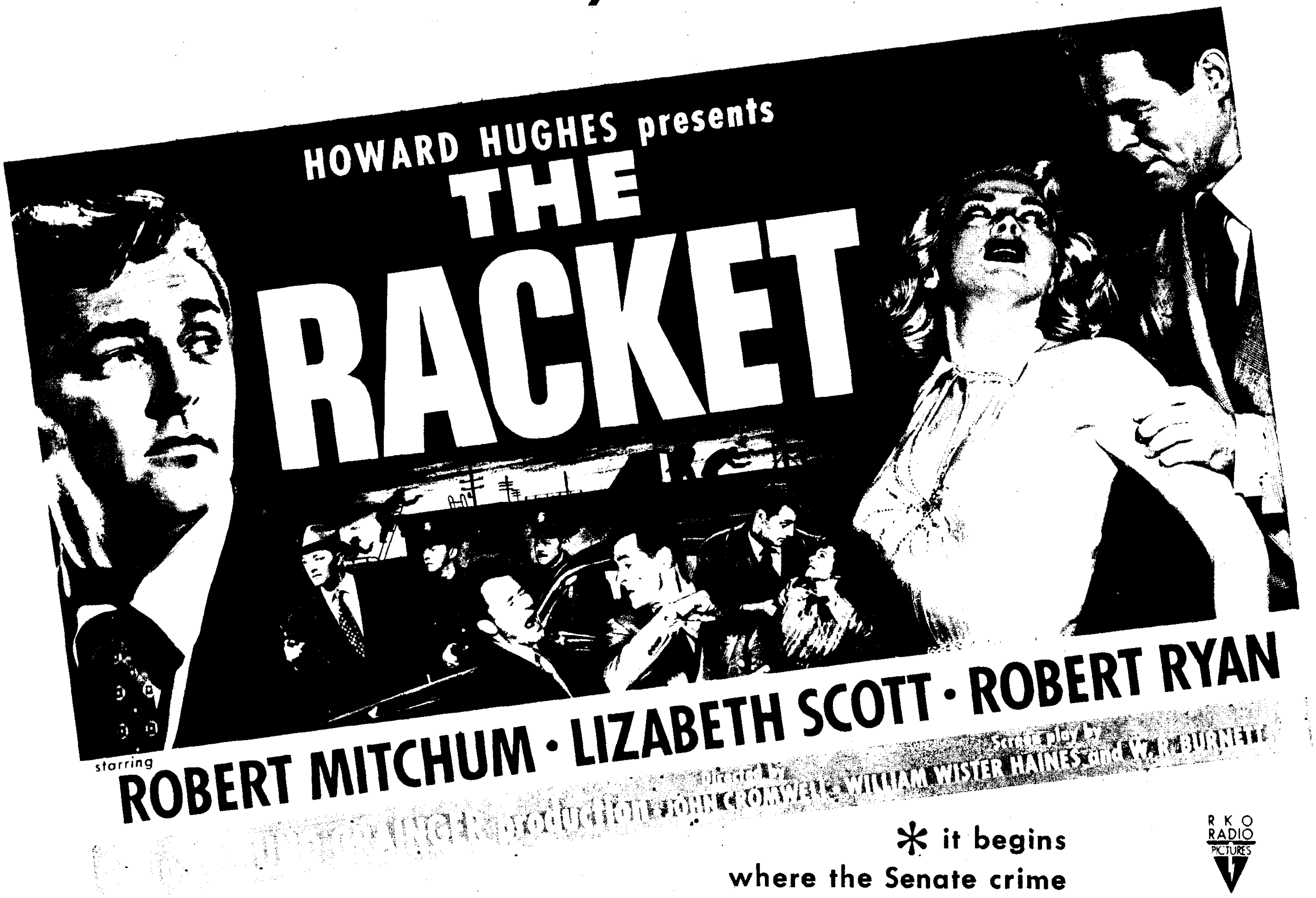
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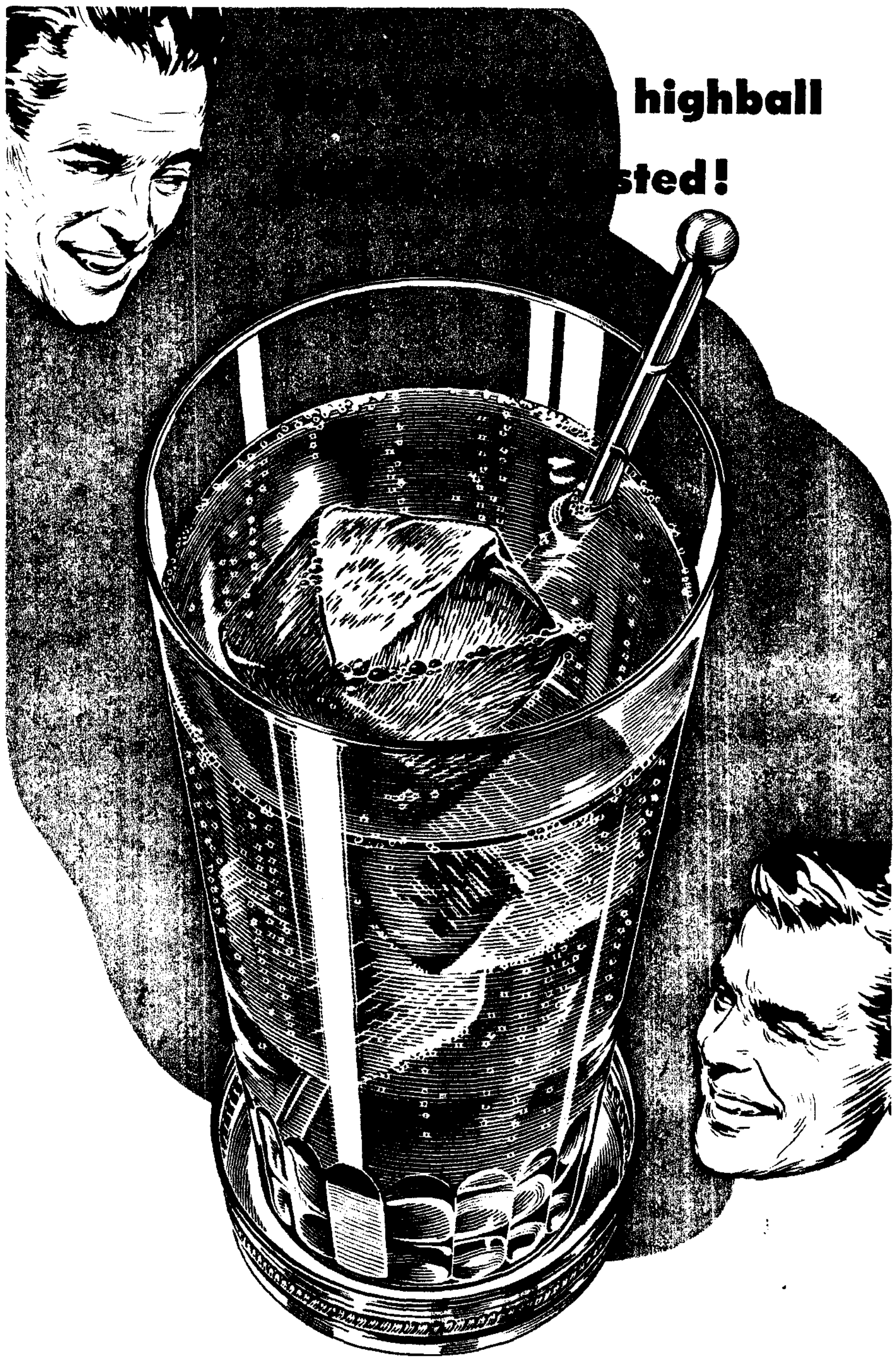
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Free Men at Work

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

pleasure of presenting the head of the American Automobile Workers' group.

"In a sense," he said, "we are opposite numbers. But," he added quickly, "we are not on opposite sides."

There was a burst of applause.

This idea of no opposite sides, no opposing power blocs in the world, no inhuman dedication to the production of more and more weapons of destruction was understood by the men from the machines and assembly lines. They had got the idea of one world, of one side, of people everywhere working together to build a good life, of striving together to fashion the future in the image of peace and freedom.

I assured them that there *never had been* opposite sides so far as the common people of the rest of the world and the people of Russia were concerned, and that they had been the first victims of the madmen of the Politburo who had brought upon the world the war that no one wanted. There was a flash of pride in their eyes when I told them that people everywhere were grateful for the wave of strikes and demonstrations by Russian workers which had helped bring the Stalin regime to its knees and the war to an end without the mass bloodletting of a full-scale land invasion. I welcomed them into the International Confederation of Free Trade-Unions and into the family of free nations.

In his closing remarks, Dmitri said, "You used to tell us of your troubles in America with company unions. Before Stalin was through with us, he had coerced the entire working class into a system of huge political company unions. In America you had to fight with the boss to win bargaining rights, but you got them. With us, the factory manager wasn't the boss; it was the MVD in various disguises, including that of the political commissar assigned to police every local organization. Either you said 'yes' to him—or 'good-by' to your family. The whole structure of trade-unionism was an elaborate fraud, designed to impose the will of the Communist party on a mass level.

"Now with free trade-unions," he continued, "we can bargain on wages, working conditions, the speed of the assembly lines, knowing that our demands can be backed up with the right to strike which free labor enjoys in other countries throughout the world."

That evening's conference produced plans for International Confederation of Free Trade-Unions assistance which are newsworthy only as part of the far greater reconstruction program in Russia now being advanced under United Nations direction. More important than its details is the spirit which pervaded both these discussions and all other forms of planning activity with which I came in contact. The Iron Curtain has been torn down—not only between the West and the people of Russia, but between the minds of men within Russia. The thirst for freedom, for self-expression and self-government has been sharpened, not quenched, by the long night of denial.

While the outlines of the new commonwealth now rising from the rubble of dictatorship may be long in taking final form, it is already clear that the free Russian labor movement, now building a firm foundation in liberty, will be among its strongest bastions.

Already, down an improvised assembly line, one can see truck bodies taking shape. Already there is talk that in five years—perhaps even three—cars for ordinary folk will be coming off the same line. Nothing is beyond belief in the encompassing miracle of freedom.

It was in idle afterthought, as Dmitri walked me through the station on the day I left, that I asked him what had really happened to that fellow Stakhanov. He grinned broadly and scratched his head in mock effort at recollection. "I must have been away at the time, being 're-educated,' but the coal miners tell me he gave his life to Stalin—he drowned in his own sweat." THE END

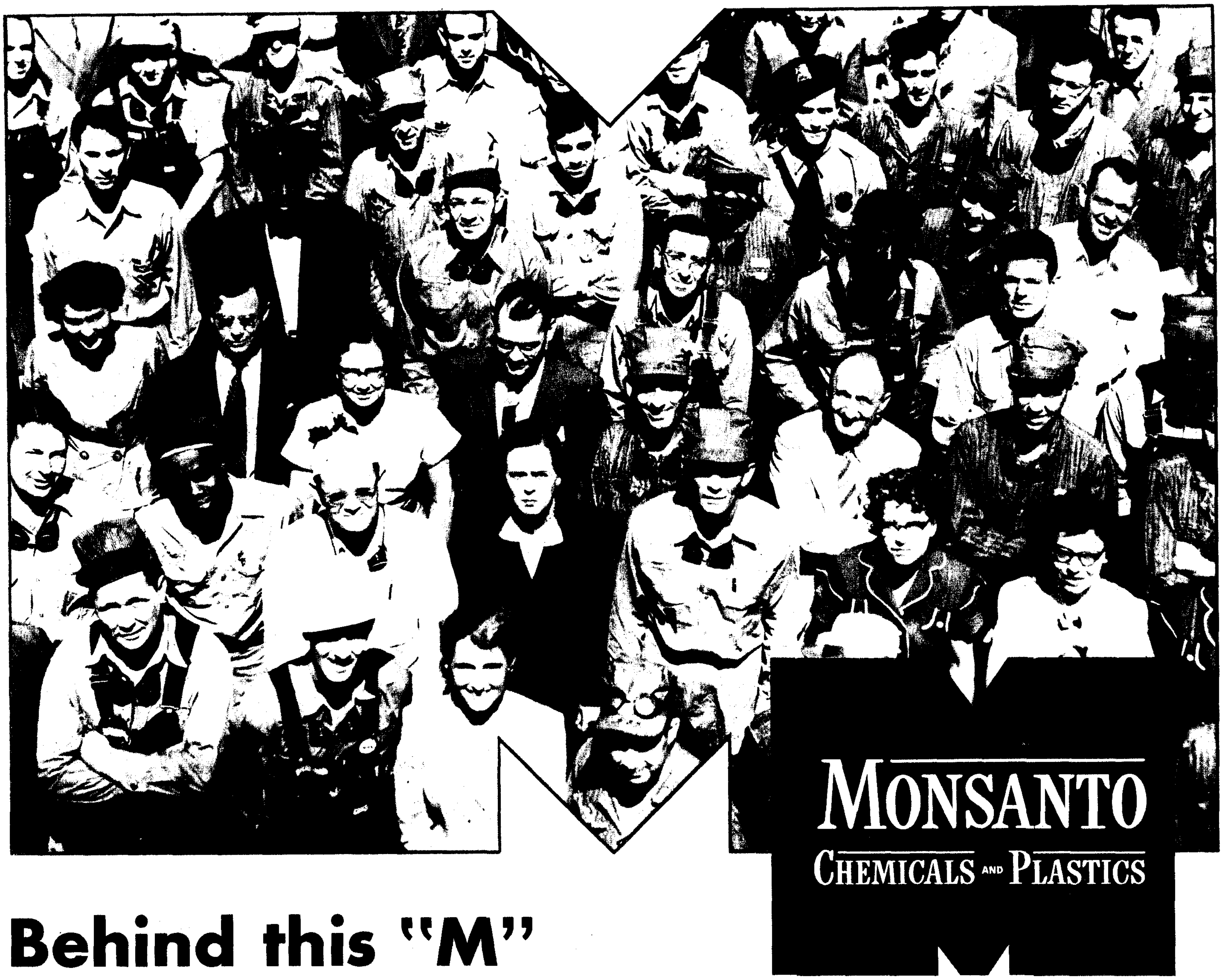
Sudden Death for "MR. MILLION"

By J. C. FURNAS

ACME

The author of one of the most memorable magazine articles —And Sudden Death—writes about the imminent 1,000,000th U.S. highway death. His gripping story may be about you!

Next Week in Collier's



Behind this "M"

This letter "M"—our trade-mark—appears in Monsanto advertising; on Monsanto labels and cartons; drums and carboys; trucks and tank cars and buildings.

But *behind* this "M"... what?

Fifty years ago there was little more behind it than the idea of *one man.*

But it was a *big idea*... the dogged certainty that an American chemical industry could be established in the face of a foreign strangle hold on the world's chemical know-how.

One man's idea attracted other men and women, also with ideas.

Some had ideas they wanted to put to work within this new industry, *as employes of Monsanto.*

Others had ideas for products they could make from these American-produced chemicals, *as customers of Monsanto.*

Still others had ideas of investment in a new field of great promise, *as stockholders in Monsanto.*

So one man's idea snowballed into a complex of many ideas . . . and the ball still rolls.

For the world-spanning Monsanto of 1951 still lives and grows on the *ideas* and the *ideals* of people . . . its employes, its customers, its stockholders.

They stand behind the Monsanto "M."

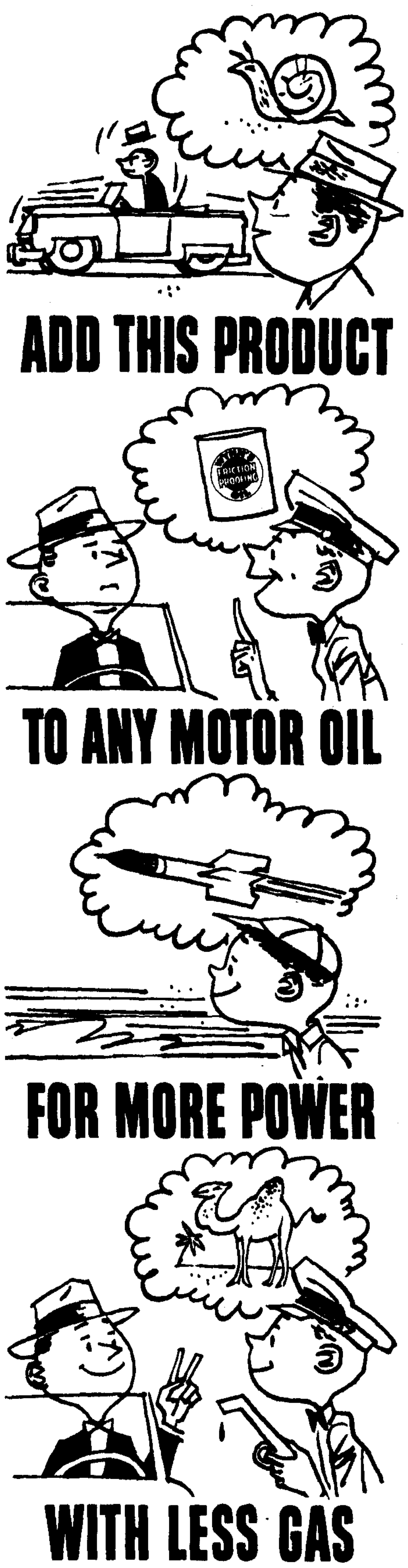
They give it meaning and purpose.

Without them, it is just the thirteenth letter in the alphabet.

With them, it is the symbol of an ever-widening service to Industry . . . which in turn serves all mankind.

MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY

SERVING INDUSTRY... WHICH SERVES MANKIND



SAVE 1 GALLON IN EVERY 10

Cut gasoline bills 10% with Wynn's Friction Proofing Oil. Prove it for yourself with this simple test: First, check your car's present gas mileage. Now add Wynn's to regular motor oil and check again. Wynn's not only boosts gas mileage at least 10%, it also cuts wear, reduces carbon and sludge, makes cold-weather starting easy. Add every 1000 miles.

WYNN'S FRICTION PROOFING OIL

Pays for Itself in Gas Savings Alone

95¢ PINT

(less in some areas)

AT SERVICE STATIONS, GARAGES, NEW CAR DEALERS

WYNN OIL COMPANY • AZUSA, CALIFORNIA

Новости Недели
ВРЕМЯ
ЖИЗНЬ
Кольерс
ПОЧТА

LOWELL HESS

By 1960, all of America's important magazines were printing Russian editions, with contents keyed to meet a huge demand for information

Start the Presses!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

for he hated the Nazis. He realized that if the Soviet regime survived, it would grow more ruthless than ever, and the day for him and his friends to emerge was not yet.

Soon after the outbreak of the Third War, the American Central Intelligence Agency heard from Viktorov. This is not the place to tell the story of his wartime services. They were notable, but cautious. He was determined to survive and to preserve enough of his friends to be useful in the postwar years. He had fully abandoned Marxism in the early thirties, and—oddly enough—in Geneva he had become a Calvinist. He had appreciated the historic services of free religion in building free government. He wanted to help Russia into a religious rebirth and to revive a new devotion to ethical concepts, though not with any of the esoteric fanaticism of some postwar cultists.

Thus, in 1955 when the war ended, Alex emerged fully into the light. He refused all invitations to work in the new provisional government. He realized that experienced men were badly needed, but he felt that a free press was an even more desperate need. So, in Moscow, he started the New Word. Already for several years, he and his friends had been printing clandestine sheets. They had a few fonts of type and an excellent small job press they had stolen during the second World War. From about 1953 on, through Gordon Gray's Psychological Warfare Division, and especially in co-operation with the agents of the Committee for Free Europe, they provided much of the propaganda material for handbills which the Allies printed and dropped by the millions over Russia.

So Alex and his colleagues were ready for a big job. Then came the crucial decision. After intense discussion, the Allied Commission (United Nations Temporary Occupation Command) decided to leave the Russian press completely free, and the radio as free as technical circumstances would permit.

There was one basic requirement: the provisional government insisted that Communist party members—especially those who had been members of the editorial staffs of newspapers or radio stations before the defeat—be barred from taking part in the new press or radio. Men like Viktorov, who had demonstrably left the party, were not barred. There were not many of them. But so close had the Communist press been to the party—so integral a part of the machinery of subduing the minds of men—that former party journalists were obviously unqualified to work in the free press. They had to be proscribed.

Apart from this prohibition, the postwar Russian press was left almost wholly to its own devices. I say almost wholly because two very useful instruments, the Agreed News Statement (some people call it Operation Agnes), and the Re-Education Serials, are partial interferences with a totally free press. They will be explained a little later.

It was a venturesome decision to let the Russian press find its own way into the land of freedom. Even now it is too soon to be sure that we were right. The Russian press is still in a state of yeasty confusion. Single-sheet newspapers representing every conceivable fraction of public opinion continue to sprout all over the country. They are printed in cellars and caves and ruins and prefabs. Their equipment has been salvaged from the shambles of the cities. But so vast was the prewar Russian press, and so dispersed, that a good deal of mechanical equipment has survived.

The splendid big buildings and presses and composing rooms of Pravda and Izvestia were totally destroyed. So were the printing plants of the 23 other central, all-party newspapers—the iron core of the Soviet press. These big papers accounted for 7,513,000 copies of the 31,107,000 copies of newspapers published daily in the Soviet Union. They were almost totally wiped out. After the central ruins of the big cities ceased to be dangerously radioactive, it was possible to salvage a few pieces of printing equipment. Reginald Orcutt, the amazing supersalesman for the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, who knew every nook and cranny in the typographical world, emerged from his retirement at Newport, Rhode Island, and was able to trace the whereabouts of numerous linotype machines in unsuspected places.

The provincial and local press fared somewhat better than the big city papers. Even here, however, the major regional newspapers suffered almost total losses. There were 462 Soviet republican, territorial and regional newspapers of the provincial press in 1947. This group included

MORE LIGHTS PER PENNY!

Four big reasons why you should always buy Ronsonol, America's largest selling lighter fuel— ❶ Laboratory tests prove it lasts longer than most other brands. ❷ Specially blended to light instantly. ❸ Clean, full flame. ❹ Pleasing fragrance. When you buy lighter fuel insist on the best. Insist on Ronsonol!

RONSONOL® LIGHTER FUEL

Best for ALL flint lighters

4 oz. can 25¢

Use extra long Ronson Redskin 'Flints'

Atlantic City

has nothing to sell but Climate, nothing to show but Sea... nothing to offer but Recreation, nothing to give but Rest... nothing but Fresh Air to talk about ... nothing but Ocean Front to walk about... and nothing to write home about but a splendid aggregation of hotels and amusements dedicated to the Spirit of a Good Time!

It's Delightful at any Season of the Year.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY'S BLUE BOOK & COLOR FOLDER Write Dept. K, Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

such giants as *Radyans'ka Ukraina*, or *Leningradskaya Pravda*. Their facilities were obliterated. But some considerable part of the printing plants of 309 of the 462 provincial papers survived and was salvaged. The smallest and the most scattered were saved.

But there was still another level of the Russian press, and it is still more important today. The district, county or city newspapers (small cities, not metropolises) numbered 4,333 in 1947. Their average circulation was under 2,000. Some of them were printed in the plants of big papers, or in connection with major industrial factories. These were largely destroyed. But the others survived—not the publications themselves, but their equipment. It was rapidly taken over by all the aspirant editors who sprang out of the very soil, each eager to pour his fervent message into the puzzled ears of his surviving fellow citizens.

* * *

Beyond these printed "lower" newspapers, there used to be hundreds of thousands of typewritten and handwritten wall newspapers in factories and shops, on collective farms, in schools, Red Army units, offices and housing developments. They were a definite tool in the party process of indoctrination. Their equipment was not particularly important, but the habit of producing and disseminating such "newspapers" greatly stimulated the intense circulation of ideas now going on.

There continues to be, of course, a severe shortage of newsprint in Russia. The Russians can no longer get the large supplies of pulp they had requisitioned from Finland. But their own forest reserves are ample, and many of their paper mills—not being near war-industry sites—have survived. Transportation of newsprint has been primitive, but so great has been the urge for expression that zealous would-be publishers have used patched-up trucks and river boats and oxcarts and sleighs to get their precious rolls. Black-market prices have been astronomical, but still the hunger to speak and to know has surmounted obstacles.

Thus it was with Alexander Viktorov and his New Word. Just as soon as Communist authority collapsed in Moscow, he produced his press and type cases from their hiding place. They had been concealed, as a matter of fact, in a cellar under a stable in the forest behind Konstantin Simonov's *dacha*. Simonov, perhaps the Soviets' most popular novelist and playwright, knew of the clandestine press, and sympathized with it, but never dared to go underground himself. He was killed in Berlin, late in the war, by a Russian defector who had been fired from the cast of one of Simonov's plays because his interpretation of a certain part was found to contain "dangerous imperialistic deviations."

As soon as the collapse came, Viktorov transported his equipment over to the *dacha* formerly enjoyed by Vyacheslav Molotov. This was a superb, big lodge and its foundations did not even tremble when the creaking old press rumbled away. These *dachi* were admirable buildings for immediate postwar use. Located 20 or 30 miles outside Moscow in the forests, they had been rigidly guarded during the war. The miserable refugees streaming out from the cities were never permitted to seek shelter there. Bayonets and machine guns protected the privileged occupants—until the collapse. Then came the swift and merciless terror. And so Molotov's *dacha* was beautifully available for Viktorov's printing plant.

Later, of course, Viktorov moved back into town, on the inner edge of the old city, in a rehabilitated building. And there he began to publish an excellent two-page newspaper. It would be pleasant to record that Viktorov's paper became a model for all Russia, and that others patterned on its intelligent liberalism sprang up everywhere. But of course that didn't happen.

Most of the many political groups now emerging are represented in various single-sheet newspapers. There is no limit to the splinter viewpoints or the fanaticism expressed. The situation is marked by confusion and by pettiness. And yet some light begins to emerge. Viktorov's paper, for example, is flourishing as a journal of information, rather than of opinion. Its editorial expressions are very moderate and restrained. It concentrates on telling the people what is going on in the world.

Here Viktorov, and all the rest of the Russian press and radio, owe much to the Agreed News Statement and the Re-Education Serials. The United Nations press section was never more daring, nor more successful, than when it persuaded the private wire services to set up the World Copy Desk and produced a daily Agreed News Statement.

This 500-word document is certainly not very exciting. It is still written in prose style only slightly improved over that of the diplomatic communiqué. But it does tell everybody in the world who cares to read it or listen to it (not only in Russia) what can be agreed upon by an international panel of shirt-sleeve editors as a statement of daily events.

The ANS was born because UN press technicians had discovered it was not impossibly difficult to write summaries of events at the UN upon which widely divergent groups could agree. Thus, back in the old days of the Soviet regime, Vishinsky, Malik and even Beria had been satisfied not to protest at the communiqués issued by the UN which summarized their speeches. It was a long step, however, to extend this technique to a rewriting of the total top news of the day.

But it was a stroke of statesmanship when, in 1954, the directors of the AP, UP, INS, Reuters and Agence France-Presse, were invited to provide small staffs of rewrite men for the World Copy Desk. Only the pressures of war could have produced such an agreement. However, once these practical newspapermen got to work, they had no particular difficulty in producing brief rewrites of the world's news upon which they could professionally agree.

Of course, opinion and interpretation were rigidly excluded. The rewrite men put down only what had manifestly occurred. When there was a conflict in war communiqué claims, they frankly said so; and as long as the war lasted, they paid little heed to the specious claims of the Soviet communiqués.

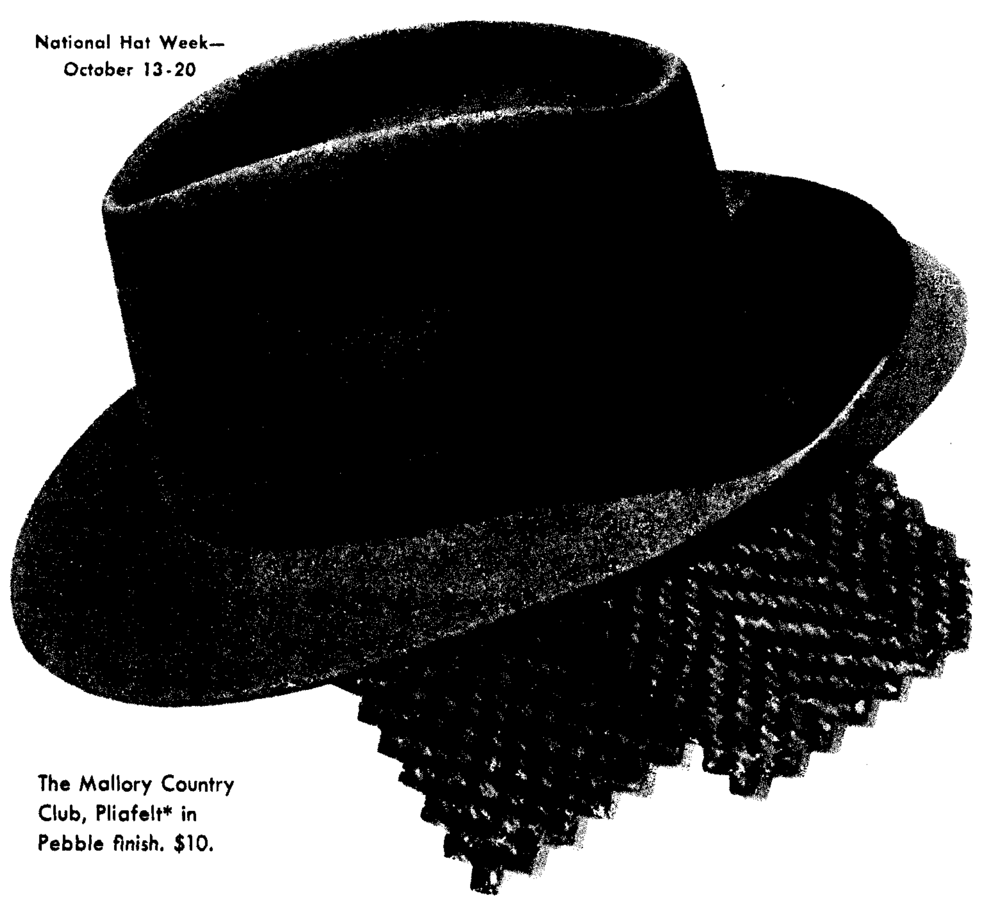
In the postwar atmosphere, the World Copy Desk came into its own. It was as rigidly factual as human beings can be. And in the end it proved to be surprisingly workable.

* * *

The Agreed News Statement in no sense replaced the file of news stories sent around the world by the private wire services. Its principal effect on them was to put them on their competitive toes, and enhance their sense of responsibility. They could always reach newspapers and radio stations many minutes and sometimes hours before the ANS was on the wires. The wire services soon saw the interest and utility of the statement, and began to transmit it to their customers.

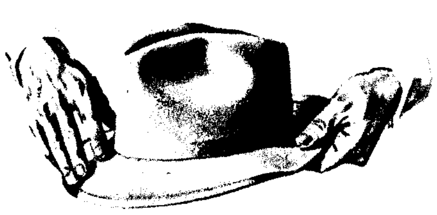
Even so, the wire services are interlocked with the privately formed International Press Association, which administers the ANS. The IPA has now extended its board of directors to include 18 countries. These represent the private newspaper organizations in their countries. Working newspaper executives speak for such groups as the Arab press, the Latin-American press, the Indian press and so on. The American Society of Newspaper Editors and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association are active members. Co-operating, but separate organizations, are the FIEJ (Fédération Internationale des Éditeurs de Journaux) and IPI (International Press Institute).

Governmental functionaries are rigidly excluded from these operations, but particularly from the preparation of the Agreed News Statement. Translation only is taken over by the technical staff of the UN, and transmission is by UN facilities;


National Hat Week—
October 13-20

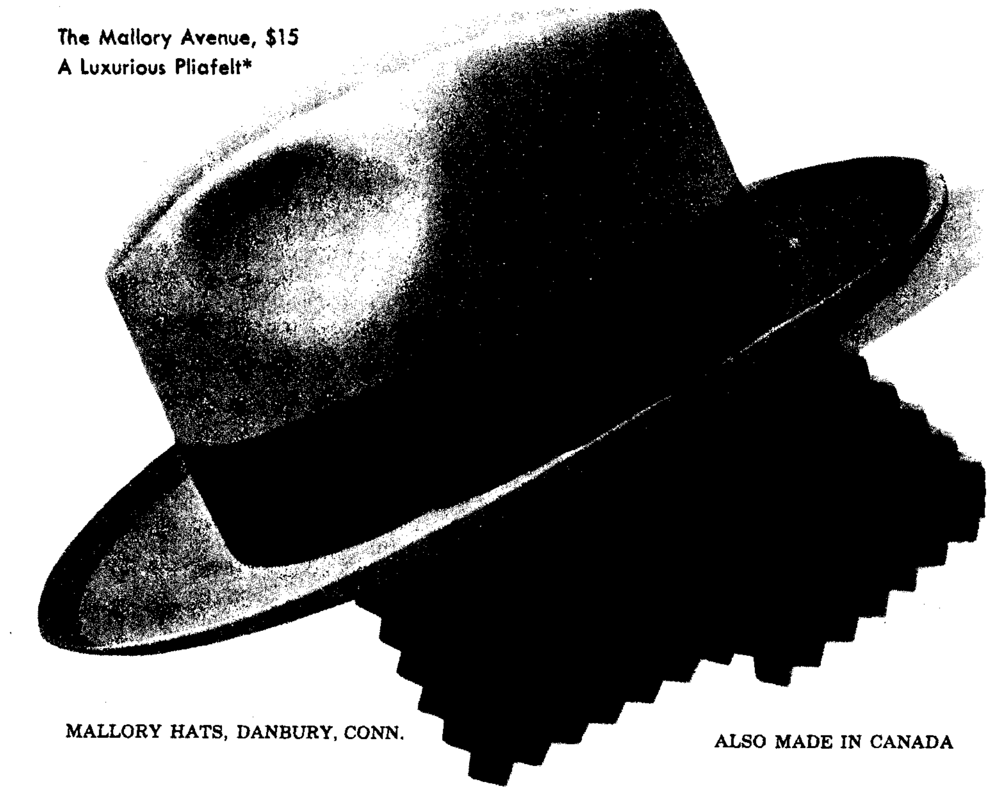
The Mallory Country
Club, Pliafelt* in
Pebble finish. $10.

Feel the difference


in a MALLORY

The immediate impression you get when you *see* a Mallory hat is one of correct styling . . . custom-tailored quality . . . fine hat craftsmanship. But take a Mallory in your hands and run your fingers over it and feel, too, the luxury of the soft, lively fur felt. Let your Mallory dealer show you the new Fall styles today. Mallory hats and gift certificates $7.50 to $40.00 at fine stores.

*REG. TRADEMARK


The Mallory Avenue, $15
A Luxurious Pliafelt*

MALLORY HATS, DANBURY, CONN. ALSO MADE IN CANADA

IT PAYS TO BE PARTICULAR ABOUT YOUR OIL

When Winter Winds Whistle

INSIST ON

WOLF'S HEAD

MOTOR OIL

Your car needs *extra* protection during winter months. Cold engine starts inflict greater wear on engine parts than at any other time of the year. It pays to insist on the "finest of the fine" . . . Wolf's Head Motor Oil!

WOLF'S HEAD—100% Pure Pennsylvania, "Premium Grade," is made from nature's finest crude—refined three steps further than ordinary oil. It eliminates all unnecessary wear, protects parts against corrosion and rusting, keeps engines clean and free from sludge and varnish deposits. And it reduces oil consumption.

Be Safe. Be Sure. Insist on Wolf's Head!

Free! "Rules-of-the-Road" Folder. Contains driving information, traffic rules, speed laws for all states. Write for a copy.

WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL

RULES OF THE ROAD FOR ALL 48 STATES

40c per quart plus tax

Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Inc.
Oil City, Pa. New York 10, N.Y.

WOLF'S HEAD

MOTOR OIL

100% Pure Pennsylvania "Premium Grade"

WOLF'S HEAD

Member, Penna. Grade Crude Oil Association

there have been plenty of frictions among the national members, but nothing they could not thresh out in terms of their practical professional experience. They can impose no political controls on the World Copy Desk. The copyreaders are frequently rotated from the staffs of the wire services and from principal newspapers throughout the world.

The ANS, which is only 500 words long, has been printed daily in the new Russian press just as fast as communications contacts could be set up, and the material transmitted to editors. It has been a magnificent control on their flights of ideological fancy. Without it, confusion would certainly have dominated everything. And even now, it is a pitched and uncertain battle between the cool daily news statement and the heated invectives which surround it.

The Re-Education Serials have also been extremely useful. Before the war ended, the Peace Division of Operation Paper (later absorbed into United Nations Political Re-Education Department) had groups of exiled Russian scholars and journalists busy preparing brief accounts of the history of the world from 1917 to 1955. These contained essential background without which the Russians could not be expected to understand the events which suddenly burst upon them. They were excellent summaries. Some were distributed as pamphlets. Most of them were dramatized and serialized on the radio. And they were published as newspaper installments. All in all, their effect was very valuable. They continue to be standard reference points against which later discussions can be oriented.

Despite all these efforts, the re-education of the Soviet-fashioned mind was exceedingly difficult, and it is fair to say that only a beginning has been made. The people's minds were numb. When a few of them came alive once more—as in the host of editors who sprang to their crude and creaking presses—their minds tingled with confusion and their voices were often strident and incomprehensible. In many ways they are impulsive in their eagerness, and often incoherent in the sudden rush of words that clog their lips. Strangely unsophisticated syllables spring from their suddenly liberated tongues. Whether and when and how they find their way out of this babel remains to be seen.

* * *

The operation of the Russian radio offers a large contrast. In the first place, a large part of its broadcasting equipment survived the bombing, at least outside the scorched-earth areas. This was due, of course, to the dispersion of radio studios and transmitters during the years 1948-'52. By the outbreak of the war, radio studios were underground, outside the cities, not close to factories, rail centers or strategic targets. The Soviet regime realized that production and distribution of newspapers would be difficult in wartime, and made no particular effort to protect them. They depended largely on radio, and realized that communication with their people was indispensable to control. They relied largely on the wired receiving sets which they believed could not pick up anything but the official programs. They had stand-by power plants at major transmitters.

When Allied engineers, working with the Voice of America, Radio Free Europe and B.B.C. technicians, not only were able to block Red jamming of our own signals, but forced our programs onto the frequencies the Soviets had used for their wired receivers (by "cuddling"), there was little the Russians could do. The "cuddling" program was laid down so close to the official wave length that it could not be tuned out, and by superpower it dominated the official signal.

Thus, the radio was turned into a powerful weapon against the regime. They stepped up their own frequencies, but to little avail. The "ring pattern" of ultra-high-powered frequencies which had been laid down around the perimeter of the Soviet lands was too much for them. They realized too late that they had lost the electronic war. By that time, some of the facts of the world situation had begun to penetrate Russian thinking. The grapevine spread where the radio did not reach. The disorders and collapse of the last days of the war were measurably caused by the radio offensive.

So it was that the peace found scores of radio stations pretty well in being, though reflecting all the wild disorganization of political and civil conditions. The people were being bombarded with the most irresponsible and fantastic messages. The domestic transmitters had fallen into the hands of adventurers. Soon, in the occupied areas, these were brought under control. Elsewhere, radio is no more orderly than the uncertain regimes which still survive.

Meantime, external transmitters are still capable of putting a program into every surviving Russian loud-speaker. The receiving sets also include some millions of the matchbox-size crystal sets dropped in Operation Beep. (These sets, which cost only $2 to make and need no electric current to run, have already proved invaluable in rural education projects in India and China.)

UNITOC and UNIPROD long debated the question of controls over the Russian domestic radio. Some thought it should be as free as the press. The Americans argued valiantly in favor of a commercial radio, on their own pattern. Nobody agreed with them. But the day was really lost when Britain's Hector McNeil, ebullient as ever, invented and described all too vividly at a UNITOC session the possibilities for a give-away program entitled "Stop the Muzhik."

And so the Russian radio was set up under a public corporation, modeled after the B.B.C. After all, this was inevitable. There just were not the makings of a commercial radio system in Russia, under a mixed economy, and there had to be control over frequency allocation. So SRK (*Svobodny Radio Komitet*) was set up. It is not free, but remains under the control of UNITOC. But the Russians who operate the radio network, in so far as they have been integrated, and the regional studios and transmitters inherited all over Russia, are slowly learning more and more about the responsibilities of a relatively free radio.

Television, which had made very little progress in Russia before 1952, nearly fell apart during the war. It is making the slowest of comebacks, because there simply isn't enough equipment or resources to produce programs.

* * *

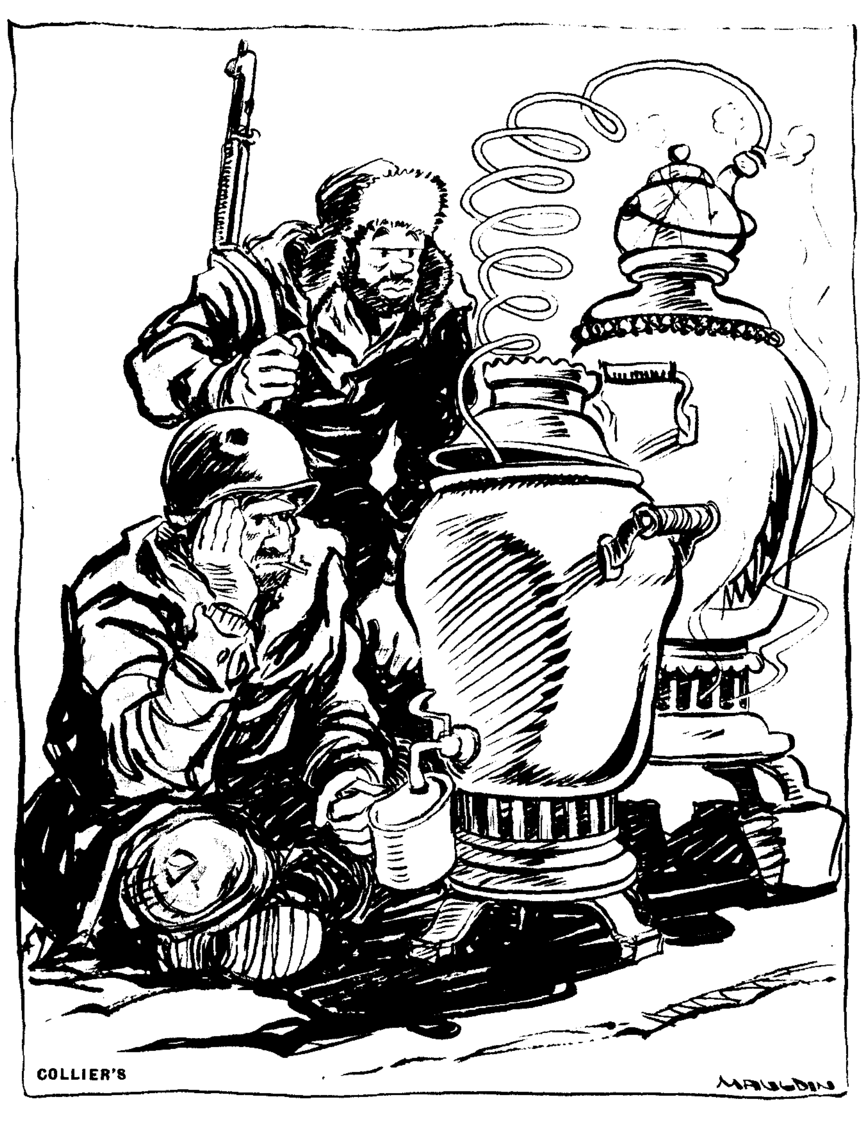
Second in popularity are the ten-year-old TV film transcriptions (with Russian dubbed in on the sound track) of NBC stars Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, Martin and Lewis, and Milton Berle. Most of the dialogue is quite beyond the understanding of the Russians, but they certainly enjoy the pantomime of these artists. There are, however, few receivers, but projects to put in community receivers have been ambitiously drafted. Someday—"later on" (again one runs into this eternal Russian expression)—TV can be very useful in effective political re-education.

The other day I was sitting with Alexander Viktorov in his little office, from which the ruins of the Kremlin could be seen rising out of the potato fields. His press bumped away in the basement, and the plaster dust sifted down on our heads.

"What can newspapers do, Alex," I said, "to help Russia back to sanity and order?"

"Well," he said, "we can keep on printing ANS. That's useful. It does, after all, give us a core of basic news. But it's terribly dull—although, Heaven knows, it isn't as monumentally dull as the Soviet press always was. It was in revulsion against that regimented party dullness that present newspapers have gone to such fantastic extremes. Look at this!"

And he produced that day's issue of the paper with the largest circulation in Moscow, the Light of the World. Page one was



"The Original Molotov Cocktail"

Zenith Announces Spectacular TV Invention...

The ordinary TV with picture sharp only in the center, blurred at the edges.

Zenith TV with new full-focus picture... perfect top to bottom, side to side.

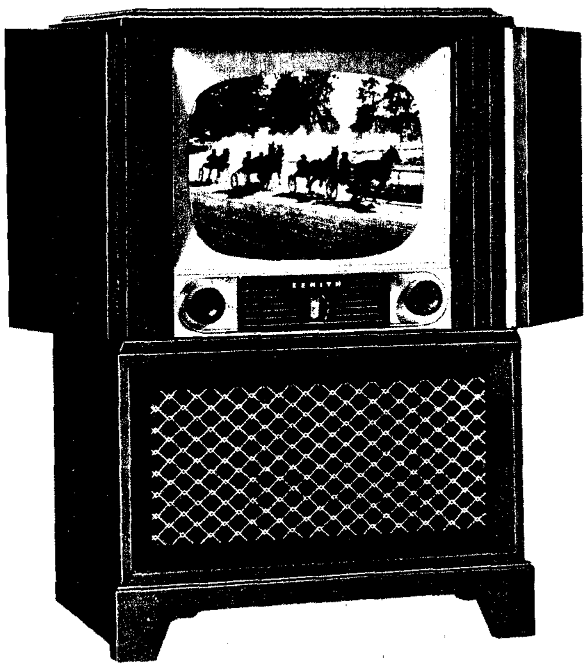
New "ELECTRONEX" Tube Brings World's Finest

FULL-FOCUS PICTURE

Powered by New Zenith Wonder-Chassis with Connection for Auxiliary Color Set, Provision for UHF and New Distance-Reception

TV science has long dreamed of a tube that would give a full-focus picture. This dream has been realized in this great achievement brought to you by Zenith—the new "Electronex" Tube with built-in Radionic lens to compensate for line voltage variations that impair performance of ordinary sets. At last, the nuisance of blur, distortion and edge-fading is over!

This spectacular invention is powered by Zenith's new Wonder-Chassis—with feature after feature to protect your TV investment!



Only Zenith Quality TV Has All These Features!

Connection for Auxiliary Color Set! Provision for presently authorized color with plug-in for auxiliary Zenith color receiver.

Provision for UHF! Provision for simple insertion of tuner strips (takes 15 minutes) to receive coming new-type stations without converter.

Clearest Picture Known! *New "Electronex" Picture Tube* automatically assures complete focus picture over entire viewing area. Stays in focus regardless of variations in line voltage.

New Distance-Reception! New—*Zenith exclusive*—"Fringe Lock" produces and permanently holds finest pictures ever seen in weak or outlying signal areas. Set it once for best reception and forget it.

Minimum Reflection! Special tilted face plate and wide angle frame cut down reflection and assure a perfect picture from anywhere in the room.

Eye-comfort Viewing! The famous Glare-Ban Blaxide® Picture Tube brings out richness of contrast in fully-lighted rooms as eye doctors say TV should be viewed!

Simple Automatic Tuning. Zenith's famous one-knob automatic Turret Tuner brings in perfect quality pictures and sound at one twist. No multiple knobs to fuss with.

Let Your Own Eyes Decide!

See your Zenith dealer and see progress! Marvel at the beauty of television as you have never seen it before. You will come away convinced Zenith is the finest TV your money can buy—*bar none!*

© 1951

New Zenith "Wordsworth" TV Console. Model J2043R. 17-inch (146 sq. in.) "Electronex" Tube screen. The Sheraton influence is obvious in the masterfully built cabinet of Mahogany veneers and selected hardwoods.

New Zenith "Walpole" Table TV. Model J2029R. 17-inch (146 sq. in.) "Electronex" Tube screen. Beautiful cabinet of Mahogany color Pyroxylin, graced with Mahogany finish woods. Built-in hand grips make it easy to move from place to place.

ZENITH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
•LONG DISTANCE• **RADIO**
and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois • Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively • Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids

THE INTERNATIONAL WHISKY

Sir John Schenley

World's Choicest Blend

Enjoy the finest-tasting whisky in the world
Sir John Schenley
Blended whisky
A Schenley Mark of Merit Whisky

Few, if any, of the world's great whiskies can equal the quality of Sir John Schenley . . . none can match its delightful taste! Here indeed is the *finest-tasting* whisky in the world—rare and full-bodied. You will enjoy in Sir John Schenley the lightest whisky you've ever tasted. Ask for it at finer stores, clubs and bars.

BLENDED WHISKY 86.8 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 8 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKY, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N. Y. C.

dominated by the story of Jenny James, the film star: How I Loved and Lost in Sarawak!

On the back page was the current installment of Ilya Ehrenburg's memoirs: The Great Deception, in which he claims he was playing a double game with the Stalinists all along.

The News *(Novosti)*, which he tossed over to me, gave half a page of pictures (25 per cent of its total space) to Kiev's soapbox derby, which it was sponsoring. The derby had been proposed by one Vladimir Gonin, who had spent six happy months in Akron, under Operation Skid.

Novosti also published, in serial form, George Fielding Eliot's translated life of Marshal Voroshilov, Serpent of the Steppes. Presumably hostile, this study nevertheless did not conceal the glamor of the great marshal's desperate last battles.

"We are having an orgy of human interest," continued Alex. "Plus a greater orgy of political and ideological fantasy. It is an intoxication. The Russian mind, as it comes alive, is running free. Wait until we get more food! You haven't seen anything yet. Our exuberance, our joy, our despair —we will shout them all to the heavens."

"And is that all?" said I.

"No," said Alex. "Because we Russians have also always had a great spiritual yearning. We bear the sorrows of ourselves and of the human race. We crave a universal answer. We will strive for it. I believe you have the spiritual answer for us and it is our inheritance too. I believe your freedom, with all its abuses, is nevertheless based on spiritual values—on a recognition of man's eternal place in society.

"When you and we begin to put into words the true spiritual revolution of history, Russians will understand and they will join. This is the ancient revolution which began with the recognition of one God and one Law, on the hills of Judea. Then our blessed Saviour, Christ Jesus, showed us the everlasting power of love and brotherhood. Greek and Roman institutions made the revolution more orderly. Western European humanitarianism mellowed it. Finally, you in the New World showed how this old and rich inheritance could be carried out for the benefit of the largest possible number of individual people.

"*This is the true revolution. It is* a spiritual achievement, and we can reach it only with spiritual awakening, cutting through the fog of cults and clericalism and fanaticism. Someday, perhaps, it will be perceived. It will be the basis of political order and of the universal system for which we Russians long. Until we begin to see the shape of the true revolution—and you must see it yourselves—we will leap and gyrate in our frenzy of freedom. But someday, 'later on,' perhaps we shall all know the truth, and it will make us free."

THE END

General Dwight D. Eisenhower and Leonard V. Finder

Why Ike Will Run

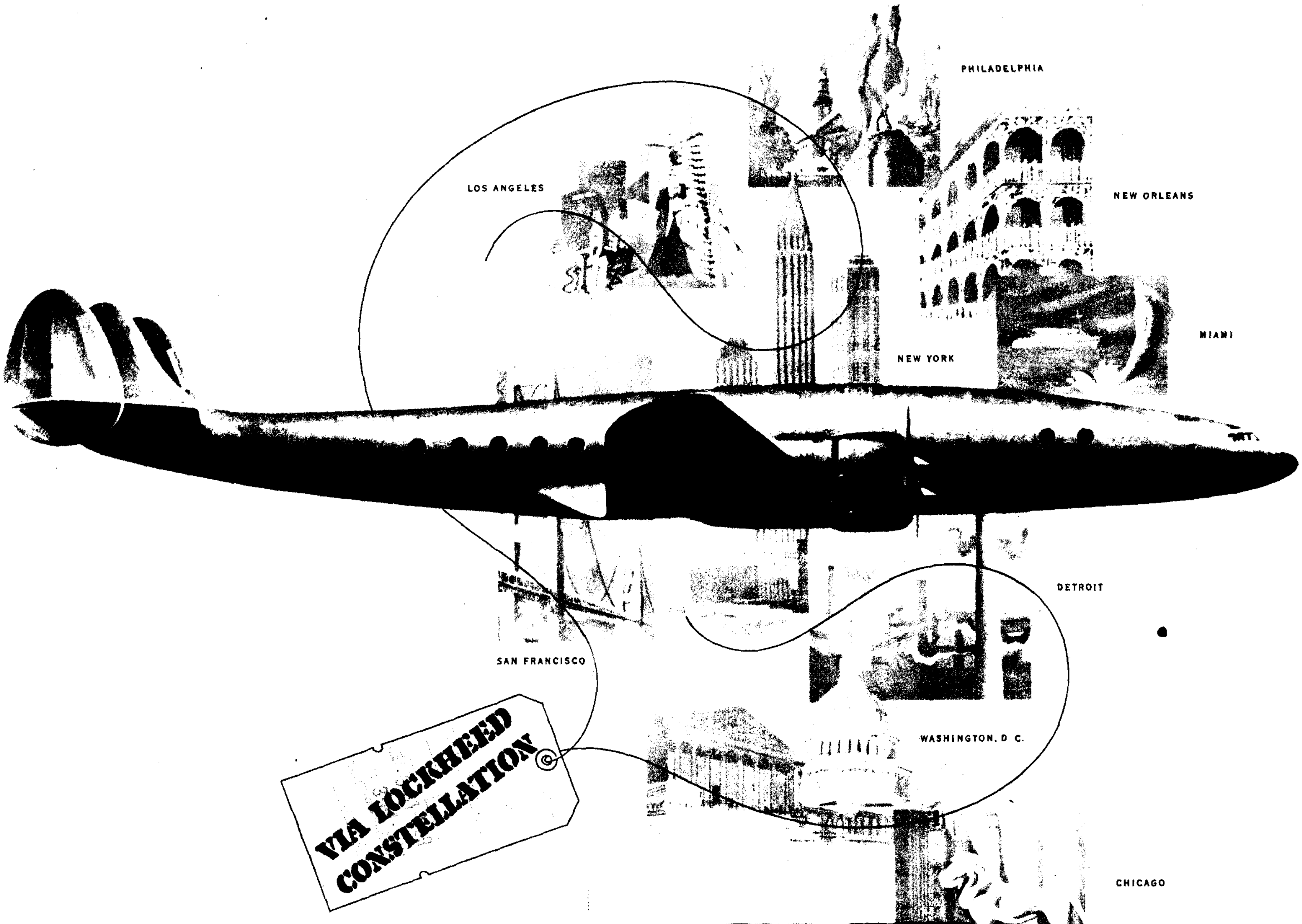
By LEONARD V. FINDER

The Man Who Revealed the General's Refusal in '48

On January 22, 1948, General Dwight D. Eisenhower wrote a letter to Leonard V. Finder, then publisher of the Manchester (N.H.) Evening Leader. In an historic statement, General Ike revealed for the first time that he was unavailable then for the Presidential nomination by either party. His answer was prompted by a letter and an editorial written by his friend, Mr. Finder. That ended it for '48. But their friendship has enabled Mr. Finder to continue his efforts since then to convince the general that duty to the nation should make him willing to serve as President of the United States. Mr. Finder now believes Ike will run in 1952—probably as a Republican but conceivably even as a Democrat—and the author tells you why in a most enlightening and highly provocative article.

In Collier's Next Week

Leadership demands constant achievement



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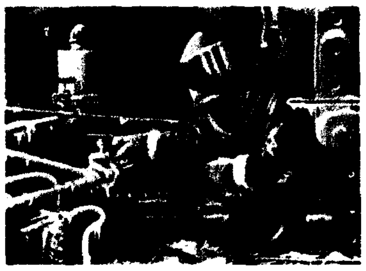

SCIENCE OF DEPENDABILITY—Lockheed's new Electronics Building will house an advanced "Weather Laboratory," where every effect of weather (temperature extremes, pressure, humidity, fungus growth, etc.) can be studied firsthand...increasing the *experience* behind Lockheed dependability.

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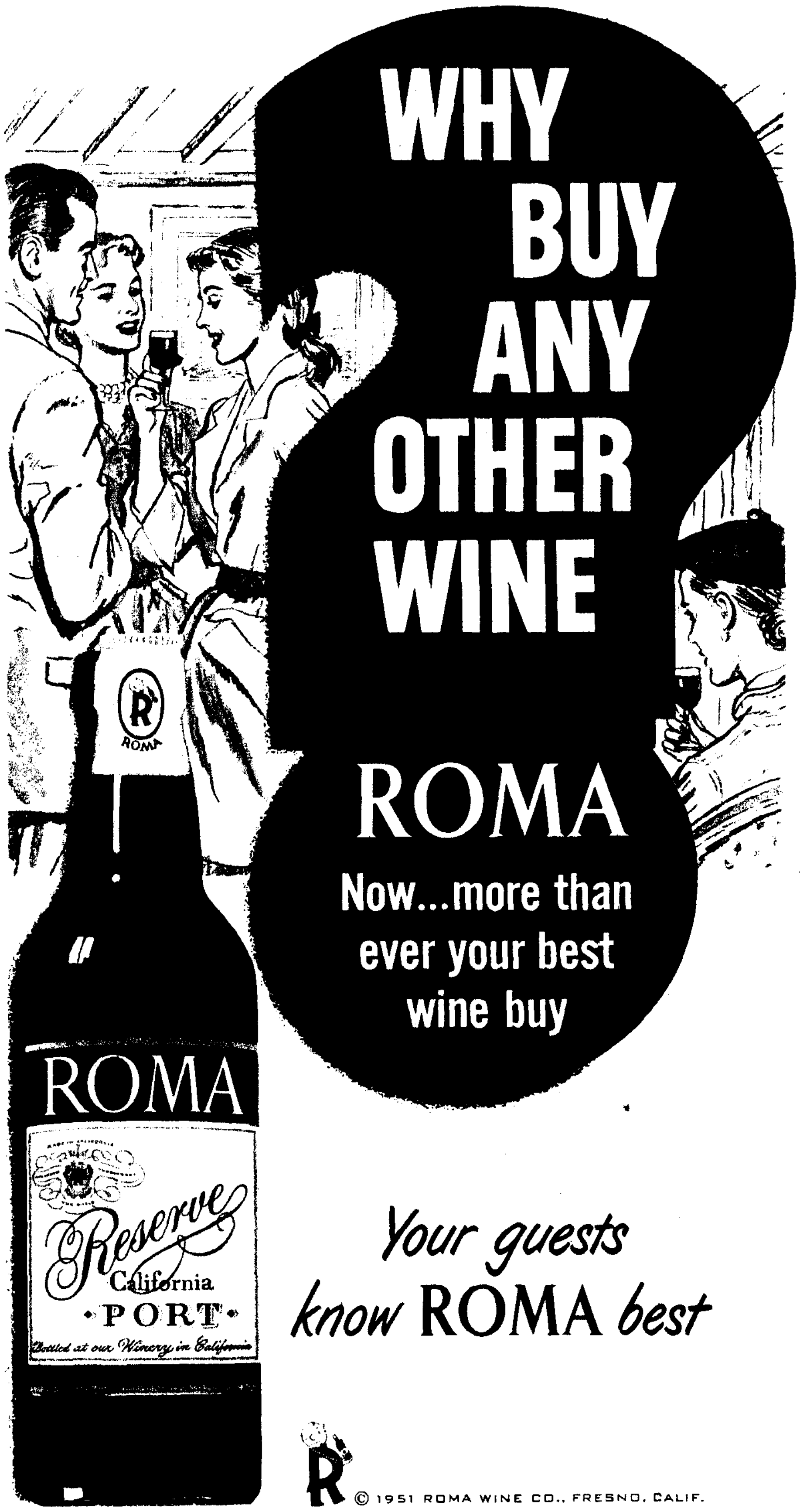
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Philadelphia Phase

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Your new education might well begin with that."

"I'm sorry." She paused, started to speak, checked herself, and then said, "I need little re-education. I am a Cossack. We were conquered by Moscow. My people hated the Kremlin."

"That's what all of you say." He was suddenly peremptory; he had taken time enough. Let her run a locomotive in the rubble and the dust. He handed her a red ration card and a blue barrack-assignment card. "One thing, Miss"—he looked down—"Veelenskaya."

"*Mrs.* Veelenskaya. I was married."

"Husband deceased?"

She nodded toward the window. "Your bombs. Rostov. My two sons, also. Five and three years old. I was behind my engine, in the yards. It nearly fell upon me. Perhaps I should wish it had. The heat, coming between the wheels, burned me."

"Maiden name?"

The nearest he could make out was Yanovitskaya. He shook his head impatiently. "Would you mind if I changed your name? In America, we like things short. Quick. To the point."

"The old name," she said solemnly, "was bad for me. I prefer a new one."

"Villa? A contraction of your married name?"

"Villa?" She tried it and smiled. "It means a pretty, small house, yes? Perhaps I should shorten my first name, too, if you don't mind, and leave it Russian. So, okay. I am Tanya Villa. Thank you, Major."

He jerked his head, ignoring her attempt at slang. "Next."

The girl walked toward a cluster of assigned Russians who were waiting for busses.

His eyes followed her part of the distance and came back to duty.

A short, muscular man began to speak in Russian. He was a mine foreman. He was hungry. He had been served no lunch. He was happy to be in the magnificent United States. He had always been a secret enemy of the Soviet government. He was a man of peace and very skillful in mining. He needed to go to the bathroom.

It could all be true, the major reflected. Probably it was. He called for a corporal and had the man guided to the latrine.

"Next!"

* * *

At five, Robert Blake left the warehouse and walked to the parking yard. He unlocked a faded convertible with a patched top and drove first south and then west in order that, finally, he might head north. The area of destruction was prodigious. The warehouse was one of the closest-in usable buildings. His route took him over a ponton bridge and behind the ruins of the university.

One of the colonels, at lunch, had told him of a new short cut to the Ardmore road and now he turned into it, going slowly around a house-high heap of unrecognizable trash. Halfway down a two-lane, zigzag path that had been bulldozed through the street, he came upon a group of boys shooting dice. He switched on his headlights; they grabbed up money and ran. Some bills still lay on the cobblestones. He stopped. They were twenties and fifties. The major turned to search for the boys. But the broken houses, sagging apartment buildings and rubble made chase hopeless. He picked up the bills—contraband under present laws—and went on. There were fortunes in the hands of more than a few dead-end kids, in spite of the death sentence for looting.

He drove on.

A rise of ground again displayed the vast area of total destruction. He slowed down, as he usually did, to survey it for the thousandth time. For the most part, it was silent. But here and there in its irregular expanse engines chuffed, machinery droned, and torches flared where metal was being cut. As always, that gave him a sense of lift: someday the mess would be carted off; someday beyond that, a new and finer city would rise where the old had fallen. For that distant day, the major lived.

* * *

It was night when he reached Righter's Mill Road at a point near Narberth. Here the stately homes were untouched; here trees stood autumn-bare—oaks, maples and lindens he could remember individually from his boyhood. His tires splashed through a shallow ford and he drove up a steep hill, smelling wood smoke and burning leaves. Verona Van Tayne's house, like the rest, seemed unchanged; its need of paint did not show in the darkness. Only the immense lawns were different—plowed up—and fringed with tents where refugees from the city lived. The scene was illuminated by kerosene flares. In their flickering light, some fifty men and women and children were gathering tomatoes.

He saw Verona among them, directing them, and presently she came over to the parking place in her driveway.

"Weather Bureau says frost tonight," she said. "We're salvaging all we can."

In Verona's light, cultured voice he caught an undertone of distaste, perhaps even anger. Verona's background had included big houses, servants, travel, luxury. The Van Taynes had come to America with the earliest Dutch settlers. One of them, moving to Pennsylvania, taking the Quaker faith, had founded the family which had produced the tall, aristocratic Verona, a Main Line debutante, a beauty, a social leader and his fiancée since before the war. If Verona felt distaste, it was because she had not been trained for such a life as this one. If she felt anger, it was because none of the carefully prepared plans for her life had materialized.

The major took the keys from his car and stepped out on the crushed-stone drive. "Tough," he said. "Early for frost." He walked close to her and took her hand, which was muddy. Automatically, she turned her cheek for his kiss. Silhouetted against the flares, her profile displayed a familiar elegance—high-bridged nose, straight mouth, curly dark hair bound in a silk scarf. But her fine eyes were troubled and there were lines of tension around her lips. He kept his hold on her hand. "Vee," he said quietly, "we ought to get married. We've waited a long, long time."

The lines around her mouth deepened. She said, "Bob—for the thousandth time—I don't intend to get married until things are restored to a state where marriage will seem at least faintly real."

"Real?"

"I wasn't raised to be married in the midst of a"—she glanced at the refugee picking tomatoes in the acres of what ha been her lawn—"*slum!* I don't feel like wedding, when downtown Philadelphia i nothing but a municipal dump! Everythin that meant marriage to me is still a mess Until that changes—"

"We don't grow any younger," he mur mured.

"I'm only twenty-seven!"

Her anger showed in the too-ladylik quality of her voice: "If you're tired of ou engagement—"

"For Heaven's sake, Vee!"

"I'm sorry." Verona turned toward th tomato pickers and called, "Mr. Tate! Mr Williams! Mrs. Grosbeck! See to it tha some of your people get into that far patch!"

Assents floated up from the plowed lawn

"A lot of things went wrong today." Verona talked to the major but watched th work. "This frost means we've got to spen the night canning. The kitchen will be wreck! Then the coal ration board sent man over. I'm to get enough coal to hea only four rooms, and only from Decembe

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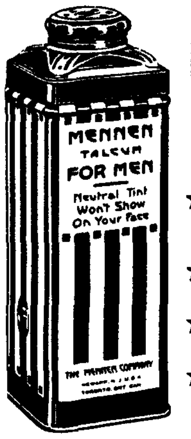
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through February. They took twelve more head of cattle from the farm at Devon—"

"It's rugged, Vee, sure. We can't help it. The way to face it is to fight it. To fight to get back what we lost. Something even better. Better for all."

Verona laughed. It was not happy laughter. "This passion for 'all' sometimes eludes me. Sometimes I find my passion concentrated on Verona Van Tayne. 'Rugged' isn't the word, either. It was rugged right after the bomb. 'Squalid' is more appropriate now, Bob. I get sick to death of it!"

"I know."

"You don't know! You're a man. You've been in Occupied Russia. You're a soldier. I'm just a Main Line gal. Look, Bob, I want us married—but I want it my way. You can get leave when you like. They must owe you months. You're so damn' dutiful! Suppose—just suppose—to make marriage seem something like old times, I went South. Opened the Palm Beach place. Then you could come down. We could have the wedding there—"

"And leave Philadelphia this way?" He sounded unbelieving.

"Plenty of people to work here! Too many! That's the trouble."

"Vee, you're tired, or you wouldn't talk like that." He stared at her. "After all, you started this whole thing. It was your own idea. Plowing up the big places. Making camps for bombed-out people. You wouldn't run away from it now."

She seemed to stiffen before she slowly turned her head and answered, "Bob, I *am* going to run away. If you won't come along, I'm going anyhow."

"You'll feel different tomorrow."

When he drove away, he wasn't sure.

* * *

He lived with another officer—schoolmate, old friend, now Lieutenant Colonel Don Keating—in his own garage apartment. The garage was detached from the big house. The grounds around the big house were not suitable for farming and the housing committee had decided that the house itself was not a practical place for refugees: too hard to heat in winter and too far from busses and train lines. Colonel Keating's car was not in the garage. The major walked up the stairs to the little flat where his father's chauffeur had once lived. There was a note on the kitchen table:

Bob—Gone to the movies. Olympia. Join us. Bring Verona. They're showing the first new movie in months. Don.

Bob went to the icebox, smiling a little. He'd call Vee. A movie might snap her out of her mood.

There were cold cuts and two bottles of milk, bread and margarine and canned peaches. The major ate, and while he ate he brewed coffee. The telephone on the wall rang, and he picked it up.

"Hello?" he said.

"Major Blake? This is Lieutenant Biggley at headquarters. Another fire has broken out in the total destruction area. Some explosions. Standing areas in danger. The general wants as many of his staff on hand as possible. It's Section L. Area 116."

"Right. Thank you, Lieutenant."

Now and again fires broke out where the first great fire had not consumed all the burnable debris. They were dangerous fires because nobody knew just what lay under the rubble—what chemicals, what stores of gasoline, what long-accumulated, trapped gases. When they occurred deep inside the area of ruin, they were allowed to burn out. But when they were close to habitable regions, they were fought desperately: every usable house was precious.

He didn't drink the coffee. He left the apartment and started back toward the city. In the far distance, across the thousands of acres of flattened city, he saw the glow of a sudden explosion. He hurried on through the tortuous streets, thinking that he, too, would be up all night. Fighting fires—while Verona canned tomatoes with the bombed-out women who lived on her place.

It was a mean blaze. In spite of the best

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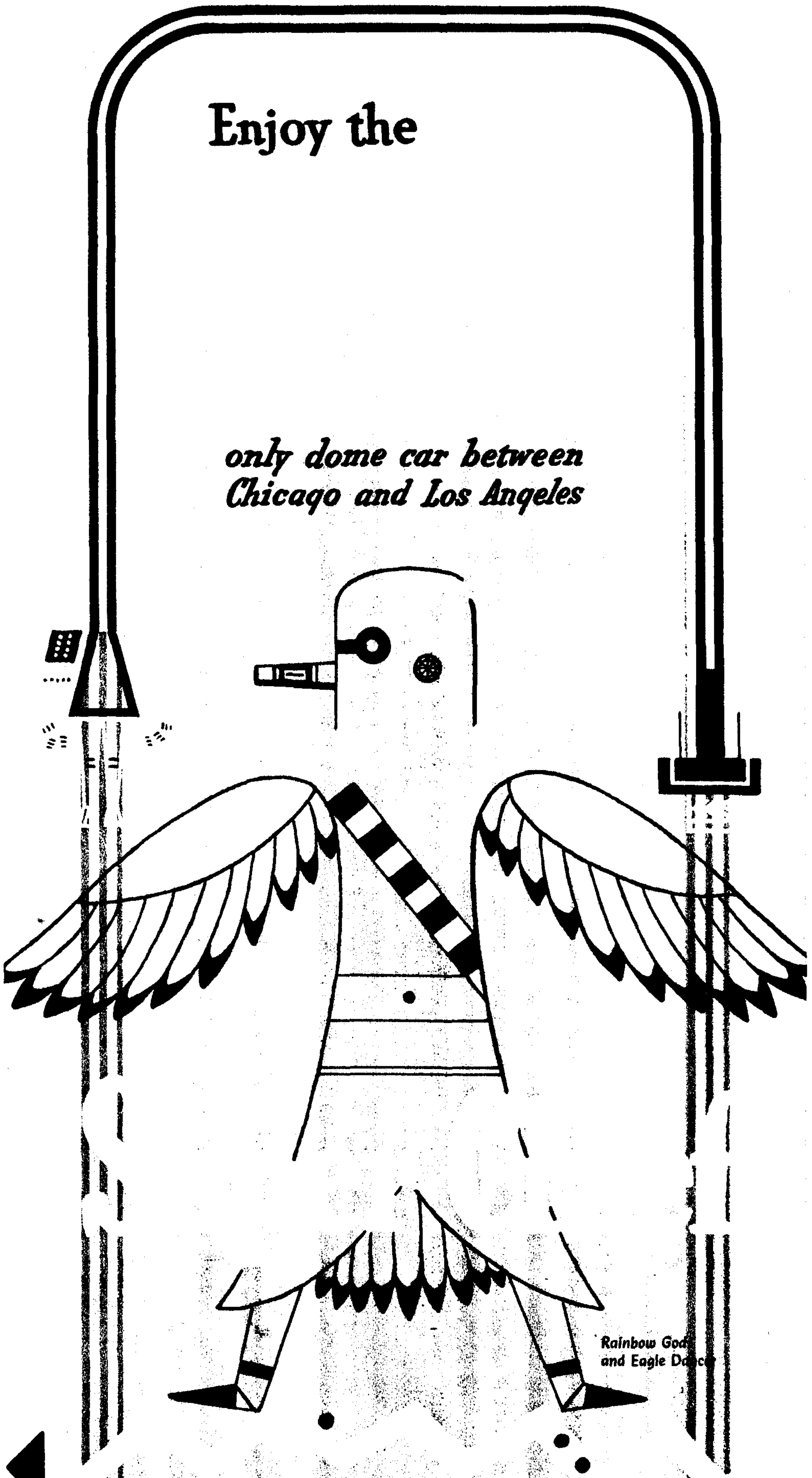
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efforts of fire departments and of Army experts with Army equipment, it destroyed three blocks of habitable houses. The major was on duty for the next thirty hours.

A week later, with General Rolfe, his commanding officer, he made an inspection tour of the debris-removal operations. It was a regular task and one the general always disliked: each trip involved spending hours in fumes, smoke, clangor and drifting dust at the center of the annihilated region. But the major took a different view of the assignment: each new journey also showed the progress made by the crashing bulldozers, the cranes, the trucks and gondola cars, the huge steel wrecking balls that battered walls into movable fragments, the blasting and the pick-and-shovel work.

By now, in the late autumn, two "roads" bisected the area at right angles. They ran where Broad and Market Streets had been. All four tracks of the principal railroad had been cleared and repaired. Two smashed bridges had been rebuilt. Trains roared through, between what remained of Washington and Manhattan. Philadelphia had a station again—rude platforms sheltered by galvanized iron. Chestnut Street was being opened up. A temporary track ran down it clear to the brick-covered area that had once been Independence Square.

The general and his subordinates rode down that track in a work car. It was only when they stepped off that the major happened to see their engineer.

Her wheat-colored hair was hidden under a cap. She wore a muffler. She watched her passengers pick their way along the track and then, with a little flourish, reached for the bell rope. The engine backed, gathered speed, reversed, and came up on a siding where dump trucks were waiting to load the cars. She stopped her train expertly. Major Blake grinned a little and walked over. He called a greeting in Russian.

Tanya stared down from the cab and smiled. "Ah! The major!"

"How's it going?"

Her eyes danced. "We make progress."

"You people comfortable?"

"Very comfortable, Major. We have an apartment building—and only one person to a room. Good food. Interesting classes."

"Whereabouts?"

"Beyond that museum. The Art Museum. Beyond part of Fairmount Park."

"Oh, sure." The major had arranged the condemnation of the apartment now used by Russian re-trainees. He had insisted, at the time, that their accommodations be good. They had been the enemy, but if they were to be re-educated as emissaries of a free world, they needed decent quarters.

Tanya looked back at the loading of her train, adjusted a valve, and swung down easily from the cab. Standing beside him, she seemed shorter and littler than she had when she'd stood before his desk. "This America is a wonderful country," she said softly. "If we had known the truth—"

His eyes were bleak. "Exactly."

She understood the bleakness. She gestured toward the wreckage ahead of her engine. "We are reaching your Independence Hall. A great American shrine, yes?"

He nodded, looking at her, wondering how a woman in dusty, grimy overalls could still seem so attractive.

"You should save every brick. You should rebuild it first. Before even the so-called necessary things. It stands for freedom, does it not? The *idea* is more important than the many *things* we need, yes?"

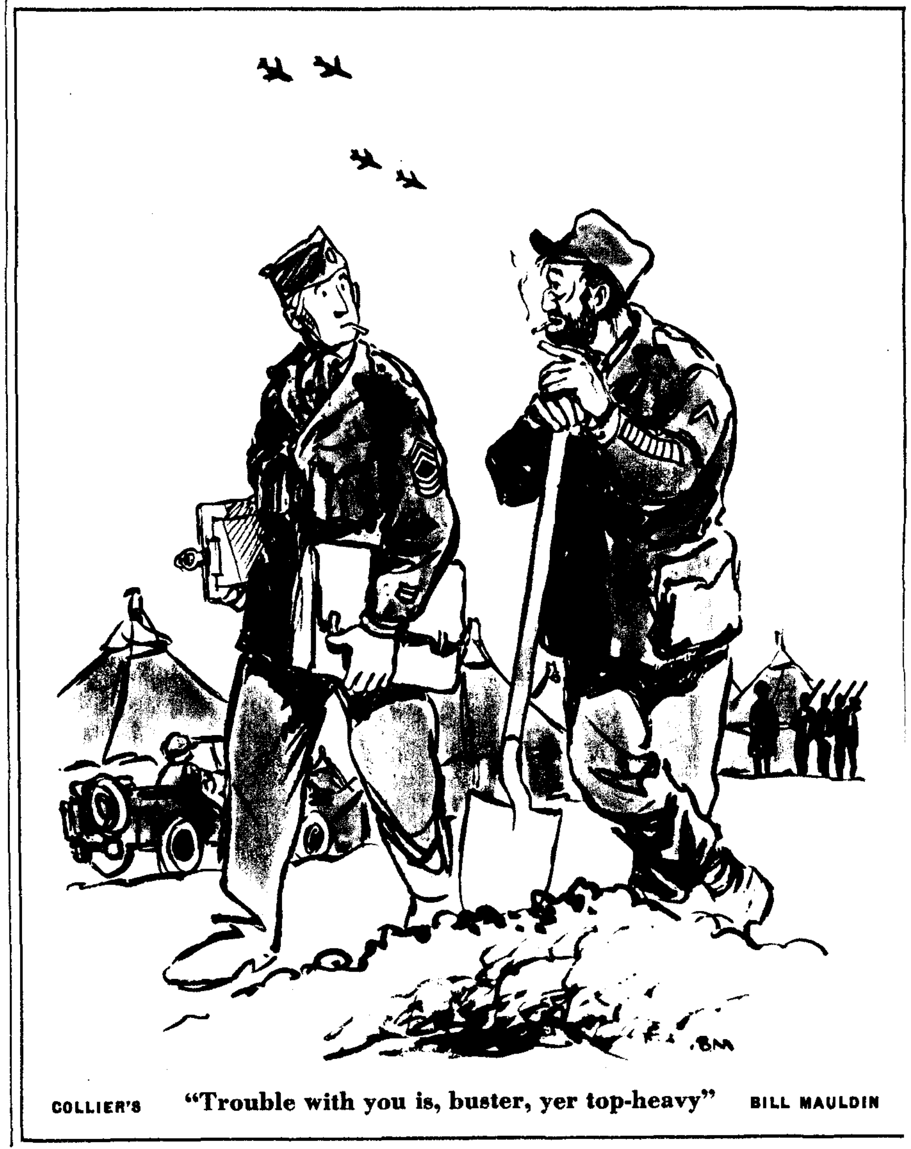
The major hadn't heard the general come up. But he heard him speak: "The young woman's right. We've got orders from Washington to do exactly that."

Major Blake frowned. "Rebuild Independence Hall? When we need hospitals, soup kitchens, storehouses, schools—"

But General Rolfe was smiling. "What does Philadelphia mean, first of all, to the world? That old brick building. A corner of it is still standing. It ought to be the first we set up again. Exactly as it was, cracked Liberty Bell and all."

"Freedom," the girl said gently. "Yes! It is more important than bread. Than shelter. Than life. *Anybody's* life!"

The young major realized it was. And



COLLIER'S "Trouble with you is, buster, yer top-heavy" BILL MAULDIN

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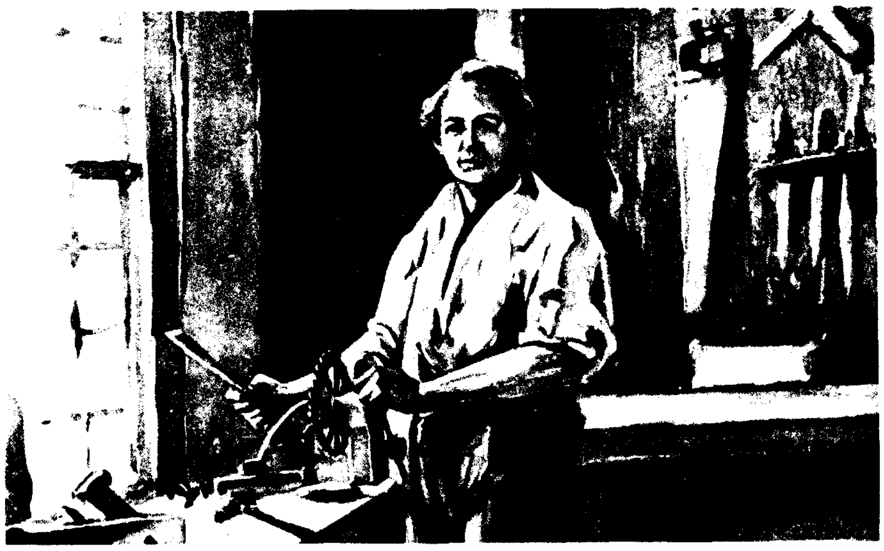
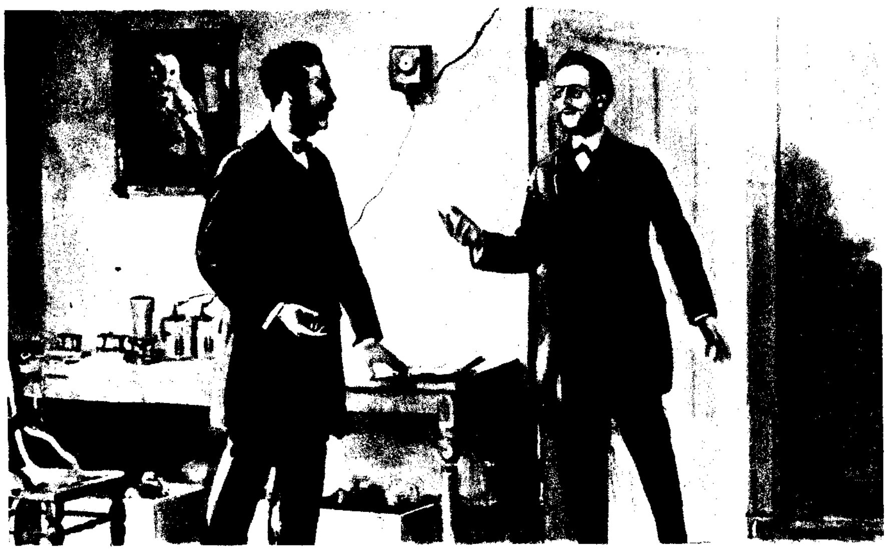


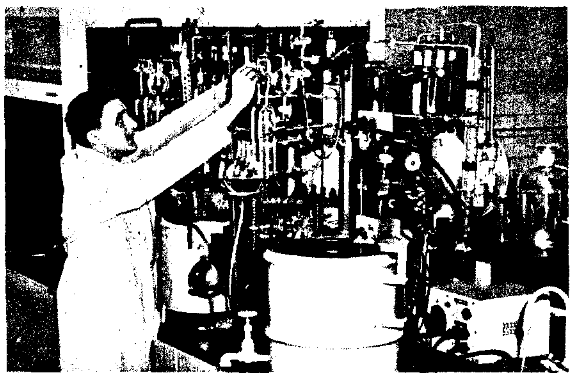
IN 1793 ELI WHITNEY built his cotton gin in a barnyard—with his own hands and homemade tools—and it worked. For then technology was simple, and a man could prove out his invention on his own. In contrast, the recent development of nylon took 10 years of research time and 70 millions of dollars!



IN 1876 ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL had nothing but an idea, a few dollars' worth of materials and an attic workshop. Yet he built and proved the first telephone. Today, however, great laboratories are needed to prove a new idea in communications—a big hurdle for independent inventors!

An Offer of Research Facilities To Inventive Americans Who Need Them

The Sinclair Plan is opening up the Company's great laboratories to every American who has an idea for a better petroleum product



PETROLEUM RESEARCH requires much expensive equipment—like this apparatus to test lube oil. The Sinclair Plan opens up such facilities for the first time to outsiders.

INVENTIVE Americans are often at a loss today. Not because of any lack of ideas, but because of a need for large and expensive facilities to find out if and how their ideas work.

This was no obstacle in our earlier days. The Wright Brothers designed their first airplane with the help of a foot-square homemade "wind box."

In contrast, the man with a new idea in airplane design today often needs a supersonic wind tunnel costing millions.

In short, science and invention have become so complex that a man with an idea often needs the assistance of many specialists and millions worth of equipment to prove his idea has value.

Within the petroleum field, the Sinclair Plan now offers to provide that assistance.

Under this Plan, Sinclair is opening up its great research laboratories at Harvey, Illinois, to independent inventors who have sufficiently good ideas for better petroleum products or for new applications of petroleum products.

If you have an idea of this kind, you are invited to submit it to the Sinclair Research Laboratories, with the provision that each idea must first be protected, in your own interest, by a patent application, or a patent.

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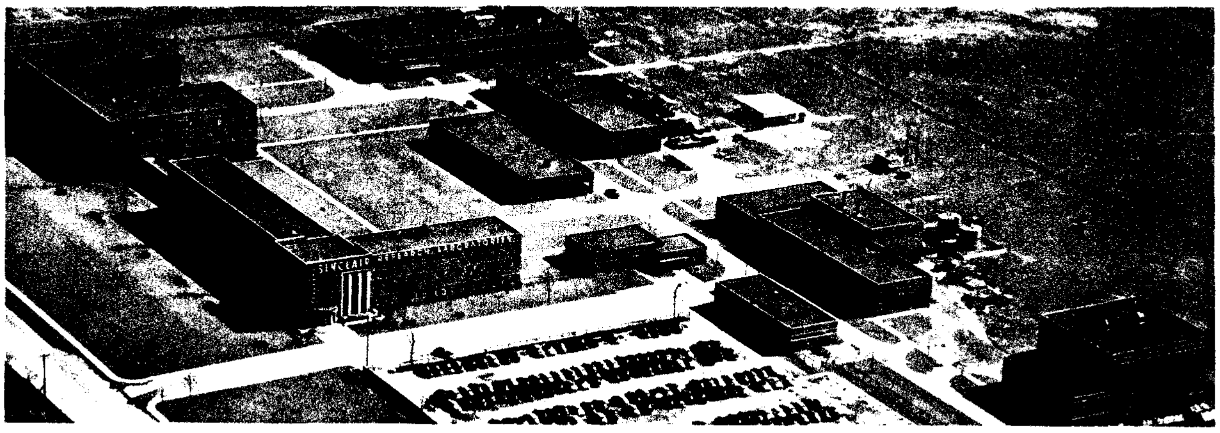
How to participate: Instructions on how to submit ideas under the Sinclair Plan are contained in an Inventor's Booklet available on request. Write to: W. M. Flowers, Executive Vice-President, Sinclair Research Laboratories, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

IMPORTANT: *Please do not send in any ideas until you have sent for and received the instructions.*



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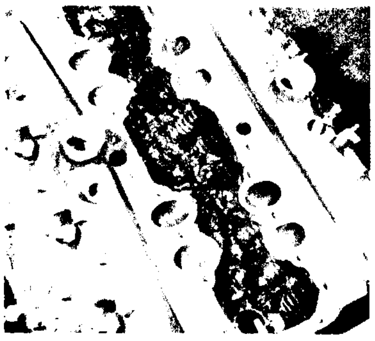

Sludge is caused by Water in the Oil

● Sludge and acid corrosion in an engine are primarily the result of water in the oil from "combustion blow-by."

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its symbol had the same importance. "Living here most of your life," he said apologetically, "you forget how people feel. Washington's right, for once. Independence Hall should be restored first." He turned to Tanya. "Glad you people are comfortable."

She was staring at him intently. "We have, on every Saturday night, dancing. Perhaps you will come over? Perhaps you would like to make an inspection tour?" She laughed then.

He waved. "Perhaps."

* * *

The note was pinned to the door of his garage apartment when he came home that night. In Verona's languid backhand:

Darling—

I can't stand it. And you know how I hate farewells. Last night they broke into the house and stole all my canned food. Three days ago, somebody got in while I was away and took four of Daddy's paintings. I've stored everything else valuable in Scranton. Valerie Pfeffer is starting out for her place in Palm Beach today. In her own car—Heaven knows how she got the extra gas. She asked me to go. I hate to be a quitter—but it was quit or lose my mind. I hope—I desperately hope—you'll come down on leave. Knowing how stubborn you are, I doubt it. You can consider our oh-so-long engagement ended, Bob. I love you still—but only as I can love and not the way you think I should. *Verona.*

He climbed up the stairs. Don Keating wasn't in. The major went to the icebox. Cold meat. Bread. Canned peaches.

After he ate—ate a meal each mouthful of which hurt his throat—he got out a pack of cards and played solitaire. At twelve, he turned in.

He didn't sleep well that night but he slept some. A man could lose a girl—it happened to men every day. But that did not change the fact that his city had to be built again, stone upon stone. . . .

It was not until close to Christmas that the major's inner dejection showed starkly through his outward control. The shops in the surrounding suburbs were decorated with red and green. There were far more toys for sale than on the previous grim Christmas. Don Keating and Bob played cards in their bachelor flat one evening.

"See you heard from Vee," Don said.

The major went to his bedroom, came back and spread a half-dozen photographs on the kitchen table. Verona water-skiing. Verona on the beach. Verona, in a tennis dress, at the casino.

"Bribery!" the major said. "She thinks it'll get me down there."

Outside, suddenly, a dozen voices came sweetly on the winter air—voices singing Christmas carols. The two officers put up a blind and looked at the men and women holding candles, as wet snow fell in the still dark.

By and by, the singers went away and the officers uneasily resumed their game. The room grew cold. Keating glanced twice at the empty coal scuttle beside the stove before Bob realized it was his turn to go down and refill it. He got up, and suddenly kicked it across the room.

"Hey!" Keating cried.

Bob retrieved the iron bucket his foot had dented. "Felt that way," he said.

"Everybody does, now and again—as things are," Don said, and frowned. He fingered his cards. He listened to the scrape of the shovel in the room below, and when the major came back, he went on, "The thing is, Bob, you haven't got any release. Any emotional outlet. No fun."

"How do you have fun—the way it is?"

The colonel grinned. "Well, for one thing, there are girls. Atom bombs didn't change gals, thank the Lord!"

His answer was a single word, unfriendly, unmilitary.

Nevertheless, the major found that a particular girl had entered his mind.

He went to the Saturday dance.

The dining room in the hotel-apartment building had been cleared of tables and rugs. A tall Christmas tree glittered at one end. Music was furnished by musicians from many parts of Russia, who undertook, with guitars, balalaikas and mandolins, and great enthusiasm, to duplicate the effects of an American dance band.

The women wore evening dresses. As the major came in he wondered how the Russians had managed to get such clothes. Then he remembered that a great many women in Philadelphia—clubwomen, Junior Leaguers and others—were intensely interested in the re-education program. The dresses, then, were contributed.

He didn't see Tanya right away; when he did, he felt as if he had been struck. She had been lovely in overalls. In a low-cut evening gown, she was astonishing.

She was dancing with an American colonel. A lieutenant dared to cut in. A major soon took Tanya from the lieutenant. A man in a dinner jacket robbed the major.

Bob tried his luck. He wasn't aware, in the next few minutes, how often she shook her head at eager, approaching men.

"Well, you did come!" she said. "You took your time! But just the same, Major—Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Miss Villa."

"Villa!" Tanya laughed. Somebody, he thought, gave them perfume, too. And he thought: Nobody should let her run engines; she's meant to be a woman—all the time. She talked on: "I found out about this name you gave me. This Villa. He is a bandit. He was. Am I, too, a bandit?"

He grinned. "I don't know. Are you?"

"Not very successful, though. All these weeks before you even came to see—us."

"Now that I've found the way—"

It was his happiest evening since autumn, even though he spent most of it waiting for a dance with Tanya.

* * *

As he drove home he found himself comparing Tanya with Verona. The Russian girl was as able as a man to do work, technical work, in a world and in an era that needed such work. Verona had failed her assignment even in the comparative luxury of her own home. Verona couldn't take discomfort. Tanya was still high-spirited, exuberant, even though she had lost everything in the war: family, home, country—and even though she was now an exile, an ex-enemy, in a far and foreign land. Verona kept looking back—to parties, balls, cotillions, horse shows, concerts but Tanya seemed to look to the future.

He wondered again about his early suspicions of Tanya, wondered if Divisio Eight had turned up anything suspicious o her since she had been brought to America A telephone call to Colonel Bratley woul answer that question. The hell with that, h thought, remembering Tanya.

When he reached his bachelor quarters Keating had just come in. "Perfume!" h murmured. "Dames! Splendid!"

"*A* dame," the major said.

It began that way, at a dance, wher such things often do. He went to fou Saturday dances in a row before he aske her to have dinner with him on a differen night. He did it, he told himself, just t avoid being cut in on every few minute But the dinner date also became a weekl custom, then a twice-weekly event. H learned a great deal about the Russian girl She, in turn, learned much that amazed he about the life of a well-to-do American before the war.

"Are you still rich?" she asked him on night at a crowded suburban restaurant.

Major Blake shrugged. "Mostly, no. Th bank kept duplicate records outside the city so it goes on, and my holdings are worth good deal. But a lot of my investment were smashed." He nodded his head towar the windows and the ruined city beyond th windows.

"A *capitalist!*" Tanya said. "Imagin having dinner with one! A capitalist wa supposed to be a very sinful man!"

"But you think not?"

"I didn't say what I thought."

The first time he kissed her, he assure

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himself he just wondered what she would do. What she did was to return the kiss without embarrassment or the slightest restraint. Then she sighed. "No man has done that for a long time!"

They had their first quarrel in the very early spring.

By an arrangement both of them made to appear coincidental, they had the same day off. The major had planned to spend it showing Tanya the Penn Valley area in which he had grown up. But she had a scheme of her own. "I have bought bus tickets for us," she said when he met her at the apartment. "And we will have lunch at an inn, and I will pay for it."

"Bus? We don't want a bus ride. To where? And *I'm* paying for any lunches!"

"Don't be bourgeois!"

He was mad at her, in spite of the chic gray flannel suit she had made for herself and was wearing the first time, in spite of the warm March sun. "Don't tell me I'm bourgeois. That word is *out*. Forever!"

"But you are! And anyway, we are going, this once, where *I* want."

"And where is that?"

She produced a paper-bound book. "This is a guide of it. The dogwoods are out, whatever dogwoods may be. All winter, I read American history. Now we will go and see some. To Valley Forge."

"Good Lord!"

"You do not like this place?"

"It's not that. It's the bus ride. There'll be tourists."

"But *I* want to go."

"I don't."

"Very well," Tanya replied. "You stay. I go. This is a free country—yes?"

She went—on the bus. He followed in his car. He caught up with her in time to apologize before lunch. Afterward, he went out with her across the fields, toward the white dogwood trees, until they reached the precise spot where, the innkeeper had assured her, Washington's soldiers had reddened the snow with their bloody feet. She sat down there and cried. He held her, by and by, and found himself wondering if Verona would have been capable of such a sentiment. He decided not. Her reaction would have been intellectual. Proud, perhaps, but reserved, patrician.

And he realized that he hadn't thought of Verona in a long time.

* * *

After a while, as if she could read his thoughts, Tanya said, "Were you ever in love, Bob?"

"Quite a little and for a long time," he answered slowly. He looked at her. "But the girl I loved turned out to be sort of a coward. I think, Tanya, that I'm falling in love again. With you. Is that all right?"

Her gaze was level, her voice frank and calm. "Yes. It is all right."

"It would take some arranging. But I've got influence. It might even take several months. After all, our two countries had a long hate. Suppose I could fix it, though, Tanya. Would you ever marry me?"

He wasn't looking at her but at the misty white trees across the valley. He heard her sharp breath. In astonishment, he heard her reply: "No, Major Bob. Not your wife. I will be your—your girl friend, gladly."

He was shocked. "I was asking you to be my wife! *Not* my girl friend!"

Her voice was very soft, very low. "I cannot be any man's wife again, Bob."

"Why not, for Heaven's sake? Why not? Because you can love only once? Or because you have to go back to Russia? Why?"

"Because of your bombs," she replied quietly. "The one that I told you of that went off not so far from the engine yard. It burned me. I was sick a long time. I went in the hospital. There had to be an operation. After that, I was again well, but I can have no children. So I can be the wife of no man."

He put his arm around her, but he kept looking across the beautiful valley where, long ago, there had been a vast tragedy. "I see, Tanya," he murmured. "You are a very brave girl. Let's think about it."

They drove home in the late afternoon, through the spring smells, past fresh-opened fields. Neither said much. There was nothing much to say.

Three days afterward, Tanya killed herself. Such, at least, was the assumption of those who found her body in the river. And the major knew the assumption was right. He was appalled by the news. And yet, with the passing of days, it slowly came to him that Tanya had run out on life somewhat as Verona had done, though for greater reason.

* * *

One April evening, while he somberly played cards with his friend Don Keating, he tried to sum it up: "I'm not very lucky with the women I pick. They don't seem to have what it takes to hang on, these days."

Don put down his cards. "Is that fair, Bob? Is it *true?* What *else* could that Russian girl have done? She loved you. She wouldn't marry you. So, from her standpoint, she might have ruined your life."

The major was thinner and he looked years older than he had in the autumn. His eyes were barren. "I suppose that's what I don't want to face. She loved me."

"Why not face it? All it means is you're a pretty good guy. A better guy than you imagine, perhaps." He shrugged. "What do you tear yourself apart for, day and night, month after month? To clear up the mess! To build back the city! Why? Because you actually believe in people. And why do you believe? Because they *do* have courage. They *do* act the best they can."

"Like Verona? Was that the best she could do, too?"

There was an odd look in Keating's face. "Haven't heard from Verona lately, have you?"

"No, thank the Lord!"

"Or heard about her?"

"What about her? Is she engaged to Palm Beach nobility? Has she been elected Sun Queen down there?"

"You should read the papers more thoroughly. Or even listen to the radio. Along about Christmas, Verona got tired of the giddy whirl. She organized, in Florida, what she had got going up here."

"She *what?*"

"Farming the idle acres of the idle rich. Winter vegetables. Last I read about it, Verona had about eight thousand acres under cultivation in the Palm Beaches and Miami. Lord knows the country needs the food. The whole world needs it."

"She never told me. She never wrote."

Don walked to the open window and stared out into the lilac-scented evening. "No. Never told you. Never wrote. Maybe, Bob, she was trying to *show* you."

The major's fist hit the table. "Do you—do you suppose Tanya found that out? Before—?"

Don Keating spoke with his back turned. "Yes, Bob, she did. She read about it. And she phoned here the day after your trip to Valley Forge. Asked all about Verona. I told her. What else could I have done?"

"Nothing," the major answered quietly. "Just—nothing else."

Keating came back from the window. "You say, Bob, you're unlucky with women. But what man ever had two women who loved him so much? And one of them, Bob—the one you've known longest—lives for you, I suspect."

Long, silent minutes passed. Finally the major whispered, "I'll go down there. I'll get leave. I'll go right away."

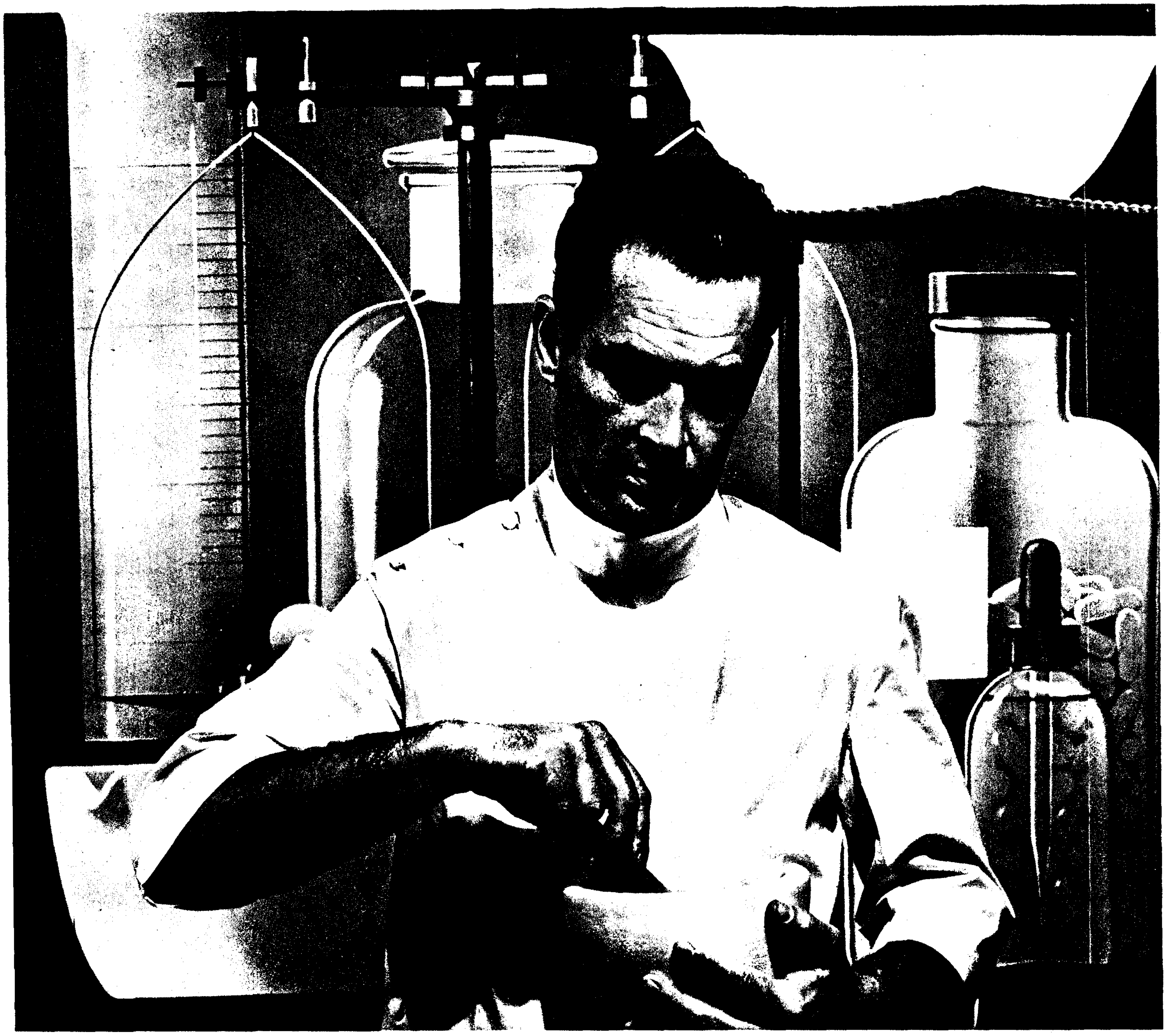
Keating smiled a little and sauntered back to the window. "That trip won't be necessary, chum. Isn't your gang laying the new cornerstone for Independence Hall pretty soon?"

"Monday."

"Verona's got a part in the ceremony. Besides, she had to get her summer crop up here. They've been plowing her place. If you'd drive over to Righter's Mill Road, I believe—"

The kerosene flares were burning. They were plowing by night. And Verona stood on the terrace. THE END

Middleman in a miracle



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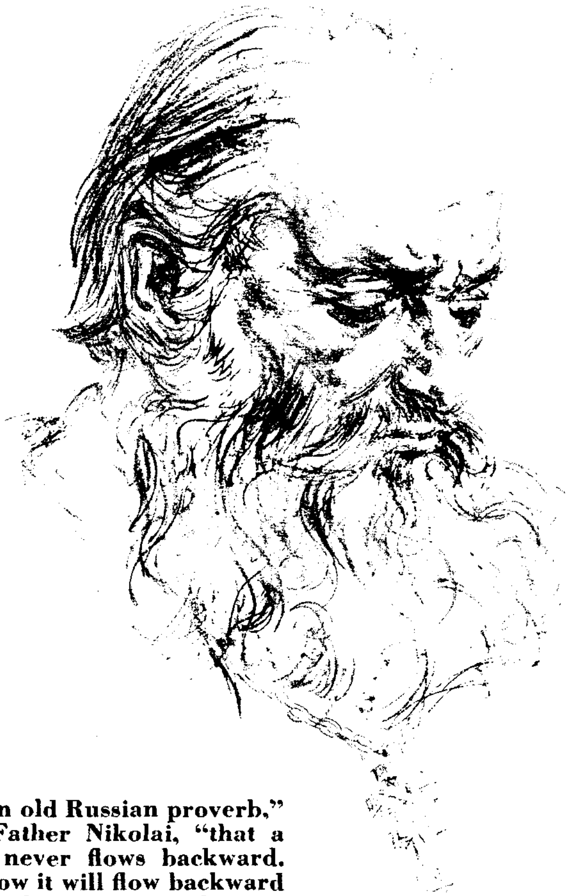
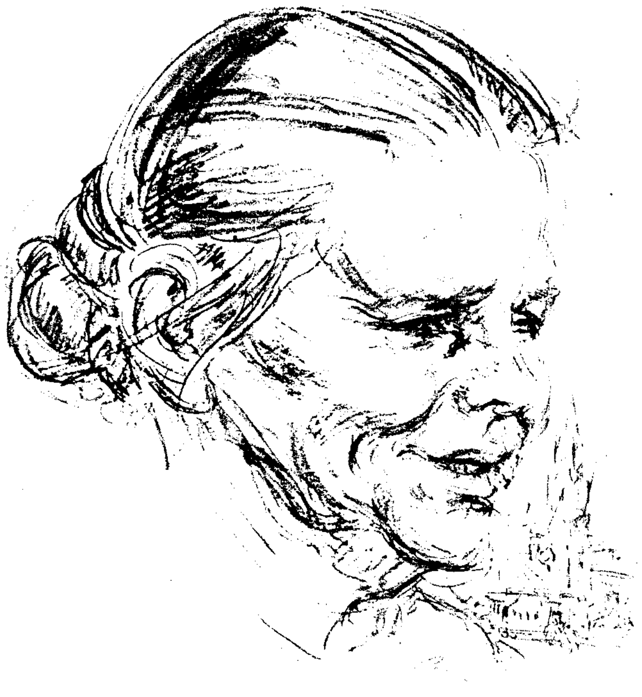
MOSCOW SKETCHBOOK

By HOWARD BRODIE

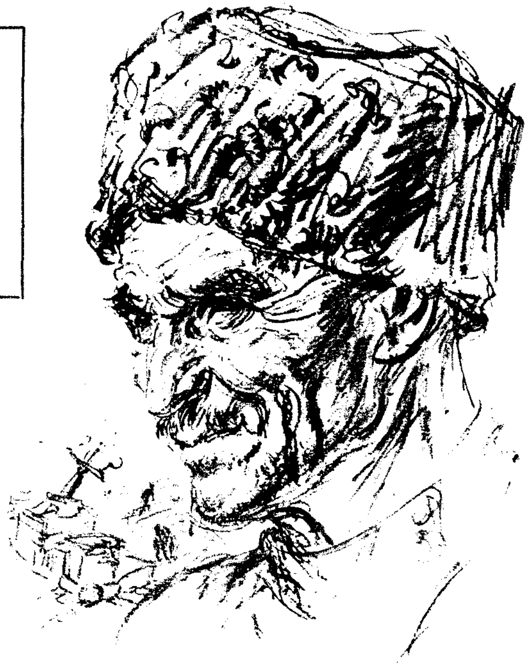
For almost 20 years, Collier's combat artist-correspondent Howard Brodie has been covering wars and their aftermath—first in World War II for the Army magazine Yank, and later in Korea and World War III for Collier's. Now, in 1960, Brodie reports from Moscow. His assignment: to catch the indomitable, determined, hopeful spirit of the Russian people. The captions under the pictures are Brodie's own



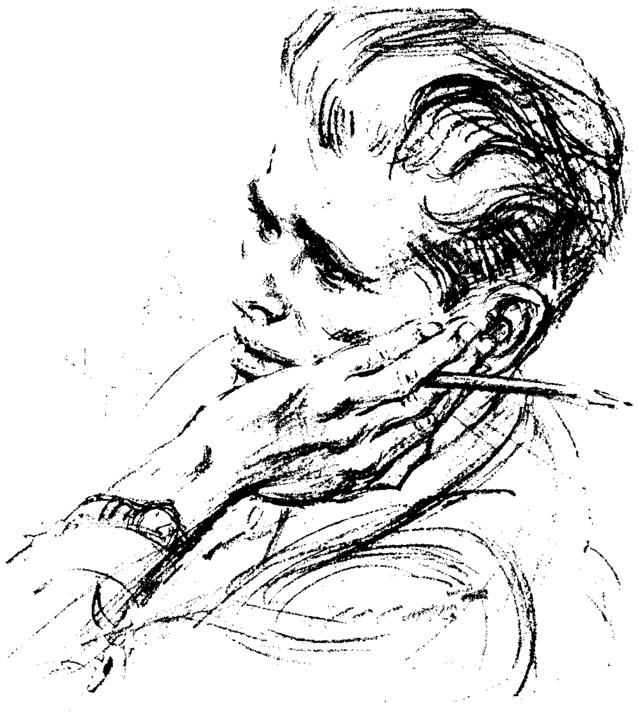
"It is an old Russian proverb," said Father Nikolai, "that a river never flows backward. But now it will flow backward into God—and forward into a new sea of spiritual freedom"



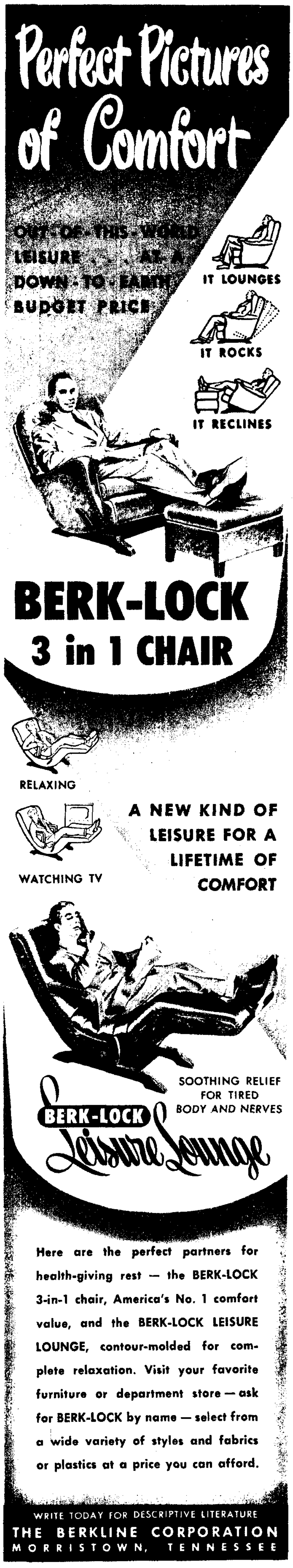
Grandma Anna Popoff stood patiently in a food queue a short way from Pushkin Square. "Ah, *da*," she told me cheerfully, "we wait in line still—but much shorter than before"



Cossack Taras Greegoryev and other warrior horsemen work at rebuilding Moscow. His future plans? He roared his joke: "Show Americanski movie cowboys how to ride!"



I sketched student Oleg Rodzianko between classes at the new Moscow Technical College. "I want to be an engineer," he said, "not just a cog in the engine, as we were in the old state"



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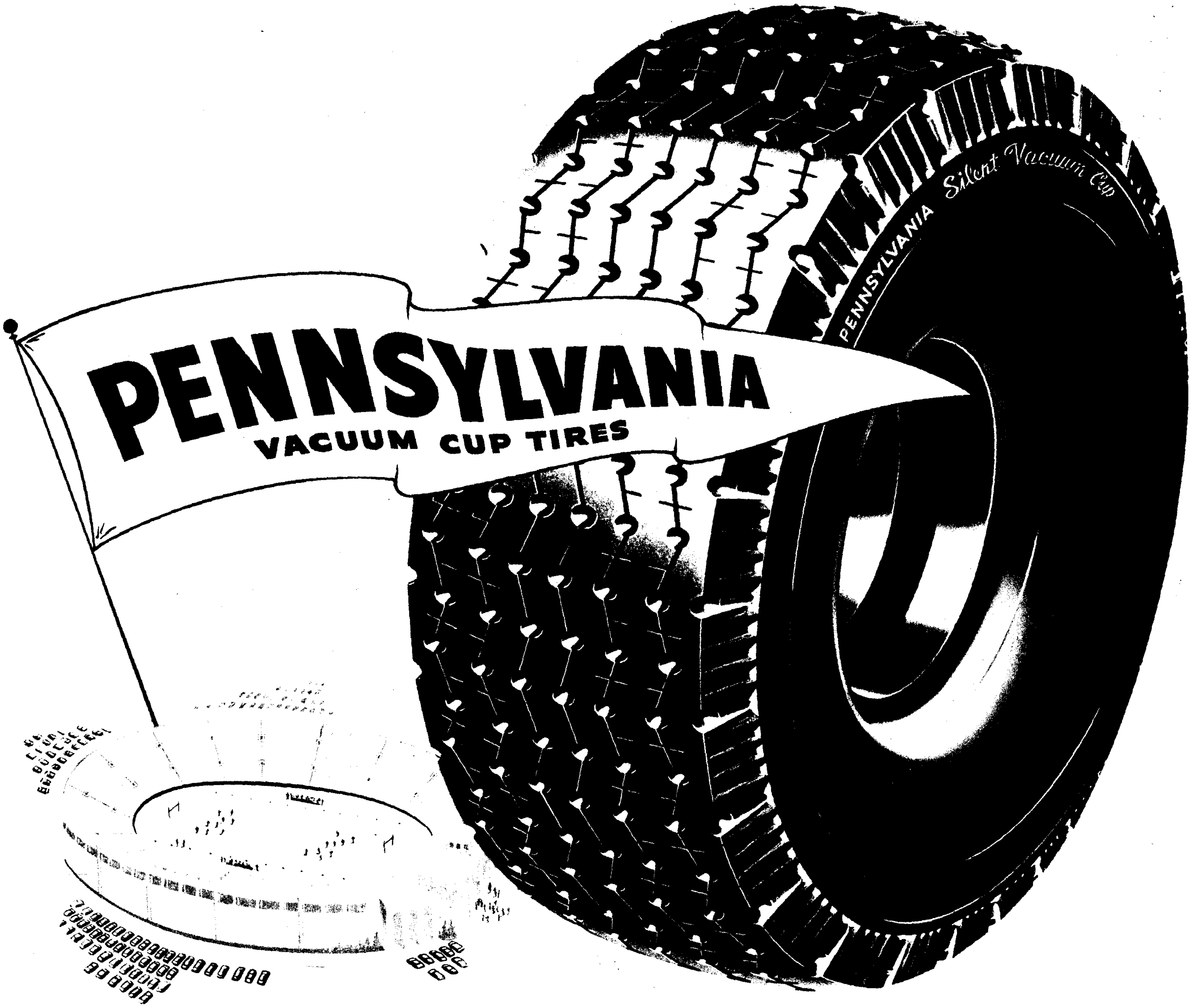

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Your serviceman can quickly check, detect and correct minor troubles which, if neglected, may result in big repair bills.

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CARBON MONOXIDE FUMES from faulty muffler or tail pipe.

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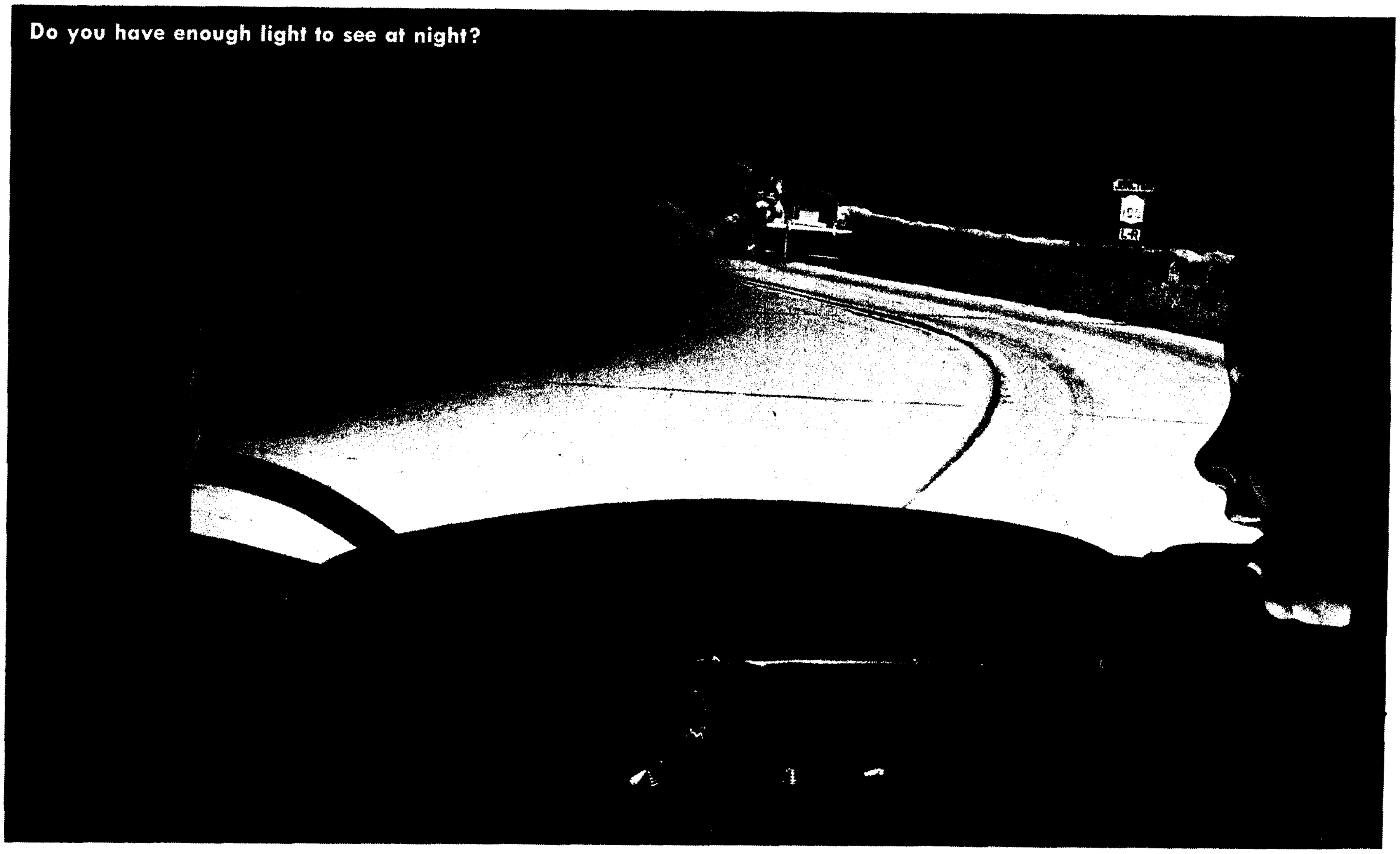
EXCESSIVE OIL CONSUMPTION. Have compression checked—and new piston rings installed, if needed.

AND OF COURSE you will want to change to winter oil. If your oil filter is dirty have it replaced.

P·S·

Preventive
Service
Is Car Care



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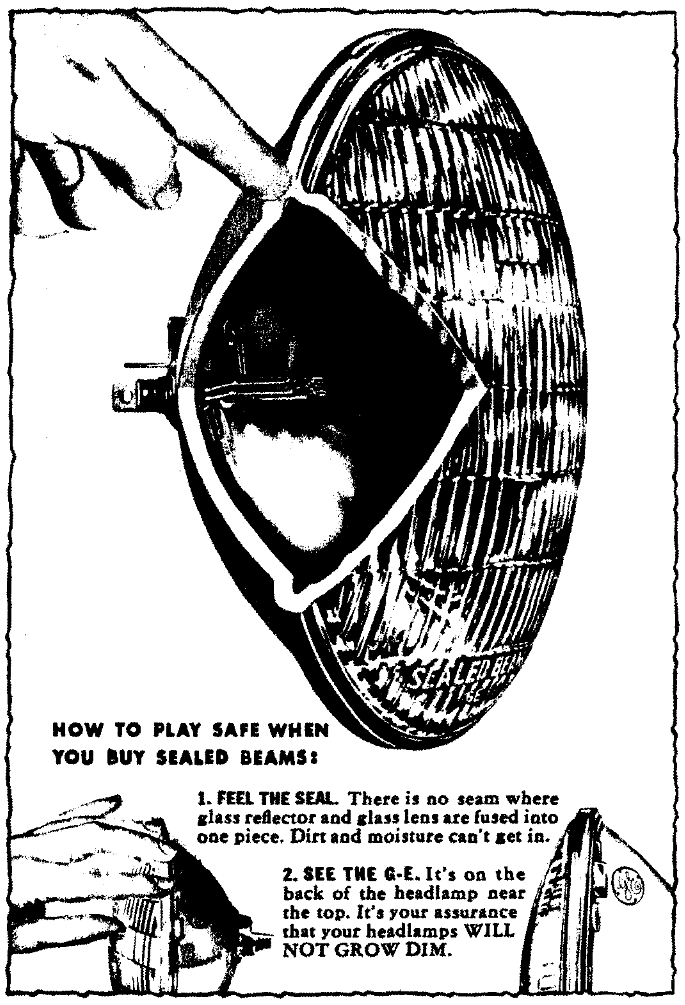

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Moscow Olympics

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

rasing all national lines. It was urged hat the athletes be grouped according to ieir events, without regard to nationality –that the sprinters, swimmers, distance unners, weight lifters and so on of all coun-ies march by groups under the massed ags of all competing nations.

General Omar Bradley, who retired from is defense post in 1956, and who is now resident of the International Olympic ommittee, knocked that proposal on the ead. "In our enthusiasm for international-m," he said, reporting the committee's de-sion, "we must not make love of country shameful thing."

So the athletes will be marshaled on the eld under their own flags—although one novation is a standardized Olympic uni-rm bearing the five-ringed symbol and e name of the nation the athlete repre-nts. And when their ranks are formed, e Olympic torch will arrive. A week ago olive-wood brand was lighted by the ys of the sun in the Temple of Zeus at lympia in Greece. Relays of Boy Scouts e lugging the sacred fire across the Con-ent as this is written.

When the holy fire arrived in London in 48, it was borne into Wembley Stadium one John Mark, a Cambridge blue, osen for the role because he was tall d blond and handsome, the superb Eng-h version of a Greek god. The guy picked haul the torch into Dynamo Stadium is a all, swart, wiry, tough, young man of hteen, named Nikolai Sayanov.

* * *

Nikolai is an alumnus of the *Bezprizor-ve,* the horde of lawless youngsters who wild in postwar Russia until the United tions was able to effect rehabilitation by pping them abroad. Young Sayanov was t to Australia, learned much about ep ranching there, and has come back me to help produce wool for Russia.

He was selected as the Olympic torch-rer not because of any athletic prowess, t because he epitomizes the new Russia ough of spirit and hard of sinew, small stature but great in promise. Intro-ed to the press yesterday, he sat on a k in the headquarters of the Russian Or-izing Committee and gabbed away ezily in the splendid Cockney speech ich some Australians manage so much ter than any Limehouse spiv. The in-mality of the interview delighted news-n who remembered the 1948 Olympics, en they had to have an appointment to et the press agent for the games.

f Nikolai Sayanov is a symbol of the new ler, so is the man who will take the his-ic Olympic oath after Nikolai has circled track and climbed to the peristyle and g his torch into the big concrete bird-h where the Olympic flame is to burn oughout the games.

ustomarily, the oath has been taken by e over-age athlete who represented the t nation in an earlier Olympic competi-. Russia, however, has no athletes with mpic experience, for the Communists er were willing to play with other na-s and run the risk of defeat. So Russia asked Yugoslavia to send the father of ria Serdic—the eight-year-old child who, ding near Tito, became the first victim World War III—to take the oath.

his is pure symbolism, meant to drama-Russia's break with the past and her de-nination to let bygones be bygones. hat's about all there'll be to the first 's ceremonies. The Russians aren't go-in for the fancy trimmings that have nded other openings. They will not, for ance, commandeer half the pigeons in country and turn 'em loose over the sta-n, as London did in 1948. After the war years of famine, Russia has a bet-use for squab.

ood has been a matter of concern to Organizing Committee since the plan first was broached to bring the games here. Like many English in 1948, many Russians felt it was foolish for a nation that had been hungry so long to take on the responsibility of feeding 7,000 athletes and 100,000 tourists from abroad. To the Russian people as a whole, however, this opportunity to play host to the world means that Russia has at long last taken her rightful place in the world community. If it also has meant making sacrifices, they have made them cheerfully.

To the visitor, living conditions here seem surprisingly good. True, he eats fish instead of sirloin, takes herring instead of eggs at breakfast and does not ask for cream in his coffee because Russia's milk supply belongs to Russia's children. Prices are high, as they are everywhere, but there is no evidence of an active black market. A few posh restaurants and dining clubs, serving a limited clientele because their supplies are limited, manage on occasion to produce such special items as *kavkazki shashlyk,* morsels of broiled lamb packed on spits. Bread is plentiful and so is vodka.

For the visiting athletes, Moscow will not be able to produce the exotic dishes of their native lands. There will be substantial vittles for all, though. Probably the United States representatives will fare best. Charley Ornstein, the old Olympic miler on the American committee, has done the same great job he did in 1948, when he shipped our team in London supplies of American meats, fruits and frozen vegetables.

Berlin built two Olympic villages in 1936 to house the men and women athletes. Helsinki was doing the same in 1940. London in 1948 lacked time for new construction and had to quarter competitors over a wide area, from Wimbledon to Henley and the military academy at Sandhurst. With the prefabricated materials flown in by UNIHOPE, Moscow has erected model villages for all the performers.

Nonathletic tourists are, of course, on their own. Those who cannot find or do not wish to pay for limited hotel accommodations will discover unlimited invitations to lodge in private homes at modest prices. Already the advance guard of visitors is in town. They walk the streets and gawk at the leveled places—now neatly cleared—where buildings stood before the A-bomb fell.

Russians stare at the visitors with the same frank curiosity the visitors show. These people never really saw tourists before this summer. The Iron Curtain kept strangers out before the war. Since then, foreigners have been numerous, but always uniformed.

Moscow has been wearing party dress for weeks. Everywhere the eye turns are the flags of all nations, topped by the Russian tricolor of white, blue and red which has replaced the hammer and sickle, and by the five-ringed Olympic banner.

* * *

The papers concede that the big team from the United States probably will carry off a major share of honors, as usual. American supremacy is acknowledged in her home-grown game of basketball, in the flat races from 100 to 800 meters, in the hurdles and pole vault, and in women's swimming competition.

There has been wide speculation concerning the chances of George Robinson, young cousin of the Brooklyn Dodgers' veteran manager, Jackie Robinson, becoming the first American to sweep the sprints and broad jump since Jesse Owens won the 100-meter, the 200-meter and the jump in Berlin. Young Robinson, although he has yet to set foot on Russian soil, already is considered almost a demigod here.

Russians are confident that they will have their first Olympic champions in good proportion. They were going to compete for the first time in Helsinki and they expected to win some events; indeed, Stalin had given direct orders to his representatives—to win, or else. Some of the men who might have won in 1952 are dead, as are so many of our finest. But Russia has a formidable array of weight throwers, wrestlers and weight lifters, and the world's most famous soccer team.

Also, the brawny Russian girls are considered the class of the ladies' track-and-field detachment. Not since Holland's strapping *Hausfrau,* Mrs. Fanny Blankers-Koen, won three medals in London has there been a woman champion to compare with Maroosya Klyachko, Kiev machinist.

Russia expects to score heavily in the equestrian events and it is considered a foregone conclusion that the walking competition at 10,000 and 50,000 meters will go to Moscow's Pyotr Gromyko. He would be the first heel-and-toe specialist to score a double since Ugo Frigerio, of Italy, won at 3,000 meters and 10,000 meters in 1920.

Japanese swimmers, Scandinavian distance runners, Czech gymnasts, British, German and American oarsmen are rated tops.

Only by incantation and sorcery could one predict what records will be broken. Some surely must go in this greatest sports production of world history. It seems impossible that Earle Meadows' twenty-four-year-old pole-vault mark of 14 feet $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches could survive. Last time Olympians gathered, only one man in the world had cleared 15 feet. A dozen or more have done it since.

In 1948, the four-minute mile was a dream. In the last three years, the magic figure has been surpassed three times, by a Finn, by a Swede, by a Belgian. The Olympic record of 3 minutes $47\frac{8}{10}$ seconds for the 1,500 (the metric mile) is almost certainly a dead duck.

Inevitably, there will be disputes and debates, wrangling and bickering, protests and disqualifications. It wouldn't be the Olympics without such. But maybe that sort of furor is a healthy thing. It is the voice of a friendly world at play. And it has been so long since there was time for play.

THE END

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By

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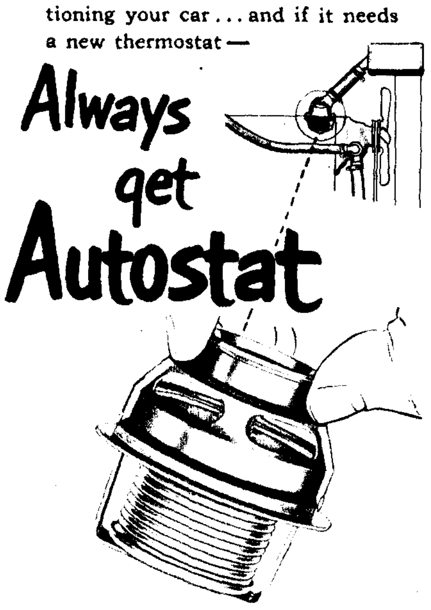

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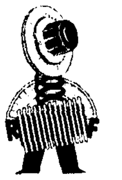

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Trouble at Tuaviti

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

She smiled when she saw what he was carrying. "Hooked you again, I see," she said.

"Yeah."

"You should have been a high-steeple preacher." She yawned. "In Seattle you wouldn't have had such problems."

Matthew grinned and kissed her good morning. "You know how I feel about this island." He stepped into the kitchen and put his fish in the screened cooler, with the three that were left from last time. No, sir, Tuaviti was where he belonged. Back home, Janet had had war jitters; she liked it here, in their own private, inviolable world. His whole duty lay here. If he had disturbing little doubts about that, once in a while, he'd better just forget them, in the interests of everybody.

"We have eggs for breakfast again?" he called.

"No. Hot cakes."

"Good." Matthew paused, listening. Somebody was playing the little pump organ in the chapel beside the house. Must be Tia. But the music was something he'd never heard before.

"Tia's getting good," Janet said. "I've taught her more music in three years than I could have taught anyone else in ten."

"What's that piece she's playing?" Matthew asked. The music had a sweet peacefulness to it that seemed exactly to fit Tuaviti.

"*Schafe Können Sicher Weiden.* It's from a Bach cantata. In English it's called Sheep May Safely Graze."

"Oh," Matthew said. "Well, I like it." He strolled over to his desk and glanced absently at his notes for tomorrow's sermon, but he was still listening to Sheep May Safely Graze. It seemed just about the most serene and noble melody he'd ever heard—even mixed up as it was with the wheeze of the organ's bellows. He was surprised that anybody could have composed such a piece of music without ever having seen Tuaviti and its gentle people. "I'll ask her to play it in church," he said, as he sat down to his hot cakes.

* * *

After breakfast, he and Janet strolled outside, past the row of plantains and croton bushes, to the beach. They could still hear Tia's music. She was repeating the Bach thing. Matthew noticed now that there was a little phrase in the treble that sounded like part of Yankee Doodle, of all things. For Matthew, as he gazed out over the lagoon and the sea, the whole piece had a most touching poignancy, even the Yankee Doodle part. Perhaps *especially* the Yankee Doodle part. Matthew was a long way from his own country.

Suddenly he gasped and shouted, "Look!"

The moving fin he had seen earlier in the morning had appeared again, just beyond the reef, but it was rising now. A gleaming cylinder pushed up under it out of the sea, and an immense knife of steel broke water thirty yards beyond. Swiftly the submarine brought her whole length to the surface, streaming water from her sides, and then lay silent and motionless in the deep blue water beyond the reef.

Janet grasped Matthew's arm. Somewhere down the beach a native shouted. Soon the islanders were running toward Matthew from all directions, pressing close to him, staring at the magical craft.

For a moment the submarine lay dead. Then Matthew saw a hatch open on the deck, and three men stepped out. They threw something shapeless and gray into the sea. It inflated and became a rubber boat. They stepped into the boat, and one of them began rowing it toward shore. Behind them, other men issued from the hatch and walked out along the wet deck of the submarine, stretching their legs, waving their arms, and punching one another playfully. Their voices carried clearly enough over the water, but Matthew couldn't understand the words. They seemed to be in a foreign language.

"I think you'd all better go inside your houses," he said to the islanders. "Take children. Go home. I'll talk to them."

The rubber boat was making directly for where he stood, and he could see now that one of the uniformed men in it held a pistol in his hand. By the time the boat hit the beach, Matthew and Janet stood alone to meet it. A large man stepped out and saluted them, then gave Janet a brief glance and removed his naval officer's cap. *"Est-ce que vous parlez français, Monsieur?"* His French was fast but guttural.

"I speak English," Matthew said.

The big officer looked annoyed for a moment, then ran his hand over his heavy jowls and put on an unconvincing smile. "It is good," he announced. "Let us speak English. I am Commander Ilya Trubetskoy." He stopped.

"Matthew Lincoln," the missionary said. "My wife."

The commander bowed. "We come to ask for hospitality," he said abruptly. He was careful to smile again.

* * *

Matthew glanced uneasily at the two men in the boat. Each of them was playing with a heavy automatic, as if examining something that had been offered for sale. "Tuaviti is British," Matthew said to Trubetskoy. "I'm afraid I can't deal with your request one way or the other. Perhaps if you applied to the authorities at Suva or at Ocean Island—"

"You are very kind, but it is impossible for us to do as you suggest. We have had a mechanical failure. We must remain."

"How long will your repairs take?"

The Russian gave Matthew a bland look. "It will not be possible to make repairs."

"You won't be permitted to stay," Matthew said stiffly. "The British—"

Trubetskoy held up his hand. "It will not be known that we are here."

Matthew was about to explain that the monthly mail boat was due in two days, but he caught himself in time. That little surprise might come in handy later on.

Trubetskoy turned to the men in the rubber boat and fired off a volley of orders in Russian. The two sailors pulled the boat up on the dry sand, left it, and crossed the beach to Matthew's house. Trubetskoy smiled at Matthew. "My men will search most politely. If they find no radio transmitter, they will disturb nothing."

Matthew watched the two strangers enter his house, and—although he was a slow man to anger—he could feel the blood rising to his cheeks. "What's your real business here?" he said.

"This is a case of mechanical breakdown," the Russian said imperturbably. "It is quite without other meanings. We will live with you in harmony for an indefinite time. That is all."

"I see." Matthew was pretty sure he knew how much of a "shipwreck" it was. But why were they doing it? What use could the Soviets have for this little lopsided ring of coral in the middle of nowhere? And how could they expect to hold it? Tuaviti was thousands of miles from any Red sphere of influence. The Great Powers had been on the edge of open conflict for months, but Matthew and Janet had heard a news broadcast on their own little battery-powered radio last night; the world was still at an uneasy peace. The Reds would have to keep their tiny conquest a secret, if they were to keep it at all.

That fact gave Matthew hope. He held one ace: he hadn't told them about the mail boat.

"Today," Trubetskoy said, "we will set up a tent on the top of your mountain, if you do not mind."

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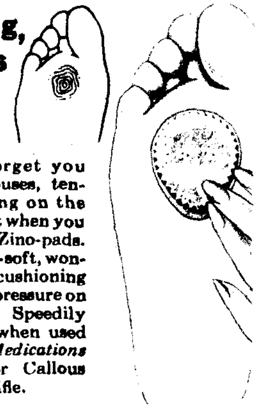

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mind, thought Matthew. He watched the two sailors return from their search and relaunch the rubber boat. All three Russians climbed in, but before they rowed away toward the submarine, the commander gently trumped Matthew's ace. "I will speak to you tomorrow, Mr. Lincoln," he called, "about what to do on Monday, when the mail boat comes."

By the middle of the afternoon, the rubber boat had made several trips from the submarine to the shore, bringing wooden packing cases of peculiar shapes and various sizes. Sailors carried all the boxes up the mountain to a tent they had set up on the summit. Matthew, feeling angry and helpless, watched the work from the veranda of his house. After all the crates had been landed, the boat made another trip, bringing two passengers who were not in uniform.

There were several odd things about these two. They were both middle-aged, and both wore glasses. One of them had on a very baggy and cheap-looking tweed suit. The other was in shiny blue serge. As the two men started up the beach toward the mountain, Matthew heard them talking, and got a surprise. The language they spoke was not Russian but German.

Matthew's curiosity about the whole thing grew as the afternoon passed. Apparently the Soviets needed a Pacific island, but why had they chosen Tuaviti? Was it because Tuaviti was surrounded by an immense area of empty, unpatrolled ocean? So were plenty of other islands. Why hadn't the Reds avoided trouble by choosing one that was uninhabited?

Matthew scratched his chin. Maybe they had purposely selected an island with people on it, so that things wouldn't go so badly if they got caught. The presence of unharmed witnesses would prove that the Russians had meant nothing wrong. It would make their excuse of mechanical trouble more plausible.

But still, why Tuaviti? There were plenty of other spots, far from shipping lanes and land. What did Tuaviti have that most small atolls didn't?

A mountain?

Matthew raised his eyes to the place where he had prayed a few hours ago. A mountain. Was that what they needed?

Early in the evening, he made a decision and started up the beach toward the mountain. He intended to climb to the top and find out what was going on. At the foot of the trail, he was stopped by a sailor armed with a carbine. The sentry apparently could speak no English, but his gestures with the carbine were eloquent enough. Matthew scowled at him and then turned around and went home.

"What did you find out?" Janet asked, looking worried.

"Nothing." He wished he could tell her more. He loved Janet so much that her anxiety was like a knife in his chest.

"What do you suppose they're here for?"

"I don't know. I—" Abruptly Matthew held up his hand and said, "Listen!" A land crab was clattering across the coral under their window, but the sound Matthew had heard was something else. Somewhere in the distance a gasoline engine had started, coughed, died, then started again and settled down to a steady drone.

"Airplane?" Janet asked uncertainly.

"No. It's something on the mountain. Might be a generator."

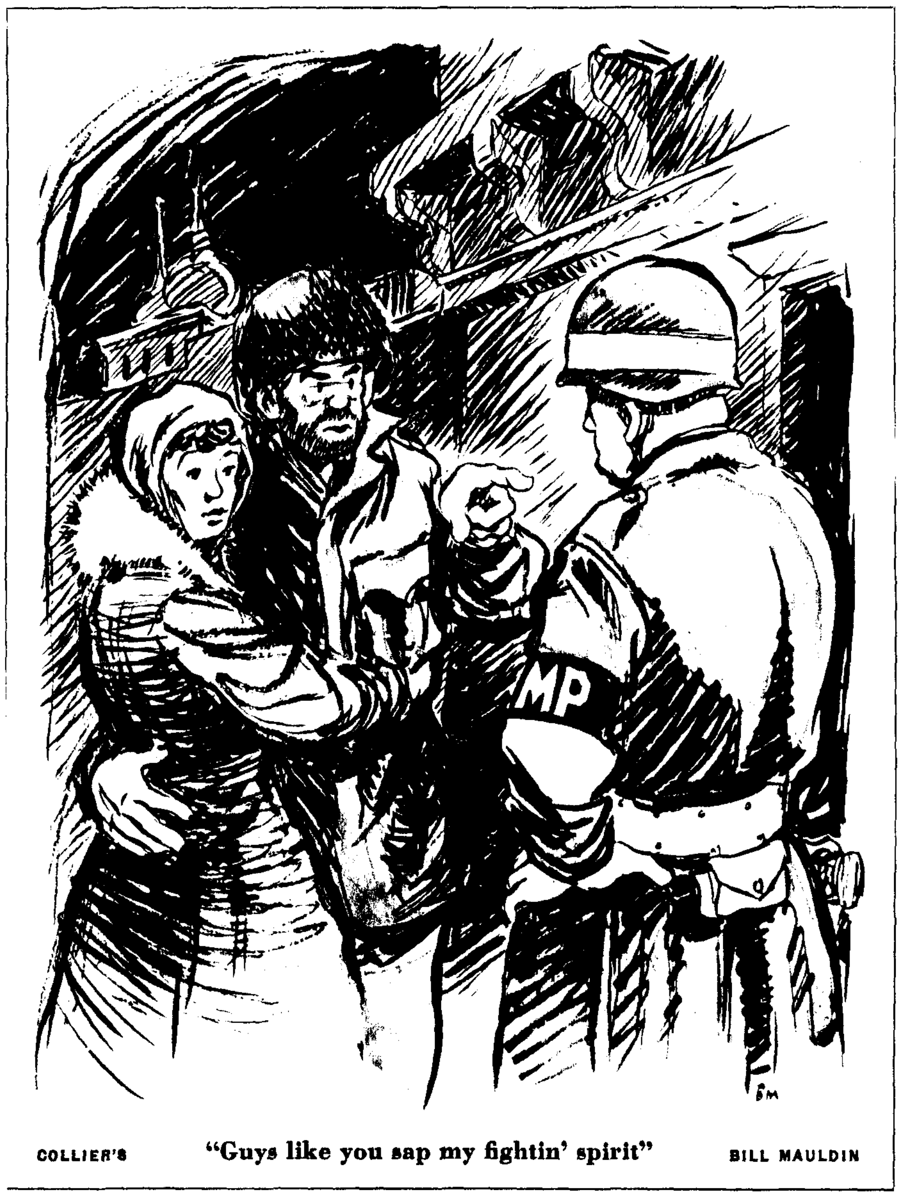
"What would that mean?"

"Maybe nothing." Matthew fought down his misgivings. "Maybe they just want electric lights to eat their supper by."

Janet stepped to the window and looked up at the mountaintop. "I don't see any lights," she said.

Matthew slept little that night. He kept wondering about those two Germans in civilian clothes. Hadn't he read somewhere that some of the Reds' work on rockets and guided missiles was being done by captured German scientists?

Matthew lay quietly and tried to decide



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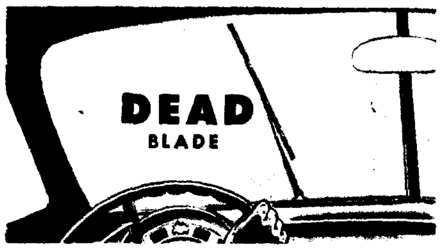

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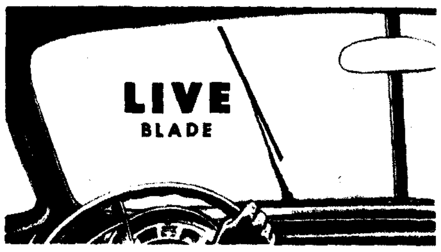

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what to do. Surely his first responsibility was for the safety of his own flock. But was the safety of Tuaviti *all* he ought to think about? Didn't he have some responsibility for the rest of the world? That question brought back the secret doubt that had been chewing at him ever since he came here. Had he been right to refuse the Seattle job and devote all his energy to this little handful of islanders? After all, these people were a small group, and so simple and isolated that they were scarcely a part of the great world at all.

Even before breakfast, Janet noticed his eyes. "Matt, you haven't slept!"

He smiled and said, "Not much, I guess. It doesn't matter."

* * *

After breakfast he felt much better. It was Sunday morning, the only time he ever got a chance to see all the islanders under one roof, and he always enjoyed it.

Tia was already in the chapel, seated at the midget organ, when he got there. She was a slim, golden-skinned girl of eighteen, in a lava-lava of red cotton. Matthew said, "When the others start coming in, I wish you'd play Sheep May Safely Graze."

"You like it too, then?" asked Tia.

"I like it very much," said Matthew. "And you play it like an angel."

Tia giggled. Giggling was an unfortunate habit of the islanders, and something you had to get used to, church or no church. Matthew believed it was a sign of a clear conscience and a whole heart, and therefore should not be discouraged, especially in God's house.

The people of the island began filing in. They sat down on the benches, their Sunday dignity interrupted by awed whispering about the intruders. A few of the men wore trousers and shirts, and a few of the women wore cotton dresses, but most of the members of both sexes were in native dress. Even the children wore something, because it was Sunday.

The tension among the people relaxed when Tia began to play. Matthew listened, marveling at how intensely the island girl brought out the meaning of the music. By the time she had finished playing, the chapel was full. After several hymns—sung badly, but lustily by everyone—Matthew told the story of Cain and Abel. The line, "Am I my brother's keeper?" was what particularly interested him this morning, because he'd thought so much the night before about his own responsibilities.

He was approaching the end of his sermon when he saw someone standing in the chapel doorway, behind the backs of the congregation. Trubetskoy. The Russian waited in silence until the sermon ended; then he walked up the aisle.

"I will say a few words, if you don't mind." Without waiting for permission, Trubetskoy turned toward the islanders. "For your own good, I must tell you something," he said, shouting like a man who is unused to public speaking. "My people and I are guests of you. But this must not be known. You know it, but you must not tell it. Not when the mail boat comes. Not when other strangers come, if they should come. You must not tell it. You must live exactly as before." He paused. Then he said deliberately, "If one of you tells it, all will be killed."

Trubetskoy stopped. Matthew was thunderstruck at the baldness of the threat, or bluff, or whatever it was. He saw that the islanders were looking at *him* now, waiting for his words—all the islanders except one. The thoughtful eyes of John-Enoch had not left the Russian.

Matthew considered for a moment and then said, "That's right. Do not tell." . . .

When he got home, he found Janet feeling nervous and trying to hide the fact. "Do you think they mean to do anything to us?" she asked casually.

"That depends on who you mean by 'us.'" Matthew frowned, because he was nearing the core of his problem. "If 'us' means you and me and the people of this island, then the answer is no. The commander and his comrades want us to go right on as usual."

"Then maybe everything will be all right." Janet started setting the table for lunch.

Matthew nodded. "Maybe it will. But if 'us' includes your mother in Seattle and somebody's Uncle Oscar in Charleston—then I'm not so sure about how safe we are." He stepped to the window and looked up at the mountaintop. He could make out the figures of two men, working on a platform that was lashed to the crown of the highest coconut tree. They seemed to be setting up some kind of antenna—an odd rig that looked like a couple of shiny bicycle wheels, standing on edge, one above the other. "I'm not so sure," he said again.

He and Janet listened to their radio as they ate. The news of the world was as unsettling as ever. "And I thought we'd got away from all that," said Janet, wistfully, as the grim recital ended.

While they were having their coffee, they heard the Russians' generator start up again. Soon after that, something suddenly ruined their radio reception. A pulsating, crackling static was all they could hear. Then, gradually, the static died away. Matthew thought of the generator on the mountaintop. Something ominous was beginning, and he didn't like it.

Half an hour after lunch, there was a knock on the door. The visitor was Trubetskoy, and he was alone. He came in and stood opposite Janet and Matthew, his finger tips on the table. "You will wish to send letters on the mail boat," he said.

"Naturally," said Matthew.

"Very well. But I am afraid that I must be permitted to read them first."

Matthew swallowed his anger and tried to think clearly. If he was going to rebel, tomorrow would be the day for it—not today. "All right," he said. "We can have our letters ready for you by ten o'clock tomorrow morning. The mail boat usually gets here around noon."

"It happens to be about two hours behind schedule this time," Trubetskoy said with a smile. Then he answered Matthew's unspoken question. "The radio transmitter on the mail boat is quite talkative. The submarine listens."

Matthew said, "All right. Then twelve o'clock should be soon enough for you to see our letters."

"Very good," said Trubetskoy.

* * *

After the commander had gone, Matthew spent two hours writing letters. Harmless ones. When he had finished, he took a stroll outside. He walked alone, since Janet was busy in John-Enoch's house, teaching her class in English.

Thinking hard, Matthew wandered past the chapel and down the beach, away from the mountain. What a simple thing it would be, tomorrow, to tell Jim McBride the whole story! Jim was captain of the mail boat, and Matthew often paddled a proa out beyond the reef to talk to him for a few minutes while the mail boat stood outside Tuaviti's lagoon. It would be the easiest thing in the world to paddle out there tomorrow and tell Jim.

If one of you tells it, all will be killed. Trubetskoy had almost certainly been bluffing when he said those words. The murder of the islanders wouldn't help the Russians any, once the secret was out. And it would ruin their fiction about a mechanical breakdown.

Still, he couldn't be sure. If he told the secret, he'd be risking the lives of forty-three people who loved and trusted him. Not to mention risking his wife's life, and his own. The Reds might only be using Tuaviti as a radio outpost anyway.

Matthew had been walking slowly, approaching the western tip of the island. When the noise began, he stopped walking instantly, stopped thinking, stopped breathing. He stopped everything and listened to the screaming in the sky.

Something like an immense bullet had passed over him, high in the air, and was

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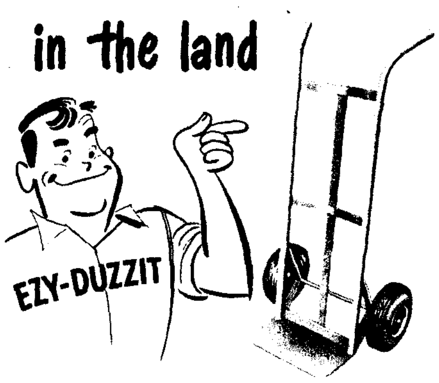

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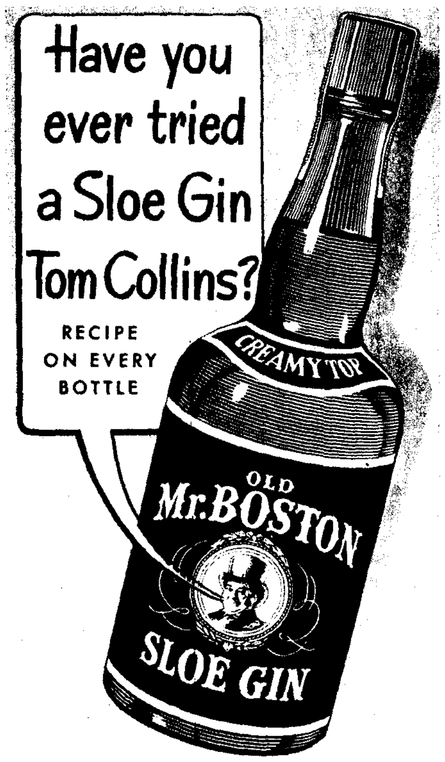

60 Proof - Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

ow disappearing toward the south, mov- g so fast he could scarcely get his eyes on . It had made no sound as it approached, ut now—although it was miles away— e air was heavy with its whistling shriek.

As he watched, it went into a long, veeping turn. Within seconds, although s noise was dying out, the thing itself be- n growing larger again, coming toward m at fantastic speed. It flashed past the p of the island at a distance that might ve been a mile or two, and Matthew saw at it had wings, of a sort. They were nall, almost like fins, and they were swept ck sharply. As it passed him it began rning again, and only then did the terrible sound of its passing strike his ears.

A half-formed suspicion made him turn s head and look at the top of Tuaviti's ountain. The shiny loops of the antenna ere turning! The screaming bullet was ing in a great curve around the island w, and the antenna turned lazily, con- ntly presenting the same side to the issile, carefully following its flight.

No, not following! *Guiding!*

The gleaming missile circled the island ur times and then straightened out, going rth, gaining altitude rapidly. It was still mbing when it disappeared in the dis- nce. Its course was straight now, and the tenna on the mountaintop stood still.

Next Week in Collier's

●

Sparkling Stories By

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and a new mystery serial

Matthew made for John-Enoch's house. hated the thought of what he had to do. ohn-Enoch was at home, although the glish class was over and everyone else l left. He was sitting in his doorway. stood up as Matthew approached.

Matthew said, "I must tell you something y bad, John-Enoch."

"Speak, Shepherd." The fear of the nge flying missile he had just seen was in the Kanaka's eyes.

Sit down, John-Enoch, and I'll sit down . I have a lot to say."

* * *

hey sat facing each other, just inside Kanaka's doorway, and Matthew ed. He told of his own country and he loved it, and how for some years it had been in the shadow of a great . He told of coming to Tuaviti with et, and of the house and chapel he had t. He told of the nursing and teaching et had done. He described, as well as could, his love for the island and its ple. He did his best to make John-Enoch how he felt. Then he said, "I have come ay to you that tomorrow I must tell Jim Bride about the Reds."

he expression of the Kanaka's face wed that he hadn't forgotten Trubet- y's threat. "We will then be killed. th?" he asked.

I doubt it. But we must put our trust od. My radio says my country is not at with their country. Not yet."

Let it be as you say, Shepherd. But t was the flying thing?"

latthew explained what little he knew ut the weapon they had just seen. He itted that this flight had probably been a test, and that the missile might never sed for killing, so long as there was ew war. But he told John-Enoch about thousands of lives it would destroy, if it were used. "We can't permit Tuaviti to be the home of such things, even if we die. Do you see that?"

"I see it," John-Enoch said. "Let tomorrow be as you say."

Matthew went home. He hated to tell Janet his decision, but she had to know.

She listened very calmly, controlling her fear so well that he was filled with admiration. "That Red Navy commander is a bag of wind, and I *know* it," she said. "But I'm very proud of you, Matt."

Tia was playing the organ again in the chapel beside the house. Matthew smiled ruefully. Sheep May Safely Graze.

* * *

He got an ironic enjoyment, the next morning, out of seeing how much trouble the Soviets went to, in preparation for the coming of the mail boat. They removed their control antenna and its platform, and they even dismantled their tent, because the top of it would be visible from the sea. By eleven o'clock the mountaintop looked just as it always had, although all the equipment was still there, hidden among the trees. The submarine, lying off the reef, ready to submerge, was the only visible sign that Tuaviti was in Russian hands.

At twelve thirty, the Soviet commander presented himself at Matthew's house. "Are the letters ready for inspection?" he asked.

Matthew handed Trubetskoy the sheaf of unsealed mail—his own and Janet's.

The commander sat at the table and read carefully for almost an hour. When he had finished, he said, "Very well," and leaned back in his chair. It was at that moment that things began going wrong.

Matthew waited impatiently for the man to say good-by and go aboard the submarine, but Trubetskoy made no move to go. Instead he asked, "Which is the best of the natives?"

"Their leader is a man named John-Enoch," Matthew said, sealing the last of his envelopes.

"Will you call him, please?"

Matthew stepped out on the veranda, saw John-Enoch sitting in his doorway, and called to him.

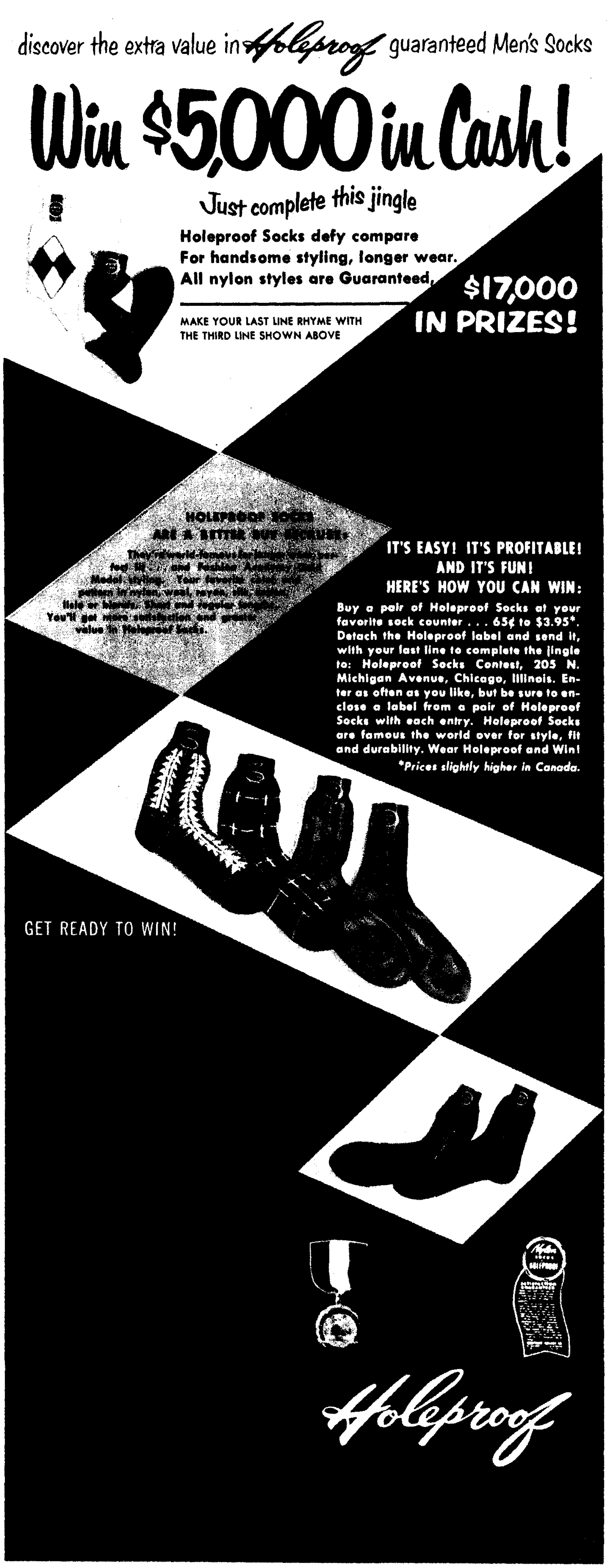
As soon as the Kanaka got inside Matthew's house, Trubetskoy stood up and picked up the stack of mail. "You will remain here," he said to Matthew and Janet. Then he said, "Come," to John-Enoch and led him out to the beach.

A moment later, Matthew and Janet could hear the Russian's voice, shouting a long and menacing harangue at the Kanaka. After a few minutes, Trubetskoy returned, still red in the face from his oratory, but looking pleased. He sat down again. The time was one forty-five.

Janet stared at him. "Aren't—aren't you going to the submarine?"

"But of course not." Trubetskoy smiled, took his automatic from its holster, and put it on the table. "I shall wait here until the mail boat has gone. I must be certain that you make no communication with it."

Matthew looked out the window. The submarine had disappeared. He felt as if the ground had dropped away under his feet. "Then John-Enoch will be the one to meet the mail boat?" he asked.



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"Yes." Trubetskoy smiled. "He is sufficiently frightened. I have described to him what I would do if he betrayed us."

Matthew sat down and put his head in his hands. How he despised the use of fear to rule men! And how ashamed he was at having been tricked by such a man!

Five minutes later, when the mail boat finally wallowed into view around the end of the island, sounding her siren, Matthew was watching from the window. He saw John-Enoch waiting in his proa. He saw Jim McBride throttle down, take the packet of letters from the Kanaka and hand him a packet in return. There was a space of a minute or so when the two men might have been talking. Then the mail boat moved on.

"Very good," said Trubetskoy, when the mail boat was half a mile away. He put his automatic in its holster and left the house.

Janet put her hand on Matthew's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Matt," she said. "You did all you could."

Matthew shrugged. "Maybe it's better this way. At least they've lost their reason to kill anybody." He tried to smile, and made a dismal failure of it.

He and Janet walked out on the veranda. The submarine had surfaced and launched her rubber boat. Trubetskoy was waiting for it at the water's edge.

John-Enoch, looking very sober and full of dignity, came up from the beach and delivered the packet of letters without a word. He and Matthew and Janet watched as the two German civilians came ashore and walked up the mountain with the commander. The antenna was being hoisted back into place when John-Enoch spoke at last. "I told it," he said.

"You *what?*"

"I told it. To Jim McBride."

"No!"

John-Enoch nodded. "Truth."

Matthew glanced at the submarine and saw that someone was standing on her deck, wigwagging frantically at the mountaintop. The submarine's radio must already have picked up Jim McBride's message to the authorities at Suva.

Matthew turned to John-Enoch. "You' better go home. You may be safer there. Then he put his hand on the Kanaka' shoulder. "You've done well, my brothe —whatever happens."

For just one moment, brief and solemr Matthew forgot all about the Reds an what they might do. The question tha had been gnawing at him for three year had suddenly found its answer. As h watched John-Enoch turn and start fo home, he knew beyond a doubt that thes island people were a part of the grea world, as much as anybody. Tuaviti wa where Matt Lincoln belonged, and he coul be proud of it—if he lived.

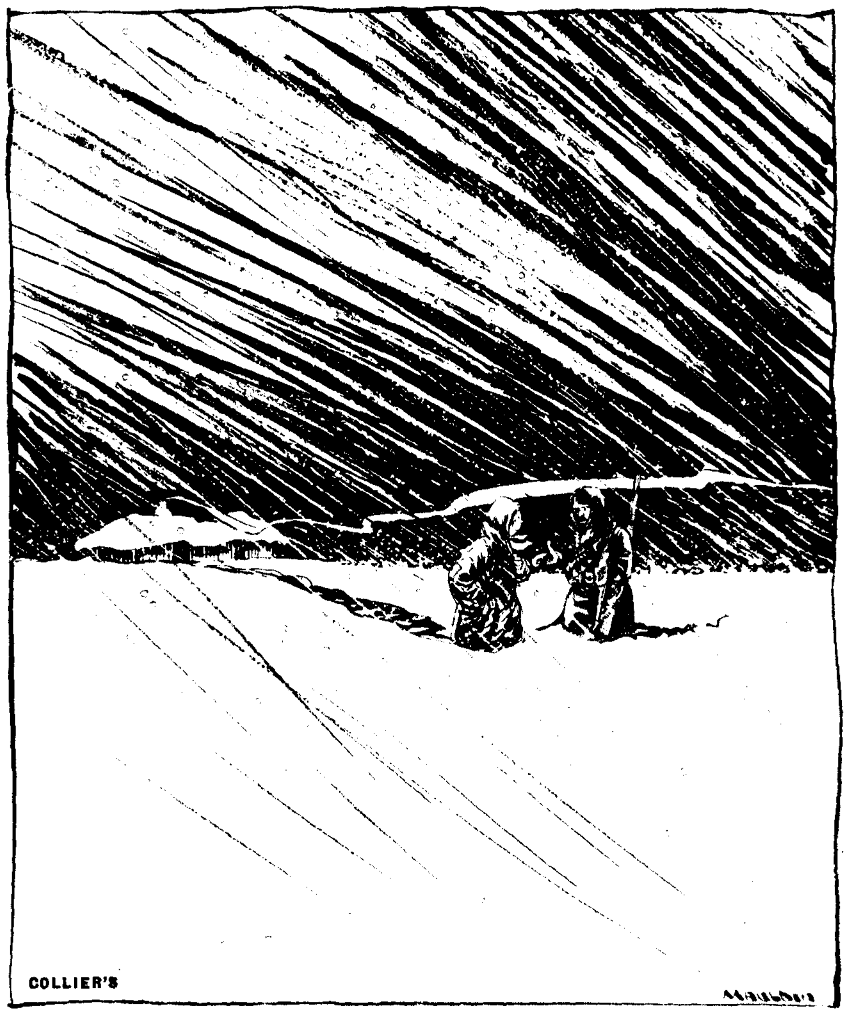
The Soviet commander came hurryin down the mountain to the beach. He wa met there by an excited radioman fror the submarine. Matthew, watching the tw Russians yell at each other, felt a curiou mixture of fear and exultation. Judgin by the radioman's excitement, Jim M Bride must have managed to couch h radio message very effectively. Perhap he had hinted that the nearest warship were nearer than they really were.

As soon as Trubetskoy understood th situation, he shouted a long string of oath orders, or both, and then directed a lor look at the missionary's house. Even that distance Matthew could see the veng ful fury in his face. But apparently th Russian had no time to deal with Matthe and the islanders at the moment. He turne and hurried back up the mountain.

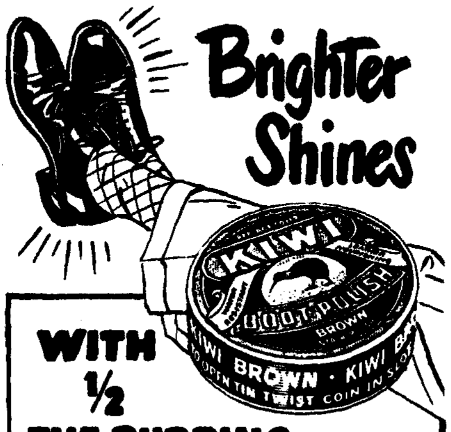
The Soviet sailors set to work feve ishly. They carried all the equipment dov from the mountaintop, without even bot ering to crate it, and ferried it out to th submarine in three rubber boats.

As he was watching this frantic activit Matthew heard Janet ask: "What will ha pen when Trubetskoy gets around to *us?*"

"I've been thinking about that." Ma thew did his best to sound reassuring. "A I think there's a fair chance he won't do thing. He knows there'll be British a American warships here before long. U less the U.S.S.R. is ready for war, the



"Lady, you been misinformed. I ain't no imperialist. You kin keep all this"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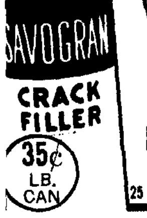
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ships had better find everybody in good health."

Janet was silent a moment. Then she said, "He looked awfully angry, a while ago—maybe too angry to care how much trouble he starts in the world."

"Maybe so," Matthew admitted. "But look at the trouble he'd be starting for *himself*. He already has plenty of music to face, back in the Soviet Union. Tuaviti *can't* be the place where the war starts." He paused. "Trubetskoy will have to tell the high command that he let himself get caught after only two days, just because he came up against a Kanaka he couldn't scare. He's probably been worried about something like that all along. I can't believe he'll stick his neck out any farther by ordering a massacre."

"You think he was bluffing when he made the threat?"

"I just don't know," Matthew said honestly. "But there's a chance."

* * *

Janet was silent for a long time. She and Matthew watched the Soviet sailors on the beach, loading a rubber boat. The load was very light this time; it must be the last one. Slowly and thoughtfully, Janet said, "Maybe John-Enoch knows."

Matthew looked at her in astonishment, and then he realized what she meant: not that John-Enoch would know anything about a Soviet officer's relation with the high command, but simply that he might have seen something that betrayed the bluff. It could be true. John-Enoch's mind was something like Tia's. It got at the essence of a problem, just as Tia's playing got at the essence of Bach.

Matthew said, "You may be right. I'm going over to talk to John-Enoch." But at that moment he saw Trubetskoy approaching from the beach. The Soviet commander strode angrily up the path to the house and stepped onto the veranda, his teeth clenched and his face red. He was obviously in a towering rage, and that was at least half the reason why the speech he proceeded to make was so extraordinary.

"Mr. Lincoln," he said, biting off the words furiously, one by one, "I am pleased to inform you that the mechanical difficulty with our submarine has now been repaired. I wish to thank you for your hospitality. I trust you will report no inconvenience from our involuntary visit. I assure you that I, personally, am to blame for any bad thing which may have been done. Good-by." He saluted, walked to the rubber boat, and climbed in. Two sailors rowed him toward the submarine.

"Good evening, Shepherd." It was John-Enoch again. "Are the Russians going away?"

"I think so," Matthew said. He wasn't quite sure yet; two sailors were standing by the submarine's deck gun. The gun, however, still had its waterproof jacket on.

Janet said, "We want to ask you a question, John-Enoch."

"Yes," said Matthew. "Why didn't you obey the Soviet commander when he told you to keep his secret? He went to a lot of trouble to scare you into it."

John-Enoch smiled and spoke, using gestures that were like a solemn dance. "He asked me fiercely, and I thought I would obey. He asked me fiercely, and I thought I would *not* obey. He asked me fiercely"—the brown man shrugged—"and I saw his heart in my hand."

The two sailors were leaving the deck gun now and following their commander in through the hatch. Matthew grinned, and put his arm around Janet's waist. "You saw his heart in your hand," he said, feeling much better, but still puzzled. "What does that mean, John-Enoch?"

The submarine had begun to move and to submerge. The Kanaka watched it until the only thing that showed above the water was what looked like the protruding fin of a very large fish, disappearing toward the north.

"I saw that he was afraid," said John-Enoch.

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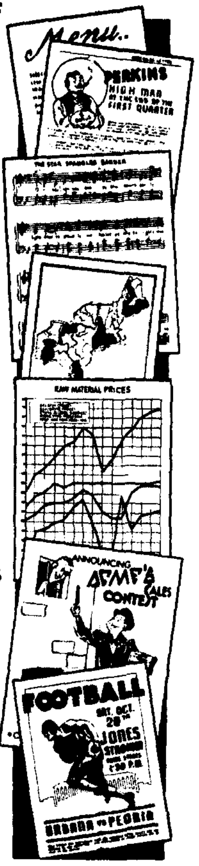

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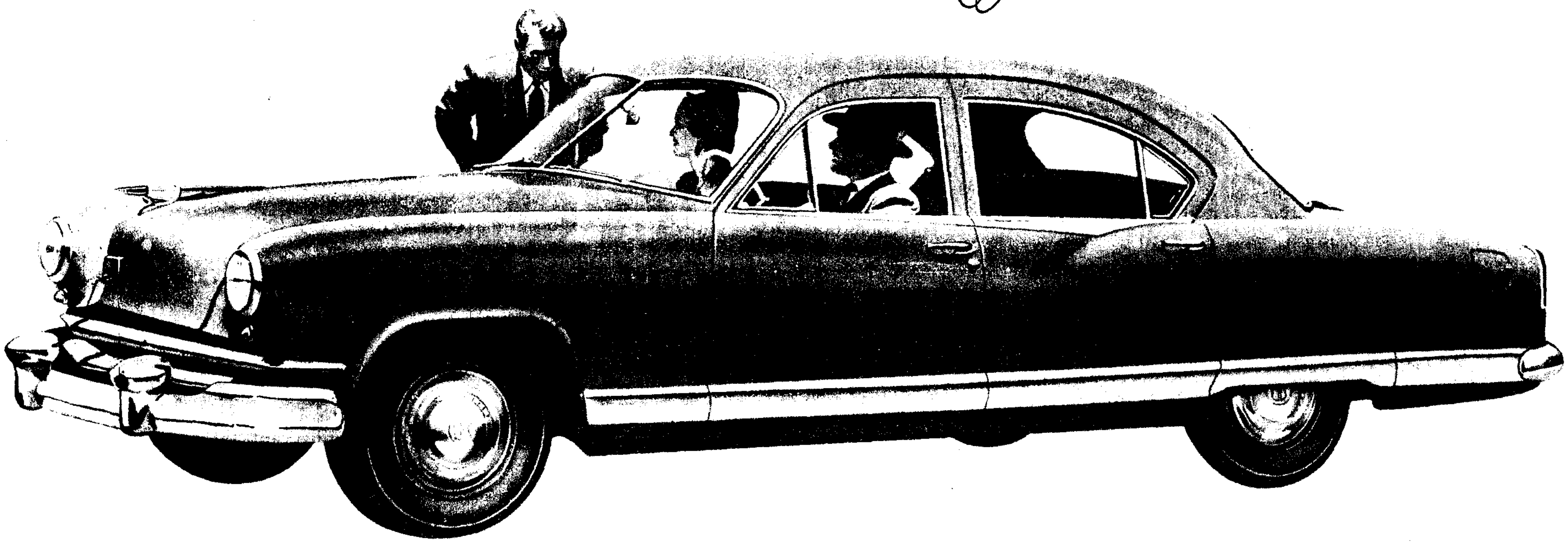

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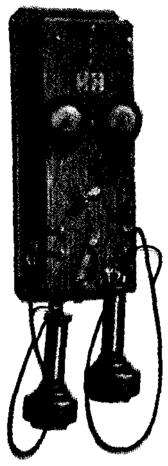

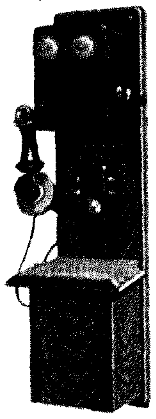

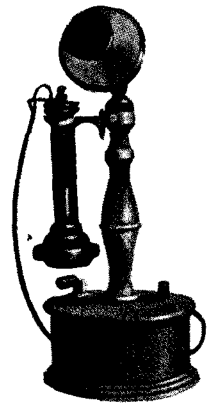

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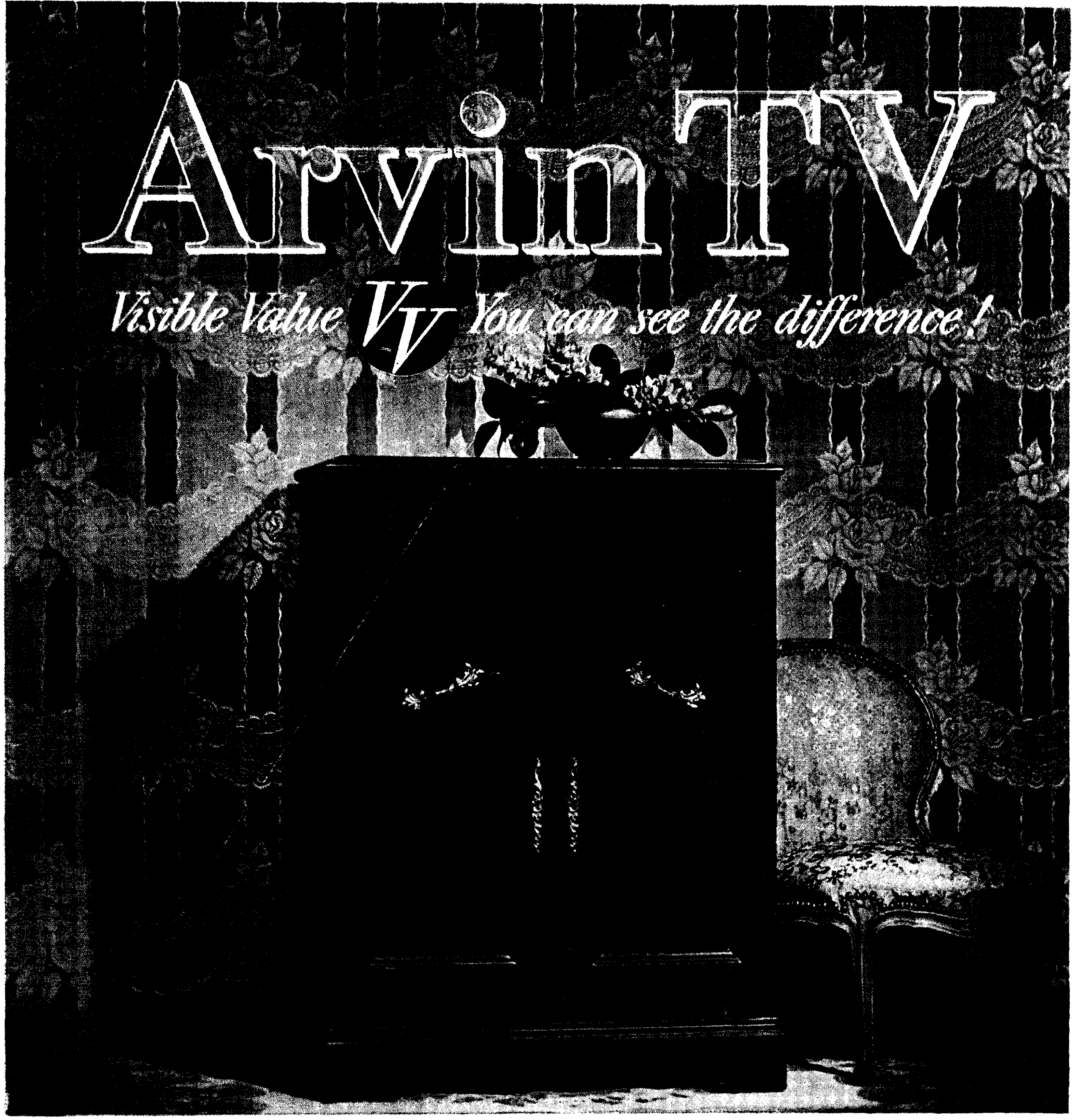

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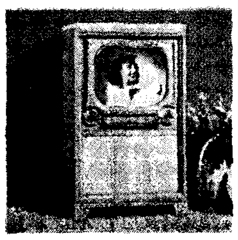

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